AUG 8 - 1929

Hearst's International

combined with

Cosmopolitan

September
35 Cents

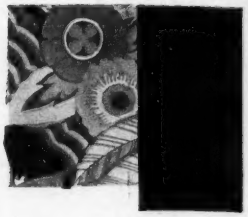
Beginning—
LUDWIG'S
Life of
LINCOLN

"The FOLKS
NEXT DOOR"
by
IRVIN COBB

MR. COOLIDGE'S
Days As A
LAW STUDENT

And an EYE-WITNESS Account of a DUEL in 1929

For the first time in history, the greatest dermatologists* in America give scientific approval to a complexion soap



I was sure Camay would be a *wonderful* soap the minute I knew Procter and Gamble made it. And then, from my own complexion, I discovered it was so mild that I was convinced it must be the ideal soap for even the most delicate complexions!

To be sure my opinion was right, I consulted 72 of the most eminent dermatologists in America. These physicians examined Camay's chemical analysis. They tested Camay's effect on various kinds of complexions. They used Camay themselves. So did their families.

As a result, Camay has the unanimous approval of these great scientists — something no other complexion soap *ever* received before!

Many of these physicians went much further than a formal approval. A professor of dermatology in the largest medical school west of the Rockies says:

"I have purchased samples of Camay in the local market and have tried them out on my own skin and that of several members of my family, all of whom have sensitive skins. As a result of these experiences I can state that Camay Soap is a first class toilet soap in every respect."

A Chicago authority says:

"Camay lathers freely. The sensation produced by the lathering process is one of blandness. It cleanses efficiently without leaving the skin feeling drawn."

Will *you* try Camay? I am sure, before you're two weeks older, you'll begin to realize, just as I did, that there never was anything like this fragrant new soap for helping you keep your complexion fresh and clear and outdoor-looking.

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness is a free booklet of advice from America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Edited by a former president of the American Medical Association. Write to Miss Helen Chase, Dept. VAA-99, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

★What is a dermatologist?
The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

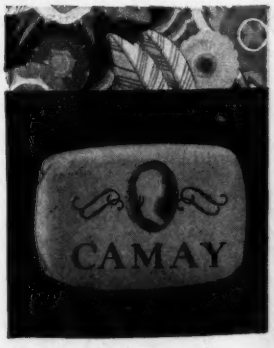
I have personally examined the signed comments from 72 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

J. Allen Pusey

M. D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association, editor of The Archives of Dermatology, and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois.)

CAMAY 10¢ A CAKE



CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP

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MICRO-SYNCHRONOUS
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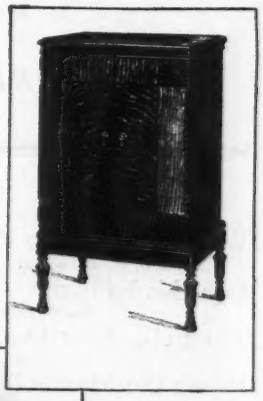

*Victor-Radio-Electrola RE-45 List Price $275 *Less Radiotrons*

*Victor-Radio Console R-32 List Price $155 *Less Radiotrons*

Victor Full-Vision, Super-Automatic Station Selector: All Stations Plainly and Permanently Visible... Just Slide the Knob to Right or Left—You Have the Station You Want!

leaped into fame in one day!

It is thrilling the nation! Victor-Radio ...the only micro-synchronous radio —the climax of Victor's thirty years of unchallenged leadership in sound reproduction!

Here, at last, is a radio that duplicates the original performance of the artist—exactly as you would hear it at the broadcast station...

That for the first time makes possible—"acoustic symmetry"... from top to bottom of the musical scale!

Tones and overtones that escape other instruments are now reproduced with absolute naturalness.

Never before has radio been so easy to operate. The Victor Station Selector is simplicity itself. Every station is in plain sight. Victor tuning is instantaneous—micro-exact through the entire broadcasting range... super-automatic.

Victor-Radio can be had separately —or combined with the marvelous new Victor-Electrola...bringing you in one compact cabinet, from the same improved new Victor electrodynamic reproducer... music from the air so realistic that it will give you a new conception of broadcast entertainment...music from records *that will make you doubt your very senses.* From whisper to full orchestra, all the music of the world at your fingertips!

Exquisite, very compact, original —cabinets you will be proud to own. In every detail, every Victor instrument is the product of the most painstaking and specialized craftsmanship. Victor performance, Victor tone quality is in-built, throughout.

Only unparalleled Victor resources could make these prices possible. Only $155* for the Victor-Radio Console; only $275* for the Victor-Radio-Electrola. Victor Talking Machine Division—Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Victor-Radio
with Electrola

VOL. LXXXVII NO. 3

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The First *of a* New Group *of* Unusual Stories *from the* Far Ends *of the* Earth

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SEPTEMBER, 1929

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG Editor

A Story *of a* MAN

THE thing which interests this magazine more than anything else in the world is human beings. That's why we are so delighted with and proud to publish Mr. Coolidge's story of his life: it is a superbly human document.

And that is why we now take such pride in presenting to you Emil Ludwig's Life of Lincoln, which begins on the next page.

For Ludwig, with that same human touch which enabled him to show Napoleon as we had never seen the Corsican before, now shows you a Lincoln you will come to know as you might know a member of your own family.

Emil Ludwig

You will meet a youth embittered by the knowledge that his mother was an illegitimate child, unloved, unclaimed by her father; a young man so weighted down by depression that he would not carry a pocketknife for fear he might end his own life; a failure as a farmer, as a storekeeper, as a surveyor and as a soldier.

A man cheated by death in the one great love of his life, whose blundering attempts to break his engagement with another woman were equaled by the panic which caused him to leave Mary Todd "waiting at the church," the chivalry which later led him to a duel to shield her, and the patience he showed in submitting to her "henpecking" when finally he married her.

A Lincoln who never joined a church and called himself a "Doubting Thomas" when a minister accused him of atheism. A Lincoln who was swayed by superstition and who took a boy miles to touch a stone which was reputed to cure the bite of a mad dog.

A LINCOLN swayed by moods and fears—*even as you and I*, but oh! what a lovable Lincoln! A man of heart so tender that it could break for others, of patriotism so great that he would put those who despised him in high places, if he believed it served his country's good; of courage so sublime that, even though he believed a mystical warning that his life would end in tragedy before he could finish his second term, he never faltered; of such forbearance that he scarcely defended himself from the shrewishness of the aristocrat he had married.

A MAN of destiny, but most of all a MAN. That's the Lincoln you'll find in a biography so swift-moving and so beautifully written that it will sweep you along as if it were the most glamorous novel you ever read.

R. L.

You See *a Crusader* born when Lincoln, *the*

soil of the Far West, and how cheap land is out there.

The children are not allowed to play in the road as long as they would like. Their mother calls them home, sets them to weed the garden, to pick mushrooms and gather berries. These she dries and stores up for the winter. When the boy is six or seven, his father takes him into the fields, not to play but to do his share in planting. It's tiring work, but one must learn to do it well.

At home, Sarah helps her mother milk the cows, and she spins of an evening. But on Sundays they sit in front of the cabin, and their mother, who has a lovely voice, though not a very strong one, sings to them.

Sometimes she tells them Bible tales, for she has the wonderful memory of an illiterate. Throughout his life the lad's speech will smack of the Scriptural phraseology which becomes so familiar to him in early youth. Father sits by, smoking as he listens.

Comparing the two, the boy cannot but be drawn more to his mother. She is gentler, younger; and, though quite as tall as her husband, she seems more winsome. He studies her shrewdly but unobtrusively; notes the sallow tint of her skin, sees that her features are pinched; looks into her sad eyes. His heart is touched, and he understands why she is inclined to sing slow and mournful songs.

ONE Sunday, however, when they all go to visit friends in the village, he is surprised to see her among the merriest in the company. She outdances the rest as if nothing could tire her. This is his first acquaintance with alternations of mood from sad to gay and back again. Something stirs dimly in the depths within him, where he feels, with a budding alarm, that his mother, too, must have hidden depths in her nature.

Now and again, he goes with her to a neighboring farm, where she sits and sews. These folks have a big house. The kitchen alone is larger than the whole cabin at home. Upstairs are two rooms in which there are real beds—Father made them.

Why should Father and Mother work for other people? Because the carpentry and the needlework bring in money, which will buy a new horse. Why have the others more money? Because they are rich. Why? No answer.

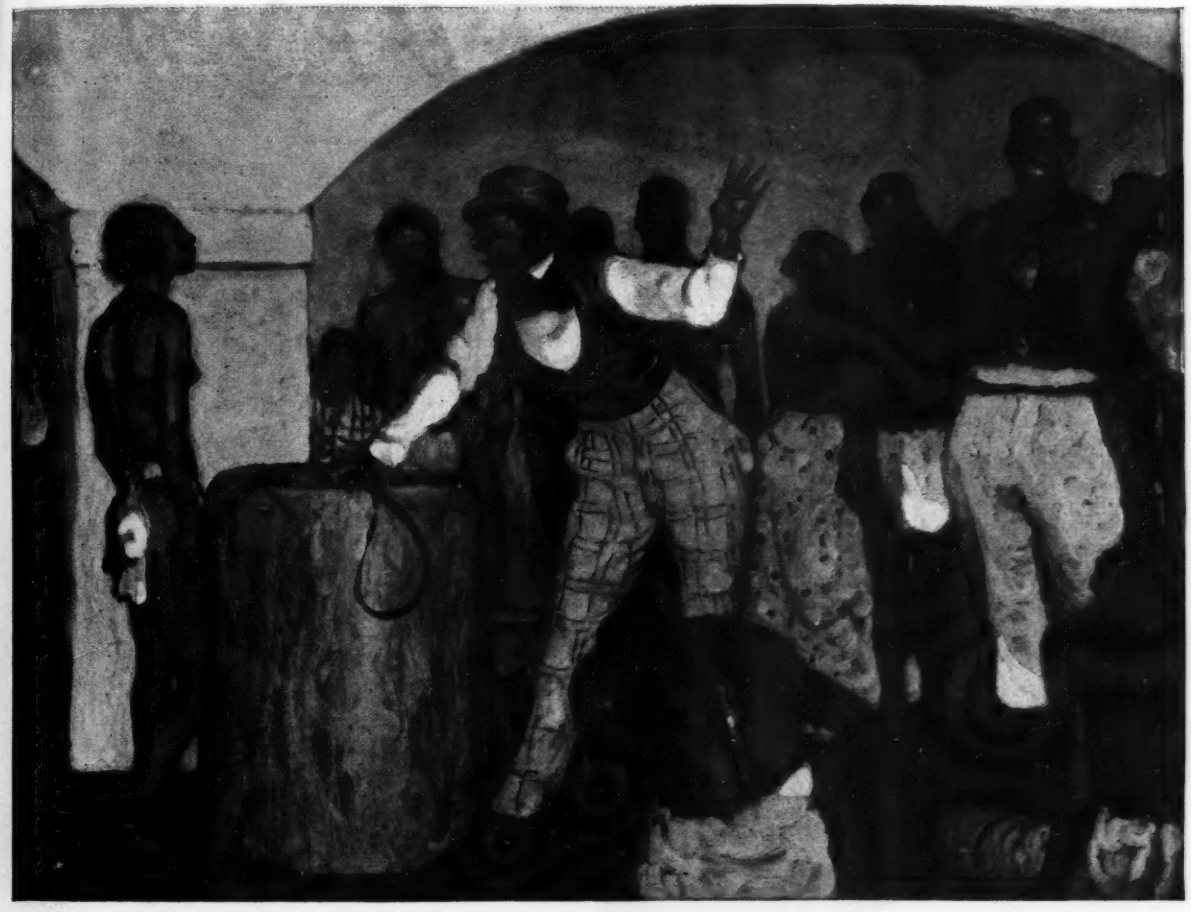
The boy's wonderment grows as he studies these and other neighbors. An uncle and an aunt have come to live near by. He is especially fond of Auntie Sparrow. She is a lively woman, brisk in her movements, clever, solidly built, gray-headed, in better health than his mother. She has fine things to tell the children, for in her youth she traveled far afield and saw some of the happenings in the great war when the Americans gave the English a thrashing.

THE children sometimes ask Father and Mother what they did when they were young. Their mother says her forbears came from Pennsylvania, a long way off. Her grandfather was a Quaker, a good man, very pious. But when the little boy asks about her mother, and where auntie came from, she gives evasive answers.

Their father is more communicative. Fond as he is of hunting, he is even fonder of telling the children about earlier days. This time he has a story about the Indians. A good while back his folk had come here from Virginia; really, like Mother's, they had sprung from the North, and had no truck with the South.

When he was a little boy, no bigger than Sonny now (Sonny who listens with all his ears, staring at his father and pursing his lips), the Indians were on the warpath against the white men. One day he was in the forest with his father and his brother, near the cabin,

Raftsman, *witnesses the* Sale *of a* Naked Slave Girl



when a shot rang out. Father fell; brother ran home for help; he was left alone, for Father did not stir after the redskins shot him. Father was dead.

The redskins came out from among the trees and wanted to carry off the youngster, who cried and struggled. Brother came back with a musket and killed one of the braves. Then there was shooting all over the place, and the child ran back to the log hut.

THE little boy has listened breathlessly to his father's tale. If grandfather, after whom he was called Abraham, was killed by the Indians, the same thing might happen to Father any day! The father laughs, saying that new times have come now.

How splendidly Father tells a story, think the children. But he cannot read, and he laughs at Mother when she says that learning to read is a good thing. He can make cupboards and window frames, can shoot, can fell trees; what does he want with book learning?

Still, he would like to be able to read, thinks the little boy—and write too, like aunt! He goes to school now, four miles there and back, and when it rains he might just as well go barefoot, for all his moccasins do to keep his feet dry.

The school is a log hut, scarcely larger than the cabin at home, with a dirt floor, but with windows and a big hearth. Teacher is a clergyman. A book is passed from hand to hand. Teacher shows them the letters, makes them spell out the words, over and over and over again.

So that's reading, is it? Letters and words; nothing like a story yet. As for writing like Aunt Sparrow, they have not even begun to learn it.

But this year brings other new events: his father has been appointed road surveyor. The little boy, going to town sometimes with Father, hears talk of Indiana, a wonderfully fertile land northwest of Kentucky; and of the Ohio, the great river which flows between the two states.

As road surveyor, Father sometimes has constabulary duties to perform; and, having a taste for any kind of occupation rather than carpentering at home, he gets about a good deal—made welcome everywhere because he is a good story-teller. The boy is quick to notice when a story is a little different at a second telling!

When Father meets a negro, he asks the man to show his papers—a permit entitling him to travel. "Why?" asks the boy. "You can't understand that yet."

At Hodgenville, once, some prisoners are put in his father's charge. What are prisoners? Bad men, in irons.

The child is horrified at the fierce faces of these bad men, who scowl at the supervisor as, with a huge rusty key, he opens the door of the dark little lockup and motions them in. There they remain, behind a barred door.

Bad men? The boy's heart goes out to them, all the same. So there are some folks who put iron chains on other folks' feet? That's even worse than that there should be rich people for whom Father must make chairs and Mother sew before we can buy meal and salt.

A LOT more to see and to think about this summer! Father fells some of the tallest trees. With the ax, sharpened from time to time with the whetstone tied to his belt, he cuts into the old giants close above the roots. Why? We've got a house already! That's going to be a raft. What is a raft? A big flat sort of ship which can float down-river to the sea. Where is the sea? 'Way down south.

The boy can hold the cords now, can help a little in the making of the raft; can (*Continued on page 211*)

When I began

¶ *"I spent all my time in the Court room. In this way I became familiar with the practical side of law."*

A Chapter in the

Calvin

Illustrations by

IN THE development of every boy who is going to amount to anything there comes a time when he emerges from his immature ways and by the greater precision of his thought and action realizes that he has begun to find himself. Such a transition finally came to me. It was not accidental but the result of hard work.

If I had permitted my failures, or what seemed to me at the time a lack of success, to discourage me I cannot see any way in which I would ever have made progress. If we keep our faith in ourselves, and what is even more important, keep our faith in regular and persistent application to hard work we need not worry about the outcome.

During my first two years at Amherst I studied hard but my marks were only fair. It needed some encouragement from my father for me to continue. In junior year, however, my powers began to increase and my work began to improve. My studies became more interesting.

I found the course in history under Professor Anson D. Morse was very absorbing. His lectures on medieval and modern Europe were inspiring, seeking to give his students not only the facts of past human experience but also their meaning.

He was very strong on the political side of history, bringing before us the great figures from Charlemagne to Napoleon with remarkable distinctness, and showing us the influence of the Great Gregory and Innocent III. The work of Abélard and Erasmus was considered and the important era of Luther and Calvin thoroughly explored.

In due time we crossed the Channel with William the Conqueror and learned how he subdued and solidified the Kingdom of England. The significance of the long struggle with the Crown before the Parliament finally reached a position of independence was disclosed, and the slow growth of a system of liberty under the law until at last it was firmly established was carefully explained. We saw the British Empire rise until it ruled the seas.

The brilliance of the statesmanship of the different periods, the rugged character of the patriotic leaders, of Anselm and Simon de Montfort, of Cromwell and the Puritans, who dared to oppose the tyranny of the kings, the growth of learning, the development of commerce, the administration of justice,—all these and more were presented for our consideration. Whatever was essential to a general comprehension of European history we had.

But it was when he turned to the United States that Professor Morse became most impressive. He placed particular emphasis on the era when our institutions had their beginning.

Washington was treated with the greatest reverence, and a high estimate was placed on the statesmanlike qualities and financial capacity of Hamilton, but Jefferson was not neglected. In spite of his many vagaries it was shown that in saving the nation from the danger of falling under the domination of an oligarchy, and in establishing a firm rule of the people which was forever to remain, he vindicated the soundness of our political institutions.

The whole course was a thesis on good citizenship

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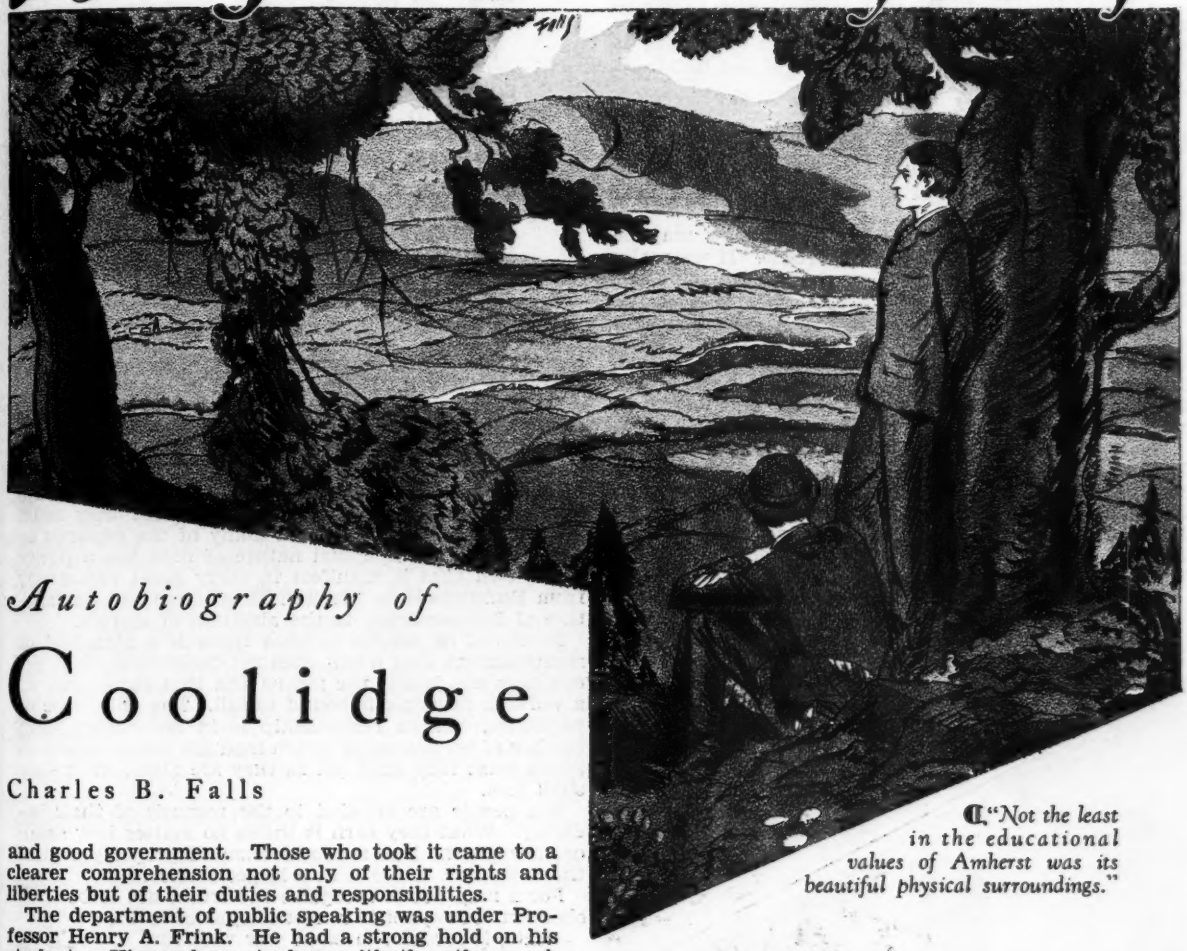
to Find Myself



Autobiography of

Coolidge

Charles B. Falls

¶ *"Not the least in the educational values of Amherst was its beautiful physical surroundings."*

and good government. Those who took it came to a clearer comprehension not only of their rights and liberties but of their duties and responsibilities.

The department of public speaking was under Professor Henry A. Frink. He had a strong hold on his students. His work went along with the other work practically through the four years, beginning with composition and recitation and passing to the preparation and delivery of orations and participation in public debates.

The allied subject of rhetoric I took under Professor John F. Genung, a scholarly man who was held in high respect. The courses in biology, chemistry, economics and geology I was not able to pursue though they all interested me and were taught by excellent men.

Not the least in the educational values of Amherst was its beautiful physical surroundings. While the college buildings of the early nineties were not impressive the town with its spacious common and fine elm trees was very attractive.

IT WAS located on the arch of a slight ridge flanked on the north by Mt. Warner and to the south by the Holyoke range. The east rose over wooded slopes to the horizon and the west looked out across the meadows of the Connecticut to the spires of Northampton and the Hampshire Hills beyond.

Henry Ward Beecher has dwelt with great admiration and affection on the beauties of this region, where he was a student. Each autumn, when the foliage had put on its richest tints, the College set aside Mountain Day to be devoted to the contemplation of the scenery so wonderfully displayed in forest, hill, and dale, before the frosts of winter laid them bare.

It always seemed to me that all our other studies were in the nature of a preparation for the course in philosophy. The head of this department was Charles E. Garman who was one of the most remarkable men with whom I ever came in contact.

He used numerous text books, which he furnished, and many pamphlets that he not only had written but had printed himself on a hand press in his home. These he pledged us to show to no one outside the class because being fragmentary, and disclosing but one line of argument which might be entirely demolished in succeeding lessons, it might involve him in some needless controversy.

It is difficult to imagine his superior as an educator. Truly he drew men out.

Beginning in the spring of junior year his course extended through four terms. The first part was devoted to psychology in order to find out the capacity and the limits of the human mind. It was here that we learned the nature of habits and the great advantage of making them our allies instead of our enemies.

Much stress was placed on a thorough mastery and careful analysis of all the arguments presented by the writers on any subject under consideration. Then when it was certain that they were fully understood they were criticized so that what was unsound was rejected and what was true accepted.

We were thoroughly drilled in the necessity of distinguishing between the accidental and the essential. The proper method of presenting a subject and an argument was discussed.

We were not only learning about the human mind

but learning how to use it, learning to think. A problem would often be stated and the class left to attempt to find the solution unaided by the teacher.

Above all we were taught to follow the truth whithersoever it might lead. We were warned that this would oftentimes be very difficult and result in much opposition, for there would be many who were not going that way, but if we pressed on steadfastly it was sure to yield the peaceable fruits of the mind. It does.

OUR investigation revealed that man is endowed with reason, that the human mind has the power to weigh evidence, to distinguish between right and wrong and to know the truth. I should call this the central theme of his philosophy.

While the quantity of the truth we know may be small it is the quality that is important. If we really know one truth the quality of our knowledge could not be surpassed by the Infinite.

We looked upon Garman as a man who walked with God. His course was a demonstration of the existence of a personal God, of our power to know Him, of the Divine immanence, and of the complete dependence of all the universe on Him as the Creator and Father in whom "we live, and move, and have our being."

Every reaction in the universe is a manifestation of His presence. Man was revealed as His son and nature as the hem of His garment, while through a common Fatherhood we are all embraced in a common brotherhood. The spiritual appeal of music, sculpture, painting and all other art lies in the revelation it affords of the Divine beauty.

The conclusions which followed from this position were logical and inescapable. It sets man off in a separate kingdom from all the other creatures in the universe, and makes him a true son of God and a partaker of the divine nature.

This is the warrant for his freedom and the demonstration of his equality. It does not assume all are equal in degree but all are equal in kind. On that precept rests a foundation for democracy that cannot be shaken. It justifies faith in the people.

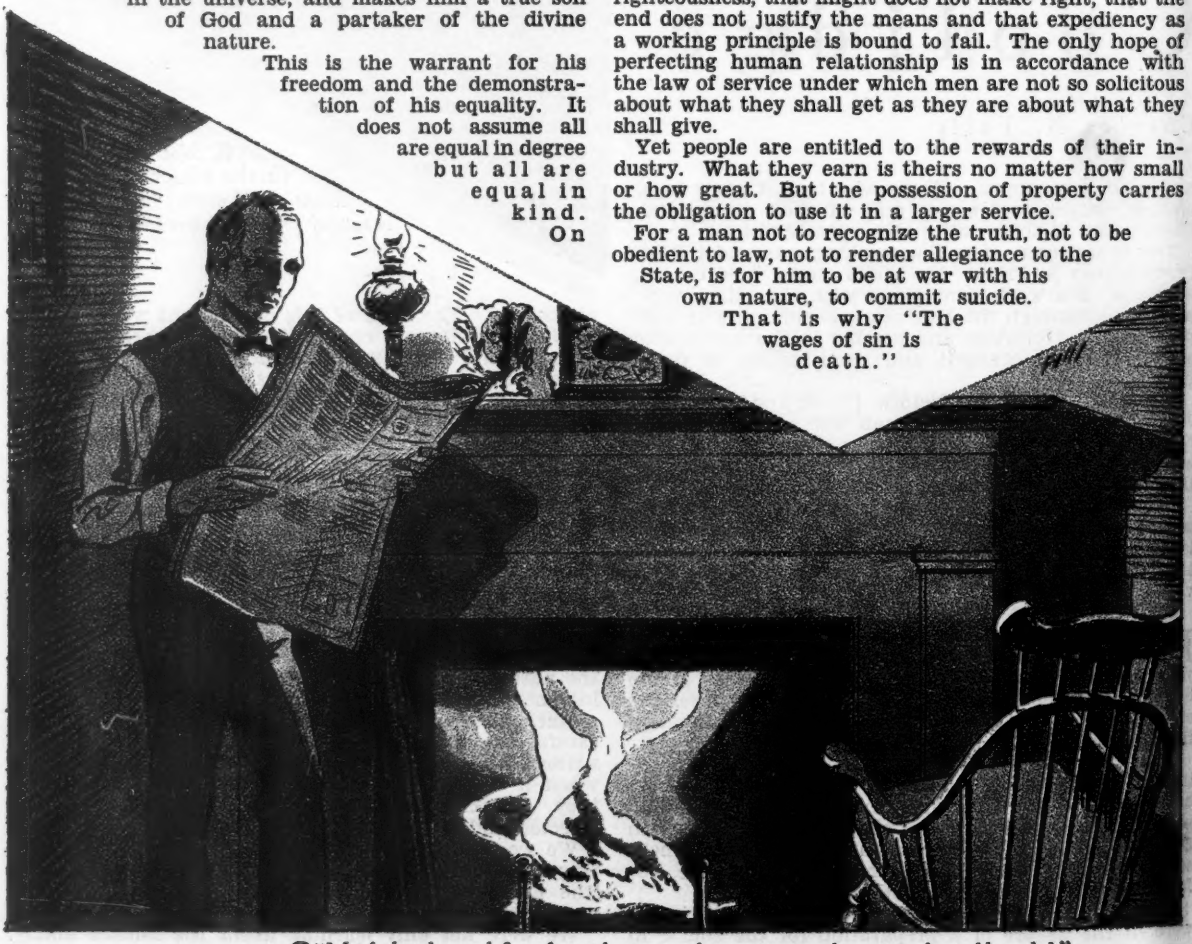
No doubt there are those who think they can demonstrate that this teaching was not correct. With them I have no argument. I know that in experience it has worked.

In time of crisis my belief that people can know the truth, that when it is presented to them they must accept it, has saved me from many of the counsels of expediency. The spiritual nature of men has a power of its own that is manifest in every great emergency from Runnymede to Marston Moor, from the Declaration of Independence to the abolition of slavery.

In ethics he taught us that there is a standard of righteousness, that might does not make right, that the end does not justify the means and that expediency as a working principle is bound to fail. The only hope of perfecting human relationship is in accordance with the law of service under which men are not so solicitous about what they shall get as they are about what they shall give.

Yet people are entitled to the rewards of their industry. What they earn is theirs no matter how small or how great. But the possession of property carries the obligation to use it in a larger service.

For a man not to recognize the truth, not to be obedient to law, not to render allegiance to the State, is for him to be at war with his own nature, to commit suicide. That is why "The wages of sin is death."



¶ *"My father learned first from the press of my winning the prize of a gold medal."*

To the Boy Who

From Next Month's *Installment of*

WITHOUT in any way being conscious of what I was doing I . . . became committed to a course that was to make me the President of the Senate of Massachusetts and of the Senate of the United States, the second officer of the Commonwealth and the Country, and the Chief Executive of a City, a State and a Nation. ¶ I did not plan for it but it came.

Would be President

Calvin Coolidge's *Autobiography*

¶ I tried to treat people as they treated me, which was much better than my deserts, in accordance with the precept of the master poet. ¶ By my studies and my course of life I meant to be ready to take advantage of opportunities. ¶ I was ready from the time the Justices named me the Clerk of the Courts until my party nominated me for President.

Unless we live rationally we perish, physically, mentally, spiritually.

A great deal of emphasis was placed on the necessity and dignity of work. Our talents are given us in order that we may serve ourselves and our fellow men. Work is the expression of intelligent action for a specified end.

It is not industry, but idleness, that is degrading. All kinds of work from the most menial service to the most exalted station are alike honorable. One of the earliest mandates laid on the human race was to subdue the earth. That meant work.

If he was not in accord with some of the current teachings about religion he gave to his class a foundation for the firmest religious convictions. He presented no mysteries or dogmas and never asked us to take a theory on faith, but supported every position by facts and logic.

He believed in the Bible and constantly quoted it to illustrate his position. He divested religion and science of any conflict with each other and showed that each rested on the common basis of our ability to know the truth.

To Garman was given a power which took his class up into a high mountain of spiritual life and left them alone with God.

In him was no pride of opinion, no atom of selfishness. He was a follower of the truth, a disciple of the Cross, who bore the infirmities of us all. Those who finished his course in the last term of senior year found in their graduating exercises a real commencement, when they would begin their efforts to serve their fellow men in the practical affairs of life.

Of course it was not possible for us to accept immediately the results of his teachings or live altogether in accordance with them. I do not think he expected it. He was constantly reminding us that the spirit was willing but the flesh was *strong*, nevertheless if we would continue steadfastly to think on these things we would be changed from glory to glory through increasing intellectual and moral power. He was right.

To many my report of his course will seem incomplete and crude. I am not writing a treatise but trying to tell what I secured from his teaching and relating what has seemed important in it to me, from the memory I have retained of it, since I began it thirty-five years ago.

He expected it to be supplemented. He was fond of referring to it as a mansion not made with hands, incomplete, but sufficient for our spiritual habitation. What he revealed to us of the nature of God and man will stand. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

As I look back upon the College I am more and more impressed with the strength of its faculty, with their power for good. Perhaps it has men now with a broader preliminary training, though they then were profound scholars, perhaps it has men of keener intellects though they then were very exact in their reasoning, but the great distinguishing mark of all of them was that they were men of character.

THEIR words carried conviction because we were compelled to believe in the men who uttered them. They had the power not merely to advise but literally to instruct their students.

In accordance with custom our class chose three of its members by popular vote to speak at the commencement. To me was assigned the grove oration, which according to immemorial practice deals with the record of the class in a witty and humorous way.

While my

(*Cont. on page 120*)

¶ "*In my junior year at Amherst my powers began to increase and my work began to improve.*"

The Song of Songs

By P. G. Wodehouse

ANOTHER day dawned all hot and fresh and, in pursuance of my unswerving policy at that time, I was singing "Sonny Boy" in my bath, when Jeeves' voice filtered through the woodwork.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

I had just got to that bit about the angels being lonely, where you need every ounce of concentration in order to make the spectacular finish, but I signed off courteously.

"Yes, Jeeves? Say on."

"Mr. Glossop, sir."

"What about him?"

"He is in the sitting room, sir."

"Young Tuppy Glossop?"

"Yes, sir," Jeeves answered in his monosyllabic way.

"You say that he is in the sitting room?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Desiring speech with me?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm!"

"Sir?"

"I only said 'H'm.'"

And I'll tell you why I said "H'm." It was because the man's story had interested me strangely. And I'll tell you why the man's story had interested me strangely. Owing to a certain episode that had occurred one night at the Drones' Club, there had sprung up recently a coolness, as you might describe it, between this Glossop and myself. The news, therefore, that he was visiting me at my flat, especially at an hour when he must have known that I would be in my bath and consequently in a strong strategic position to heave a wet sponge at him, surprised me considerably.

I hopped out with some briskness and, slipping a couple of towels about the torso, made for the sitting room. I found young Tuppy at the piano, playing "Sonny Boy" with one finger.

"What ho!" I said, not without hauteur.

"Oh, hullo, Bertie," said Tuppy. "I say, Bertie, I want to see you about something important."

It seemed to me that the bloke was embarrassed. He had moved to the mantelpiece, and now he broke a vase in a constrained way.

"The fact is, Bertie, I'm engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Engaged," said young Tuppy, coyly dropping a photograph frame upon the fender. "Practically, that is."

"Practically?"

"Yes. You'll like her, Bertie. Her name is Cora Bellinger. She's studying for opera. Wonderful voice she has. Also dark, flashing eyes and a great soul."

"How do you mean, practically?"

"Well, it's this way. Before ordering the trousseau, there is one little point she wants cleared up. You see, what with her great soul and all that, she

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

Beginning *a* Group *of* Stories
which bring Back *to* You

JEEVES—butler, guide *and* mentor *to* Bertie Wooster

has a rather serious outlook on life, and the one thing she absolutely bars is anything in the shape of hearty humor. You know, practical joking and so forth.

"She said if she thought I was a practical joker she would never speak to me again. And unfortunately she appears to have heard about that little affair at the Drones' . . . I expect you have forgotten all about that, Bertie?"

"I have not!"

"No, no, not forgotten exactly. What I mean is, nobody laughs more heartily at the recollection than you. And what I want you to do, old man, is to seize an early opportunity of taking Cora aside and categorically denying that there is any truth in the story. My happiness, Bertie, is in your hands, if you know what I mean."

Well, of course, if he put it like that, what could I do? We Woosters have our code.

"Oh, all right," I said, but far from brightly.

"Splendid fellow!"

"When do I meet this blighted female?" I asked.

"Don't call her 'this blighted female,' Bertie, old man. I have planned all that out. I will bring her around here today for a spot of lunch."

"What!"

"At one-thirty. Right. Good. Fine. Thanks. I knew I could rely on you."

He pushed off, and I turned to Jeeves, who had shimmered in with the morning meal.

"Lunch for three today, Jeeves," I said.

"Very good, sir."

"You know, Jeeves, it's a bit thick. You remember my telling you about what Mr. Glossop did to me that night at the Drones'?"

"Yes, sir."

"For months I have been cherishing dreams of a hideous vengeance. And now, so far from crushing him into the dust, I've got to fill him and fiancée with rich food and generally rally round and be the good angel."

"Life is like that, sir."

"True, Jeeves. What have we here?" I asked, inspecting the tray.

"Kippered herrings, sir."

Tuppy got through the first verse. Then the proletariat seemed to pull themselves together and passed beyond mere words to the vegetable motif.

"And I shouldn't wonder," I said, for I was in thoughtful mood, "if even herrings haven't troubles of their own."

"Quite possibly, sir."

"I mean, apart from getting kippered."

"Yes, sir."

"And so it goes on, Jeeves, so it goes on."

I can't say I saw exactly eye to eye with young Tuppy in his admiration for the Bellinger female. Delivered on the mat at one-twenty-five, she proved to be an upstanding light-heavyweight of some thirty summers with a commanding eye and a square chin which I, personally, would have steered clear of.

She seemed to me a good deal like what Cleopatra would have been after going in too freely for the starches and cereals. I don't know why it is, but women who have anything to do with opera, even if they're only studying for it, always appear to run to surplus poundage.

Tuppy, however, was obviously all for her. His whole demeanor, both before and during luncheon, was that of one striving to be worthy of a noble soul. When Jeeves offered him a cocktail, he practically recoiled as from a serpent. It was terrible to see the change which love had effected in the man. The spectacle put me off my food.

At half past two, the Bellinger left to go to a singing lesson. Tuppy trotted after her to the door, bleating and frisking a goodish bit, and then came back and looked at me in a marked manner.

"Well, Bertie?"

"Well, what?"

"I mean, isn't she?"

"Oh, rather," I said, humoring the poor fish.

"Wonderful eyes?"

"Oh, rather."

"Wonderful figure?"

"Oh, quite."

"Wonderful voice?"

Here I was able to intone the response with a little more heartiness. The Bellinger, at Tuppy's request, had sung us a few songs before digging in at the trough, and nobody could have denied that her pipes were in great

shape. The plaster was still falling from the ceiling.

"Terrific," I said.

Tuppy sighed, and, having helped himself to about four inches of whisky and one of soda, took a deep, refreshing draft.

"Ah!" he said. "I needed that."

"Why didn't you have it at lunch?"

"Well, it's this way," said Tuppy. "I have not actually ascertained what Cora's opinions are on the subject of the taking of slight snorts from time to time, but I thought it more prudent to lay off. The view I took was that laying off would seem to indicate the serious mind. It is touch and go, as you might say, at the moment, and the smallest thing may turn the scale."

"What beats me is how on earth you expect to make her think you've got a mind at all—let alone a serious one."

"Well, I have my own methods, Bertie, old man."

"I bet they're rotten, Tuppy."

"You do, do you?" said Tuppy warmly. "Well, let me tell you, my lad, that that's exactly what they're anything but. I am handling this affair with consummate generalship. Do you remember Beefy Bingham who was at Oxford with us?"

"I ran into him only the other day. He's a parson now."

"Yes. Down in the East End. Well, he runs a lads' club for the local toughs—you know the sort of thing—cocoa and backgammon in the reading room and occasional clean, bright entertainments in the Oddfellows' Hall; and I've been helping him. I don't suppose I've passed an evening away from the backgammon board for weeks.

"Cora is extremely pleased. I've got her to promise to sing on Tuesday at Beefy's next clean, bright entertainment."

"You have?"

"I absolutely have. And now mark my devilish ingenuity, Bertie. I'm going to sing, too."

"Why do you suppose that's going to get you anywhere?"

"Because the way I intend to sing the song I intend to sing will prove to her that there are great deeps in my nature, whose existence she has not suspected. She will see that rough, unlettered audience wiping the tears out of its bally eyes and she will say to herself, 'What ho! The old egg really has a soul!'

"For it is not one of your moldy comic songs, Bertie. No low buffoonery of that sort for me. It is all about angels being lonely and what not."

I uttered a sharp cry. "You can't mean you're going to sing 'Sonny Boy'?"

"I jolly well do."

I was shocked. Yes, dash it, I was shocked. You see, I held strong views on "Sonny Boy." I considered it a song only to be attempted by a few of the elect in the privacy of the bathroom. And the thought of it being murdered in open Oddfellows' Hall by a bloke who could treat a pal as young Tuppy had treated me that night at the Drones', sickened me. Yes, sickened me.

I HADN'T time, however, to express my horror and disgust, for at this juncture Jeeves came in.

"Mrs. Travers has just rung up on the telephone, sir. She desired me to say that she will be calling to see you in a few minutes."

"Contents noted, Jeeves," I said. "Now listen, Tuppy——" I began.

I stopped. The fellow wasn't there.

"Mr. Glossop has left, sir."

"Left? How can he have left? He was sitting there."

"That is the front door closing now, sir."

"But what made him shoot off like that?"

"Possibly Mr. Glossop did not wish to meet Mrs. Travers, sir."

"Why not?"

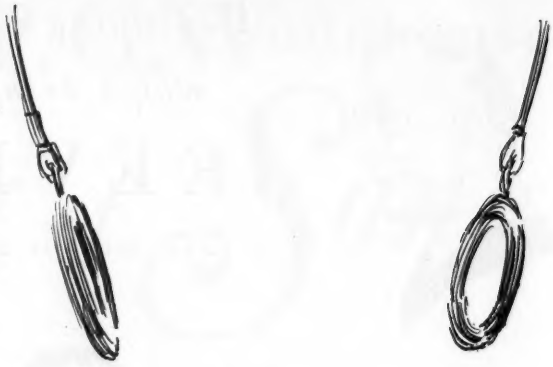
"I could not say, sir. But undoubtedly at the mention of Mrs. Travers' name he rose very swiftly."

"Strange, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir."

I turned to a subject of more moment.

"Jeeves," I said, "Mr. Glossop proposes to sing



'Sonny Boy' at an entertainment down in the East End next Tuesday before an audience consisting mainly of costermongers, with a sprinkling of whelk-stall owners, purveyors of blood oranges and minor pugilists."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Make a note to remind me to be there. He will infallibly get the bird, and I want to witness his downfall."

"Very good, sir."

"And when Mrs. Travers arrives, I shall be in the sitting room."

THOSE who know Bertram Wooster best are aware that in his journey through life he is impeded and generally snookered by about as scaly a collection of aunts as was ever assembled. But there is one exception to the general ghastliness—viz., my aunt Dahlia. She married old Tom Travers the year Bluebottle won the Cambridgeshire, and is one of the best. It is always a pleasure to me to chat with her, and it was with a courtly geniality that I rose to receive her as she sailed over the threshold at about two-fifty-five.

She seemed somewhat perturbed, and plunged into the agenda without delay. Aunt Dahlia is one of those big, hearty women. She used to go in a lot for hunting, and she generally speaks as if she had just sighted a fox on a hillside half a mile away.

"Bertie," she cried, in the manner of one encouraging a platoon of hounds to renewed efforts, "I want your help."

"And you shall have it, Aunt Dahlia," I replied suavely. "I can honestly say that there is no one to whom I would more readily do a good turn, no one to whom I am more delighted to be——"

"Less of it," she begged; "less of it. You know that friend of yours, young Glossop?"

"He's just been lunching here."

"He has, has he? Well, I wish you'd poisoned his soup."

"We didn't have soup. And when you describe him as a friend of mine, I wouldn't quite say the term absolutely squared with the facts. Some time ago, one night when we had been dining together at the Drones'——"

At this point Aunt Dahlia—a little brusquely, it seemed to me—said that she would rather wait for the story of my life till she could get it in book form. I could see now that she was definitely not her usual sunny self, so I shelved my personal grievances and asked what was biting her.

"It's that young hound Glossop," she said.

"What's he been doing?"

"Breaking Angela's heart."

(Angela. Daughter of above. My cousin. Quite a good egg.)

"What!"

"I say he's—breaking—Angela's—*heart!*"

"You say he's breaking Angela's heart?"

She begged me to suspend the vaudeville cross-talk stuff.

"How's he doing that?" I asked.

"With his neglect. With his low, callous, double-crossing duplicity."

"Duplicity is the word, Aunt Dahlia," I said. "In treating of young Tuppy Glossop, it springs naturally to the lips. Let me tell you what he did to me one night at the Drones'. We had finished dinner——"

¶ "*This Glossop had looped the last rope back against the rail, leaving me no alternative but to drop into the depths and swim ashore in evening costume.*"

"Ever since the beginning of the season, up to about three weeks ago, he was all over Angela. The sort of thing which, when I was a girl, we should have described as courting."

"Or wooing?"

"Wooing or courting, whichever you like."

"Whichever *you* like, Aunt Dahlia," I said courteously.

"Well, anyway, he haunted the house, lapped up daily lunches, took her out dancing half the night, and so on, till naturally the poor kid, who's quite off her oats about him, took it for granted that it was only a question of time before he suggested that they should feed for life out of the same crib. And now he's gone and dropped her like a hot brick, and I hear he's infatuated with some girl he met at a Chelsea tea party—a girl named—now, what was it?"

"Cora Bellinger."

"How do you know?"

"She was lunching here today."

"He brought her?"

"Yes."

"What's she like?"

"Pretty massive. In shape, a bit on the lines of the Albert Hall."

"Did he seem very fond of her?"

"Couldn't take his eyes off the chassis."

"The modern young man," said Aunt Dahlia, "is a pot of poison and wants a nurse to lead him by the hand and some strong attendant to kick him regularly at intervals of a quarter of an hour."

I tried to point out the silver lining.

"If you ask me, Aunt Dahlia," I said, "I think Angela is well out of it. This Glossop is a tough baby. One of London's toughest. I was trying to tell you just now what he did to me one night at the Drones'.

"First, having got me in sporting mood with a bottle of the ripest, he bet me that I wouldn't swing myself across the swimming pool by the ropes and rings. I knew I could do it on my head, so I took him on, exulting in the fun, so to speak. And when I'd done half the trip and was going strong, I found he had looped the last rope back against the rail, leaving me no alternative but to drop into the depths and swim ashore in correct evening costume."

"He did?"

"He certainly did. It was months ago, and I haven't got really dry yet. You wouldn't want your daughter to marry a man capable of a thing like that!"

"On the contrary, you restore my faith in the young hound. I see that there must be lots of good in him, after all. And I want this Bellinger business broken up, Bertie."

"How?"

"I don't care how. Any way you please."

"But what can I do?"

"Do? Why, put the whole thing before your man Jeeves. Jeeves will find a way. One of the most capable fellers I ever met. Put the thing squarely up to Jeeves and let Nature take its course."

"There may be something in what you say, Aunt Dahlia," I said thoughtfully.

"Of course there is," said Aunt Dahlia. "A little thing like this will be child's play to Jeeves. Get him working on it right away, and I'll look in tomorrow to hear the result."

With which, she biffed off, and I summoned Jeeves to the presence.

"Jeeves," I said, "you have heard all?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought you would. Aunt Dahlia has what you might call a carrying voice. Has it ever occurred to you that, if all other sources of income failed, she could make a good living calling the cattle home across the sands of Dee?"

"I had not considered the point, sir, but no doubt you are right."

"Well, how do we go? What is your reaction? I think we should do our best to help and assist."

"Yes, sir."

"I am fond of Aunt Dahlia and I am fond of Angela. Fond of them both, if you get my drift. What the misguided girl finds to attract her in young Tuppy, I cannot say, Jeeves, and you cannot say. But apparently she loves the man—which shows it can be done, a thing I wouldn't have believed myself—and is pining away like——"

"Patience on a monument, sir."

"Like Patience, as you very shrewdly remark, on a monument. So we must cluster round. Bend your brain to the problem, Jeeves. It is one that will tax you to the uttermost."

Aunt Dahlia blew in on the morrow, and I rang the bell for Jeeves. He appeared, looking

(*Cont. on page 117*)

¶ *When Jeeves offered Tuppy a cocktail, he practically recoiled as from a serpent. It was terrible to see the change love had effected.*

Can this be 1929?

Drawing by Georg Mühlberg

This Picture was made *Years Ago, but* Only *the* Other Day I Saw *a Young Man's* Face BUTCHERED *in* Just This Sort *of* Duel

By Frazier Hunt

IT WAS a little after midday when we left the Adlon Hotel and in a taxi drove across Berlin to the outer suburbs. Dismissing the taxi, we walked several blocks and finally entered the doorway of an ordinary-looking building.

"You understand, the law against dueling is very strict," my friend explained. "There's a penalty of three months in a military fortress, so we must do this secretly."

Silently I followed him through a long corridor, up a stairway and then through a coat room into a great barn of a hall in the rear.

A chill, such as one feels on entering a prison death house, penetrated my heart. Everything reeked with the pungent odor of cheap antiseptic. It frightened me.

"Don't speak English," my friend said as he led the way. But it was an unnecessary warning.

In the near corner of the long hall a group of a dozen young men surrounded a boy stripped to the waist. An older man in a long white coat, whom I took to be a doctor, hovered around. In the exact center of the hall I caught sight of a platform, twelve feet by six, raised an inch or two off the floor and covered with sawdust. In the far corner another group of young men surrounded a half-naked youth.

My friend led me to a small table on the side and we sat down. At other tables students were drinking pale Pilsener beer, as calmly as if they were about to attend a lecture on philosophy. I was shocked.

"They will begin in a minute now," my friend whispered.

Almost in unison the two groups moved from the opposite corners to the raised platform. They were as formal as a bride and groom marching to the altar, but far less nervous.

There was an atmosphere of rigid discipline about everything, a deadly formality. A chair was placed at each end of the platform, and the duelists were led to their seats by their seconds. No word was spoken aloud. Everything was done by these seconds. It was like an execution conducted with German efficiency.

Handled as if they were wax figures, the principals were brought to their feet. I noticed now that around the neck of each was twisted a black silk scarf protecting the jugular vein. The right arm was bound with heavy cloth except for an opening of about six inches on the forearm, and another on the upper arm. The chest and right and left shoulders were bare. Around the lower torso was a heavy padded protector which came below the thighs, and the right leg was heavily padded.

With the left foot planted at right angles to the body and the right foot forward, the (*Continued on page 200*)

Come *with* Irvin Cobb *to South*

The Folks Next

You'll get some *Good Laughs*— *when* Mr. Cobb told him You'll Learn a Lot

AS I see it, the chief reward of being a discoverer, next to making the actual discovery, is the joy of coming back home and telling about it. In fact, I'm not sure but what the latter is the greater gratification of the two.

Of course both phases may be overdone and frequently are. A chronic discoverer is apt to wear his welcome out at either end of the line. He ceases to be a sensation among the natives abroad and he becomes a common nuisance among the folks at home.

It will be recalled that even so distinguished a discoverer as Christopher Columbus made one round trip too many, the consequences being that he returned from his last voyage in chains and on arrival was met by a reception committee consisting of members of the police force, who escorted him to the county jail and heaved him into a damp and smelly cell without removing his ironware. He clanked around that way for quite a spell before his gracious sovereigns decided to let bygones be bygones and turned him loose, a discredited and broken failure, upon the community which he had enriched.

History may tell us what it pleases regarding that affair but my own idea is that Columbus was guilty of the high crime of bragging too much on what he'd seen and what he'd done in foreign parts.

Me, I aim to avoid falling into the same grievous error. Still, one ventures to hope that in this case a certain exuberant delirium may be pardoned. If I overstress my enthusiasm, if I seem hysterically lavish with the adjectives, it will be because I am so full of my subject. For I have discovered South America.

This is not the first time South America has been discovered but it is the first time that I discovered it and that, with me, is what counts. As I sit down to fire off the opening broadside of this, my little travel journal, I have just returned from the rediscovery of that continent and am in a state of mind where I crave, if so be I may, to make some of my fellow countrymen in the upper part of the New World better acquainted with some of their neighbors of the lower part of it.

For, if I am one to judge, it is to South America rather than to Europe and Asia and other main divisions of the earth's surface that, in the succeeding years, we must look for the best markets for Yankee-made goods and for the choicest playgrounds for Yankee-born pleasure-seekers. Because South America is the land

¶ *South America is the one land which has not yet been fully explored for sight-seeing purposes or completely*

America and Meet

Door

as President Hoover Did *of his* Experiences—*and at the* Same Time

of the future. It is the one land which not yet has been fully explored for sight-seeing purposes or completely exploited for commerce, but for the most part remains an unspoiled land, still awaiting the peak of its development, as the materialists understand that word, still abounding in glamour and color and novelty for the romantically inclined and the sportsman.

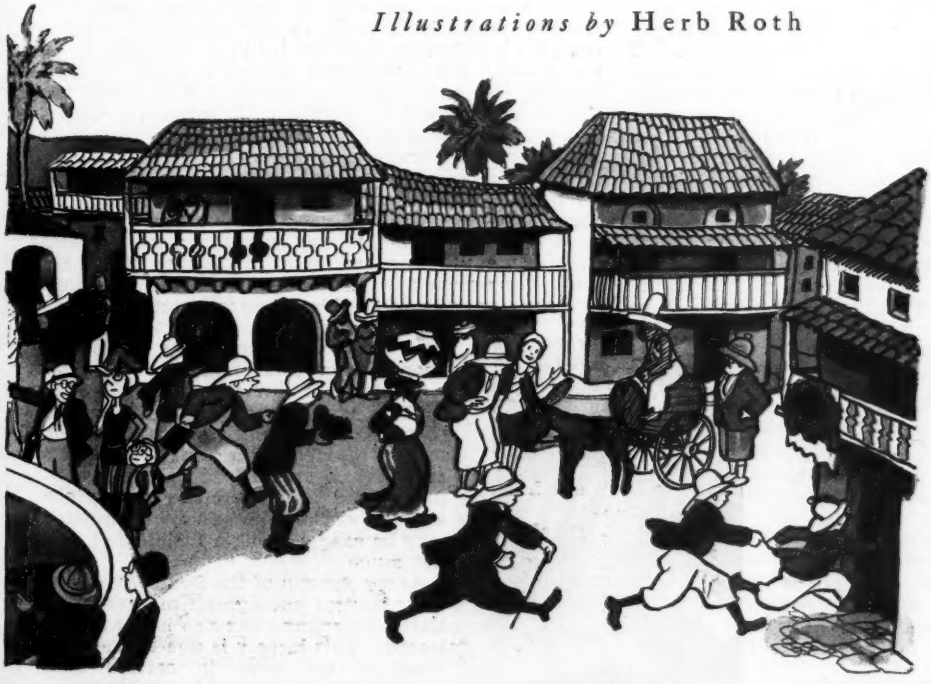
Quite a few years ago Theodore Roosevelt said the nineteenth century belonged to North America but that the twentieth century would be South America's. In the light of recent personal observations I claim Roosevelt was a true prophet. I'd say, if you asked me—and, without waiting to be asked, I do here and now say it—that South America is on the eve of coming into her long-delayed inheritance. And if North Americans are to have a proper and natural share in that harvesting, we increasingly must turn our eyes and our steps and our energy and, most of all, our good will toward the nations lying below the Isthmus and, as it were, just next door to us.

So much for the preliminary ballyhoo.

Everything was all ready for the expedition when President, then President-elect, Hoover played a low-down or characteristically Republican trick on us. He stole our main issue away from us by hiking out to cover, via the same routes, the same territory which we intended to cover. As old-line Democrats, it therefore behooved us to follow the hallowed Jeffersonian, Jackassonian principle of coming out in opposition to the whole idea, but for once we decided just to let dear old traditions go plumb to thunder and trail along in the footsteps of the Hoover party and replace the divots, if any.

Anyhow, we figured we might get something on them which would come in handy for campaign material to our side. I might add in parentheses that we didn't acquire any such ammunition. The present head of our government showed wisdom when he chose to pay that visit of his to the principal countries under the equator and, so doing, he sowed seeds of amity which by the time we got there already were sprouting. If this be treason my political crowd will have to make the best of it.

Illustrations by Herb Roth



exploited for commerce, but for the most part remains an unspoiled land.

Throughout my gypsyings I enjoyed the valued company of two chosen friends whom, for convenience, I will call respectively Mr. Will Hogg of Texas, and Mr. Dean Palmer of New York.

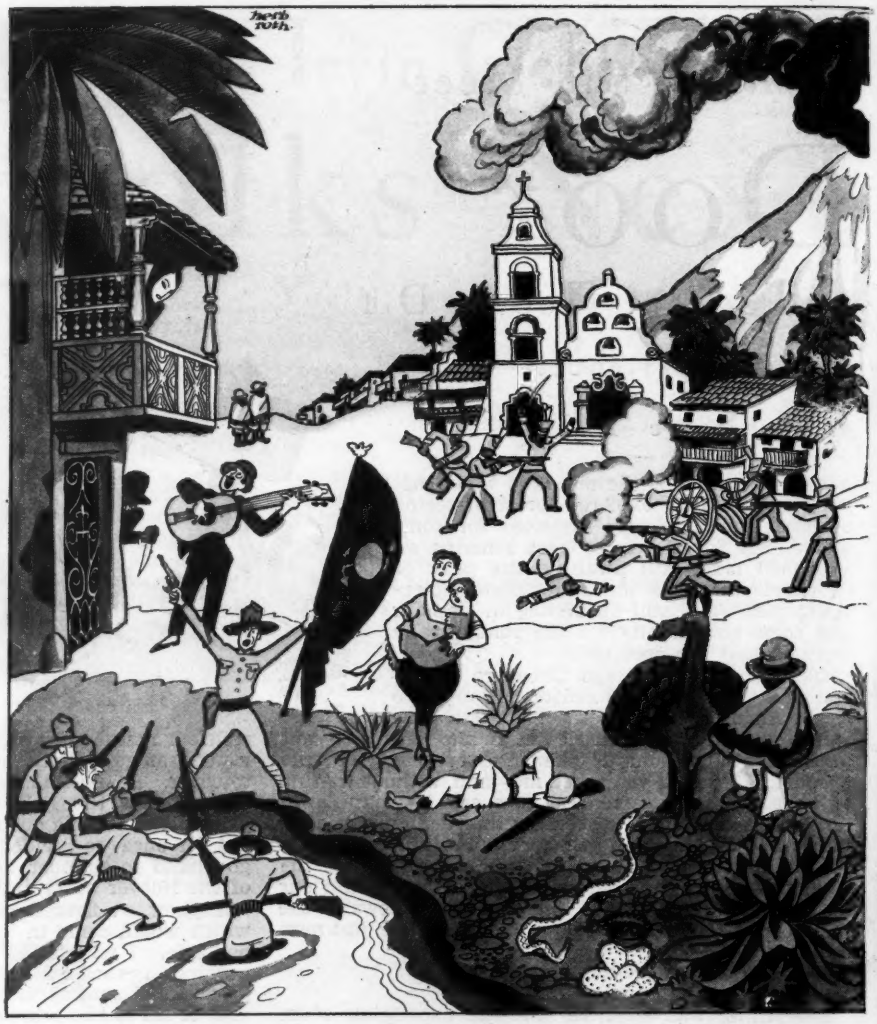
I didn't appreciate it at the outset, but, as interpreter, Mr. Hogg was to prove a veritable perambulating treasure trove. Yet he had only about fifty Spanish words, words which in his youth he had picked up along the Mexican border while curing himself of fallen insteps by the brass-rail treatment. It wasn't so much the extent of his vocabulary as it was his method of putting it over that made him a linguistic success.

Marking his work, I was sorry I never shared in those earlier educational advantages at Juarez and Tia Juana which he had enjoyed. Even so, I believe the gift of tongues may be overworked. It is all well enough to have a working knowledge of one or two tongues besides your own but it is my observation that if you go on acquiring more and yet more until you become fluent in seven or eight languages, about the best you can hope for in your maturer years is to get to be carriage-starter at a Continental *pension* hotel named for somebody named Bristol.

Mr. Palmer was inspired by a motive other than the mere desire to look upon new scenes and new faces. He went along to acquire material for the final volume of his monumental life work to be entitled, "Around the World with Knife and Fork." At finding desirable food and consuming the same, Mr. Palmer yields the palm to none.

Freely, at this early stage, I admit his mastery, and I'm no slouch at a table at that. With age, my figure has expanded in a way that is very hither and yon, and my hair has worn thin on top, but, thank heaven, I have kept my boyish gastric juices.

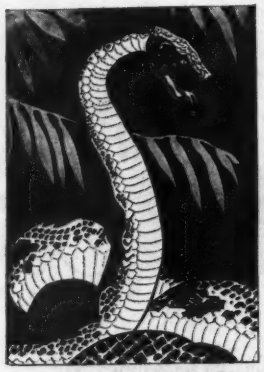
In such companionship, then, I gadded about, going down the West Coast, across the Andes to the East Coast, up the East Coast to Rio and thence north by east and north by west to the starting point, bearing with me credentials as a roving correspondent for this magazine and a large sheaf of letters of introduction. I brought all of the letters back with their seals unbroken.



¶ *The South American scene as the average North American—meaning by that a most insular individual, which he is—even to this bright day is apt to draw his conclusions and base his brain etchings on the fiction—and the Lord knows most of it was fiction and nothing else but—which he read in his boyhood, with the outcome that, in addition to confusing Central America with what lies below it, he pictures the typical South American scene as a flowering jungle abounding in monkeys and parrots and boa constrictors and, on its human side, largely populated by picturesque but highly temperamental bipeds ranging in complexion from* ***café au lait*** *to* ***café noir****, who spend most of their time when not engaged with revolutions in picking guitars under the barred windows of languishing demoiselles or taking naps in hammocks swung beneath the fronded palm trees; except that on Sunday they rouse up for long enough to go to a bullfight.*

In such fine companionship also I found out so many things that the prospect of summing them up even sketchily takes on the aspect of a formidable and a daunting task. For one thing, I found out this, and for emphasis I wish every reader would reread the statement at least once: I found out that, taking us by and large, we, here in North America, know far too little and think too little about those people in South America—our ignorance touching on their culture and their institutions and their possessions is as colossal as it is criminal—and they, on the other hand, know entirely too much about us that isn't true, and think entirely too much about us along erroneous premises.

Let me put it this way: Because of hostile propaganda which largely is inspired and fostered through European sources, because of prejudices which are perfectly plausible once you come to know how those prejudices have been built up, the average South American is prone to misread the purport of our national attitudes toward his half of the hemisphere and more often than not is likely to misunderstand our national characteristics and ambitions, especially with regard to our Latin neighbors, of whom he is one.



On the other hand, many an average

Throw in a few gallant Anglo-Saxon soldiers of fortune, provide a landing party of United States marines coming to the rescue of the imperiled heroine and her sweetheart, add some raw bananas and a few orchids for garnish, and the vision is practically complete. I may be exaggerating a little, but I claim not much.

As for the run of the South Americans, their mental photograph of present-day North Americans likewise is heavily distorted. This largely is due to the treatment of the news in certain South American journals, although there are

North American pictures it from the fiction which he read in his boyhood.

various contributory factors, including some of the weirdly exaggerated moving-picture films that find their way to the far southern clime. We may not need national censorship for all the movies that are shown at home but I am convinced that we do need it for some of the films that go to foreign parts.

Let one of our philanthropists give a huge fortune for charity or for scientific research or education or whatever commendable object, or let one of our inventors produce a device which will benefit all humanity, and the news of it is slurred over and ignored in sundry newsprints. In at least one English-owned and English-written newspaper which I have in mind the event is likely to be taken as the text of an editorial squib sneering at "Yankee ostentation" or "Yankee pretension."

According to these professional libelmongers it was entirely commendable for the Prince of Wales to make a good-will tour, so called, to the principal South American countries. Well, it was an entirely commendable act from every viewpoint. But when our President-elect, Mr. Hoover, does precisely the same thing his motives are questioned and his presence is resented by more than one jealous scrivener of Britannic or Germanic or Gallic antecedents.

In such a sheet, the manifestations of the baser side of our life invariably are played up and given full prominence. A gang-massacre in Chicago, a pay-roll robbery in New York, an exhibition of senseless folly by a group of rich fools somewhere along the North American gold coast, a particularly unsavory divorce scandal, a lynching or, better than any of these, an indiscreet outbreak by some hay-eating jingo who waves Old Glory in the face of the world and beats the bass drum and generally makes a star-spangled idiot of himself—ah, there is fine front-page grist for the anti-Yankee journalistic hopper.

The reader, especially if he be South American, is given a poisoned conception of our social complexion and our national coloring. Every effort—sometimes it's a clumsy effort and sometimes it's a subtle one—is made to cause him to regard us as a race of conscientious dollar-snatchers—a race which is greedy and lawless and ungodly at heart but hypocritical and smug and bigoted on the surface. Uncle Sam is depicted as the "Octopus of the North," covetous to dominate and eventually to possess the weaker republics of the hemisphere. His benevolence is called the benevolence of the python, his appetite is likened to that of the ostrich and the swine.

These campaigns fail of their purpose in Brazil and in Peru, where we are honestly liked; but they have their effect on the public mind elsewhere.

Nevertheless the fact remains that South America and North America must, before long, form between them a firm and enduring friendship, if the trade balance is to be maintained on mutually advantageous foundations and the political solidarity and integrity of the hemisphere against outside aggression of whatsoever sort is to be insured. But you can't honestly like a fellow unless you know the truth about him and the truth about the aspirations and the ruling motives of his soul—and not always then. And, as the thing stands, the South American doesn't know the full truth about us, and we fall a thousand miles short of even faintly appreciating his background and his environment and his position in the planetary scheme. It would be laughable if it were not so serious.

On our side the main trouble is easily to be seen. The main trouble with us is that while the average educated or well-to-do citizen of these United States—sometimes he's both educated and well-to-do, but that is aside from the issue—has been to Europe at least once in his life, he probably hasn't been anywhere else to speak of.

Tell him that down south of us are sundry self-controlled, self-motivated republics modeled on the constitutional pattern of our republic, having many organic functions in common with us and a good many features which we might borrow to our own governmental advantage, and he opens his eyes in astonishment. Tell him about a few of the climatic (*Continued on page 192*)

Introducing 2 Wild *and* Woolly

Ride, Rope and Dog

THE beginnings of their education in their profession had been much the same in the case of Tom Crosby and Bart Eaton. Both sons of small cowmen, they had their own little cayuse ponies at the age of six; at about eight their fathers made them twenty-foot reatas from light thin signal halyard, with which they proceeded to practice roping on the ranch dogs, turkeys, geese, cats and new calves.

By the time they were fourteen they were amazingly proficient, owned man-sized ponies, well trained, and thirty-foot rawhide calf ropes, with which they did a man's work in the branding corral.

Then Tom Crosby's father died and his mother closed out the little cow-outfit and went to the city to live with his married sister, leaving Tom to shift for himself. So he got himself a job as horse wrangler with the Window Pane outfit at twenty dollars a month.

As for Bart Eaton, the lack of an occasional dollar for spending money, which his unimaginative father would not give him, moved Bart also to fare forth into the world on his own at the age of fifteen to find employment as horse wrangler with the Flying V.

Now, if one would become an expert roper one must acquire a skill little dreamed of by those who have never roped. It is an occupation that has, by a few rare men, been raised to the dignity of an art.

There are any number of good ropers, of course, for no man who is not a good roper can hope to draw the wages of a top rider. Indeed, no respectable cow-outfit will excuse, save in the case of boys, the roping of a calf around the neck at branding time, for such amateur work means that the men at the fire have to "flank" the calf and throw him, which is never easy and always exhausting. A grown man must rope his calf by both hind legs and drag him to the fire, else the branding crew will not receive him.

The first time Tom Crosby and Bart Eaton were put to work in the branding corrals of their respective outfits, they placed their ropes with neatness and accuracy on both hind legs of their victims. In one day Tom Crosby roped three hundred and forty calves without a single miss, whereat the fame of the fifteen-year-old went abroad through the land.

Naturally this record aroused invidious comparisons; hence it developed that Bart Eaton had roped in one day three hundred and twenty-eight calves with one miss. Men who knew declared they were "naturals."

At eighteen both boys had graduated from horse wranglers to the top-rider class and could perform better than the old hands whose ability formerly they had envied.

Both had been born, seemingly, with a passion to excel at whatever task they undertook; competition was as the breath in their nostrils. When the time came to break new saddle stock, each found a thrill in topping the wildest horses in the corral; in order to excel as ropers they had to have perfectly trained and perfectly reined horses, which they spent two years in achieving. Also, since they knew that a wild steer, with a good start, often can outrun an ordinary horse for several hundred yards, thus creating unnecessary wear and tear on horseflesh, they acquired horses speedy enough to do a quarter in twenty-five seconds.

AND there was about Tom and Bart a certain ego—the ego of youth and health, perhaps—which caused them to yearn to be as expert at fast and spectacular roping as are men who work at a moderate pace. They were critical of their reatas, preferring them a shade heavier and longer than most; a long and accurate cast into the wind at a running calf always gave them a pleasurable thrill, and when at last they commenced to earn the commendation of their fellows, their cups of happiness were full to overflowing.

They were lanky, supple lads, weighing about a hundred and seventy pounds each. Always in training, they carried not an ounce of surplus fat and were clear-eyed, clear-thinking, eternally healthy, hard as nails, tough and surprisingly strong. Of matters that concerned their own world they were thoroughly informed, albeit amazingly innocent of matters outside it.

They met for the first time at the rodeo in Livermore, California. It was a three-day meet and at the close of the first day everybody knew that, in the roping contest at least, the battle for first final money would be fought out between Tom Crosby, of the Window Pane outfit, and Bart Eaton, of the Flying V.

Strangely enough, they had tied, to a fifth of a second, in the race to make the fastest time on any one calf that day, and that time had been within a second of the world's record. In the bucking-horse and

Cowpunchers *who meet a* Llama *which wouldn't* Stay Tied

By Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations by
William Meade Prince

¶ *"Me an' you're too good to compete with each other," said Tom Crosby. "We ought to be partners an' split our winnin's even." "All right, Tom; we're partners," said Bart Eaton.*

bucking-steer events they had been fortunate enough to draw very salty animals indeed, with the result that they had given perfect performances which caused them to stand out from other contestants, perhaps equally good riders. They led the field, too, in bulldogging and trick riding.

In the finals in the bucking contests Tom Crosby won first money and Bart Eaton second; Bart was first in trick riding and Tom second; Tom beat Bart out by two seconds in the bulldogging; Bart won first money in the roping event on his average time, while Tom won second money and a fancy carved leather belt with a big solid-gold buckle, the trophy donated for the fastest time on any one calf.

They had won several hundred dollars each and were feeling too much at peace with the world to be envious of each other. "Good show," said Tom, when they met at the office of the association to get their money prizes and trophies. "You're a hard man to beat, Mr. Eaton."

"In a ropin' contest—a string of, say, twenty-five calves each—with just us two competin', I doubt if I'd bet on myself," Bart Eaton replied magnanimously. "Luck enters a lot in the other contests, but skill counts more'n luck in a ropin' event—the skill to train your ropin' horse an' the skill to put your twine on the cow-brute."

And they shook hands and liked each other on sight. Before they left town next morning each had received a telegram from the management of the Salinas (California) Rodeo Association, inviting him to compete in a four-day show the following month. Privately, each decided, after reading the rules of the contests and a list of the trophies and money prizes, to take time off from his job and compete at Salinas.

For the second time, therefore, they met in competition, and this time it was not an amateur show, staged as part of a Fourth of July celebration in a frontier town. The contestants at Salinas are drawn from the ranks of the best professionals in the world and the hearts of Tom Crosby and Bart Eaton skipped a beat or two as, waiting for their turn, they watched these men perform.

"We got to go some, Tom," Bart confided, suddenly growing comradely. And why not? Weren't they both

prideful native sons of California and were they not amateurs as yet?

"We'll make it a race, Bart," Tom declared.

They finished, the acknowledged stars of the show! Strangely enough, they reversed on each other the records each had made at Livermore. Also each had won a saddle that was not only utilitarian to the last degree but the last word in beauty.

"Goin' back to the Window Pane, Tom?" Mr. Eaton inquired of Mr. Crosby.

The latter shook his head. "I've made more'n fifteen hundred dollars in two shows—an' I hear there's shows goin' on all over the country durin' the summer an' fall, with a big winter show in New York. I own two good ropin' horses so I reckon I'll wire the boss to get a man to take my place, an' turn professional."

"You call my plans to a hair, *amigo,*" Mr. Eaton informed him. "Barrin' accidents an' tough breaks, which come to the best of us, I got a notion me an' you 're a hard hand to draw to an' ought to be in the big money wherever we compete."

"Bart," Tom Crosby challenged suddenly, "what you aim to do with your life?"

"I ain't stopped to think none about that, Tom."

"You ought to. You'll soon be old enough to vote. I been thinkin' a lot about my future—since I begun gettin' a slant at it. Before this show I never thought about my future, because, realizin' I had none, it hurt me to think about it.

"I got a bright idea, Bart. Me an' you 're too good to compete with each other. We ought to be partners an' split our winnin's even.

"Why, just suppose you have a run o' bad luck an' only get third money, while I get first? That's discouragin'; you begin to fret an' try too hard an' the result is, mebbe you copper your bad luck; whereas, realizin' you an' me pool our winnin's an' split, you 're always sure of a profitable journey down the circuit. Each of us is an insurance to the other ag'in' bad luck—an' there's a lot o' bad luck in this game.

"In the long run I believe we make more money workin' as silent partners than we do as competitors. Us two ag'in' the world. How about it, Bart?"

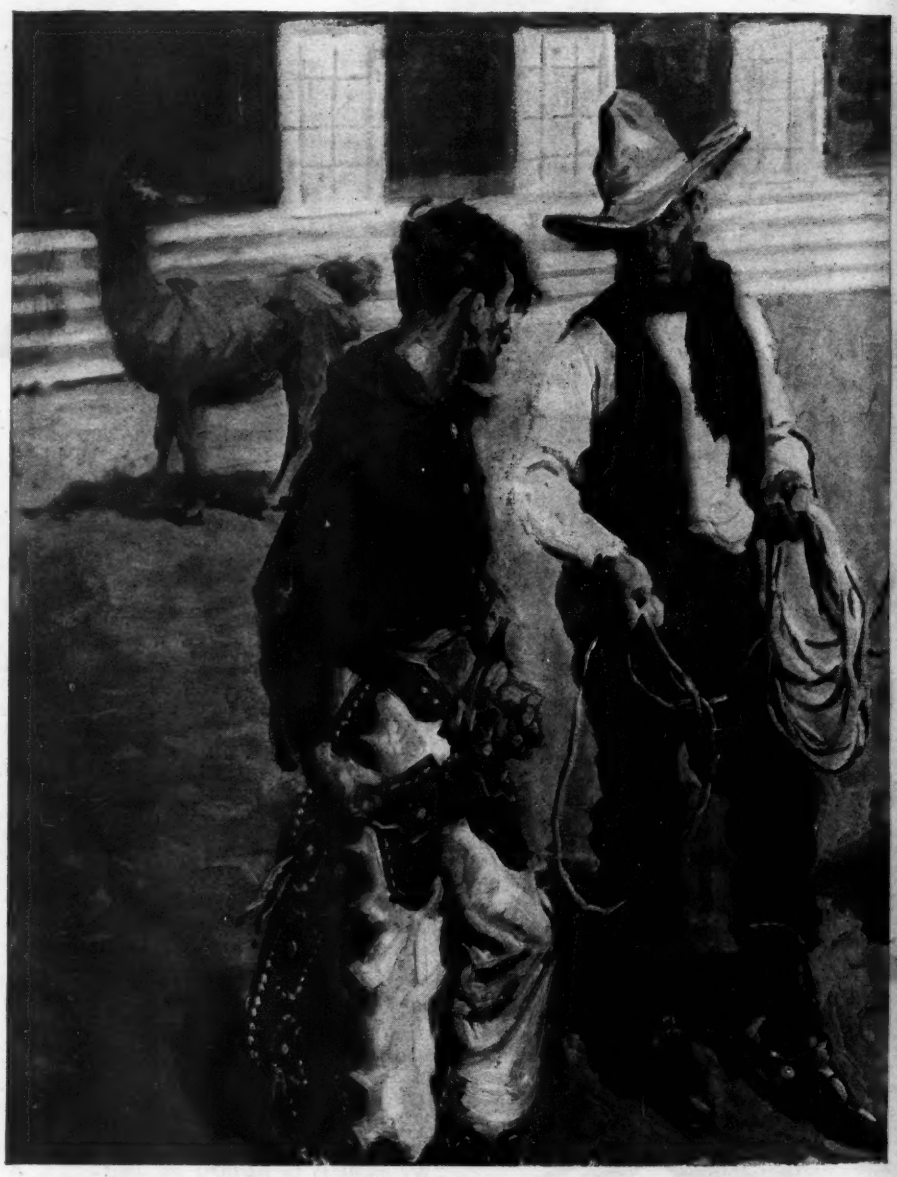
Bart pondered a little over this. Then: "A professional rodeo performer's bound to have more than a cowboy's run o' hard luck. He gets hooked or butted when he bulldogs a mean steer; he loses a stirrup, maybe, an' gets throwed an' fractures his skull or breaks a collar bone; he forgets himself some day when he's throwin' his dally, preparatory to bustin' a steer—an' he loses his fingers; a horse rolls on him an' busts a leg or an ankle, a mean horse bites him or kicks him.

"In fact, Tom, our profession's listed as a hazardous occupation an' we can't even get accident insurance, whereas life insurance is at the highest rates. If one of us is in hospital it'll be comfortin' to know the other is out grabbin' off the money to pay the hospital bill . . . All right, Tom, we're partners."

"We'll bank our money in a joint account an' when we got enough saved to make a good investment we'll make it, Bart. By the time we're thirty years old we'll be through—an' when I'm through I want to know it first.

"Thirty's *old* for a rodeo performer. But when we quit we won't be like these other hard-ridin', hard-drinkin', knot-headed, gamblin' wastrels you an' me 've growed up with. We'll have a nice road-stake—maybe enough to lease a ranch an' start off with a few hundred good stock cattle. No waitin' till we're shavin' every mornin' to hide the gray in our whiskers."

"That's sure logic," Mr. Eaton murmured. So forthwith they pooled their Salinas winnings, banked them in a joint account and proceeded to a two-day show at



¶ "*All the labor of a lifetime gone into Cecil's pocket,*" *Mr. Eaton growled savagely, "or I'll kill you—if that*

Ukiah, then on to the Stampede at Calgary, one of the biggest rodeos in North America, if not the biggest; to the Pendleton (Oregon) Round-up; to Billings, Montana; to the Frontier Days at Cheyenne; to Cedar Rapids, Iowa; to Madison Square Garden, New York, and then back West again, to do expert horse-breaking at a hundred dollars a month and board until it should be time to start on the rodeo circuit the following summer.

They finished that first season acknowledged the two best all-round cowboys in North America. They had been the heaviest and most consistent winners on the circuit and not once had they failed to take first and second money in the roping contests.

Crosby murmured witheringly. "But you would gamble, Bart." "Shut up," flame-anointed llama don't." "Gimme your twine," Mr. Crosby ordered coldly.

Tom Crosby, whose mentality was the sturdier of the two, finally decided that in bulldogging lay the greatest risk to their valuable persons; so he picked on Bart Eaton until the latter agreed to abandon it, but only after Tom had proved by statistics that they had been out of the money oftener than they had been in it, and that the small amount of money they might win bulldogging was out of all proportion to the risks involved.

"If your steer runs with a high head, you have a good chance to grab him right, throw his head up higher an' stop him dead," Tom pursued, "but out of all the steers me an' you have bulldogged since turnin' professional, not three percent of 'em have run with a high head, an' most of 'em run with a mighty low head.

"Now, ridin' a rough horse or steer I don't count as real risky. Strength to stand up under the joltin' counts more than ridin' ability; I've noticed that some mighty poor riders—riders the judges never give a reride to—stay on their horses until the pick-up men pull them off—that is, unless they draw a horse that's just plain dynamite an' does everythin' all at oncet.

"I don't figger me an' you are goin' to get hurt in the buckin' contests, but if we stick to bulldoggin' we'll most surely get gored, busted with a sideswipe of a horn, throwed down an' tramped on."

"An' yet I love to bulldog 'em," Bart confessed. "There's somethin' goes wild in me when I battle a steer. Love o' fightin', I guess."

"I do, too, but we're out to make a killin' at this game while we got the strength to do it, so why, for twenty-five dollars first-day money, fifteen second-day money an' five third-day money, take a chance on bein' hurt an' unable to compete in the ropin' where the day money is just as much an' the first final money a thousand, with second final money five hundred—an' a cinch for us to win both, workin' as partners?"

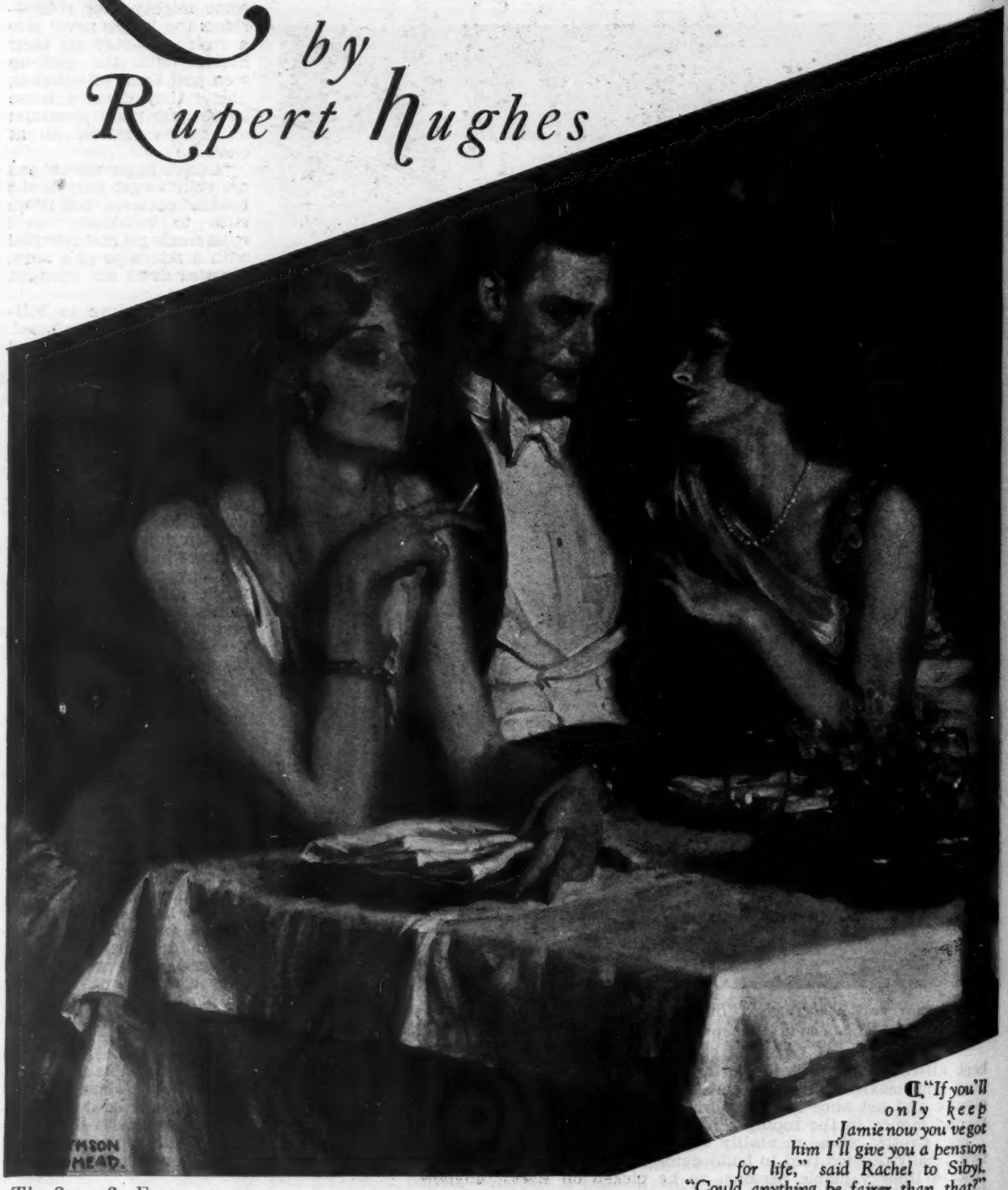
"You got a long head on you, Tom," Bart admitted admiringly. "Me, I never stop to figger things out like that. I'm enjoyin' life too much, I reckon." And in sheer exuberance he walked across the room on his hands. Then he made a dive at Tom and they wrestled; while thrashing about the room they knocked over a lamp and shivered it and broke down a bedstead, for which the hotel charged them well when they checked out.

Tom budgeted the firm, allowing a salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a month to each. The cheap hotels at which they stayed they regarded as first-class hostelries; they ate in cheap restaurants where one sat on a tall stool at a counter, for they believed it immoral to pay more than fifty cents for a steak. If the steak was tough they did not mind. Their teeth were good and they had never known the taste of a seasoned steak anyhow.

Bart was always drawn ahead on his salary, but Tom always managed to save about twenty-five dollars a month out of his. Although fully as great a spendthrift as Bart in the matter of gaudy silk shirts, chaps, boots, hats and equipment, Tom's peacock instincts were submerged when he was (*Continued on page 126*)

Ladies' Man

by Rupert Hughes



¶ "If you'll only keep Jamie now you've got him I'll give you a pension for life," said Rachel to Sibyl. "Could anything be fairer than that?"

The Story So Far:

"DON'T! Don't! no! no! Oh, no!" It was a cry uttered in a very anguish of fear, and thousands heard it yet were powerless to aid the frantic, struggling figure. For the wail came from far above the after-theater crowds that thronged Broadway on a certain midwinter night; came from a figure enveloped in velvet and cloth of gold, begemmed with flashing diamonds—a figure that struggled vainly to cling to a

Copyright, 1929, by Rupert Hughes

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

window ledge, while from within two ruthless hands thrust the condemned slowly outward, into the abyss.

The battle was too brief and too remote for the beholders to intervene. And no one within the building except the assassin knew that murder was being done.

Was it a man or a woman clinging frenziedly to the ledge? The crowd could not tell. Nor could it discover whether those relentless, thrusting hands were a man's or a woman's. While the onlookers stood frozen with dismay, the doomed one with a final wail came rushing to the ground, and all too soon the crowd discovered that it was a man—Jamie Darricott, well known to the social world and particular darling of women!

Who was the murderer? So many people had threatened to kill Darricott that the police were at their wits' end. Was it a jealous woman who loved him, or a man who hated him? The detective dragnet caught in its meshes many whose names were in the Social Register, and no one who had had even a casual acquaintance with Darricott was above suspicion.

The first to be involved were the Fendleys. In the papers it was stated that Horace Fendley, the well-known capitalist, had quarreled with his wife because of the attentions she had accepted from young Jamie Darricott. And Fendley's daughter Rachel, too, was dragged in. According to report, Darricott, having bled Mrs. Fendley of much money, had grown tired of her and had decided to marry her wealthy daughter, whom he had also infatuated.

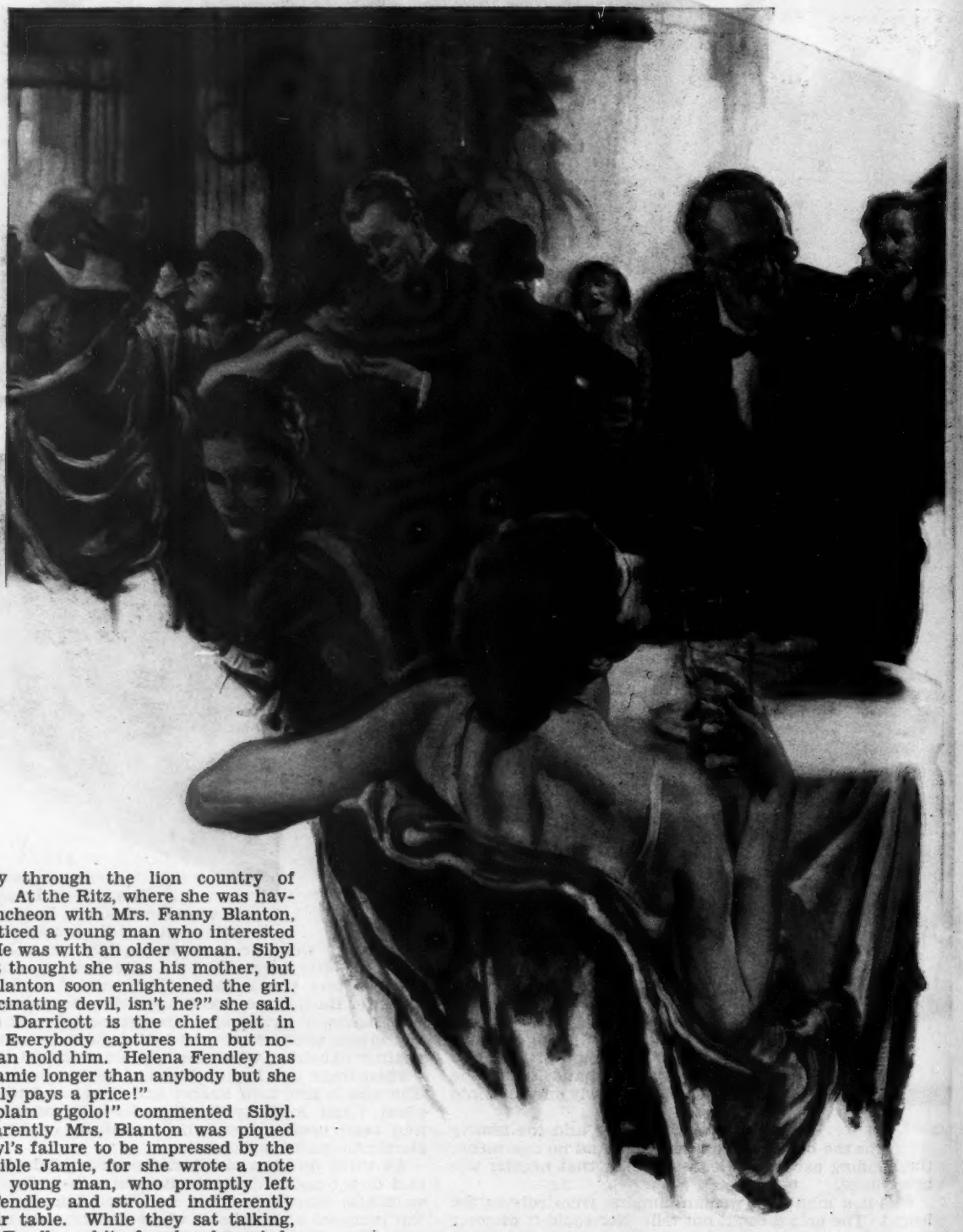
Then there was Peyton Weldon, wealthy and a snob, who was in love with Rachel and therefore hated Darricott. And Anthony Fendley, Rachel's brother, who had been heard to say that somebody ought to kill Darricott—perhaps himself.

All these people and others were caught in the first cast of the police dragnet. Several well-known crooks were also garnered. They had been hanging around the premises of the hotel where the tragedy occurred and where the great Potiemkin ball was in progress—the ball at which Mrs. Fendley appeared as Catherine the Great and Jamie Darricott as Potiemkin, the lover whom she showered with gold and gems.

Finally the police brought in Sibyl Page, the last person known to have been with Darricott, a girl of unusual athletic skill and power. When the officer found her, he gripped her arm and she gave a little cry, for it was bruised and wounded. As she marched along with him to face her inquisitors she remembered the first time she had met Jamie Darricott . . .

It had been on her return to New York from a long

Here, *Thank Goodness, is a* BRAND



journey through the lion country of Africa. At the Ritz, where she was having luncheon with Mrs. Fanny Blanton, she noticed a young man who interested her. He was with an older woman. Sibyl at first thought she was his mother, but Mrs. Blanton soon enlightened the girl.

"Fascinating devil, isn't he?" she said. "Jamie Darricott is the chief pelt in town. Everybody captures him but nobody can hold him. Helena Fendley has kept Jamie longer than anybody but she certainly pays a price!"

"A plain gigolo!" commented Sibyl.

Apparently Mrs. Blanton was piqued by Sibyl's failure to be impressed by the irresistible Jamie, for she wrote a note to the young man, who promptly left Mrs. Fendley and strolled indifferently to their table. While they sat talking, Rachel Fendley, white-faced and worried-looking, appeared, and took Jamie's unoccupied place at her mother's side. Soon Horace Fendley came to greet his wife and daughter. He, too, was lunching at the Ritz that day!

The girl was so interested in this amazing situation and so intrigued by the man whom all women seemed to be pursuing that when he pleaded with her to remain over in New York another day she consented.

That evening, dressed in a seductive new gown bought especially for the occasion, she and Darricott drove to the St. Regis Club for dinner.

But Sibyl was destined not to include that well-known rendezvous in her cruise. As they marched toward the elevators, Darricott uttered an exclamation, and stopped short. Near them stood Mrs. Fendley!

The woman's eyes seemed to Sibyl to cry out to Jamie: "How could you? Why must you disgrace me before my friends?" Yet all she did was to murmur:

"Hello, Jamie. I'm glad your aunt is better."

"Much," was the best he could say in reply.

Then the elevator took Mrs. Fendley and her party upward and Jamie mumbled as he led Sibyl to the

NEW Kind *of* MYSTERY NOVEL

"This is no time for flippancy, my dear," said Weldon. "You and I are going to be married eventually, why not——" "I'm never going to marry you as long as I live, or even longer," cried Rachel.

street door again: "Idiot that I am. I mixed my clubs!"

Sibyl keenly regretted the incident that had caused so much hurt to another woman. Her impulse was to leave the taxicab that was already bearing them to the Embassy Club. Instead, she resolved to finish the business she had undertaken and then to erase the name of Darricott from her list of acquaintances.

If only she had done that wise and wholesome thing!

VILLAINS have one enormous advantage over the virtuous: if the good crack under the strain for a moment they are flawed for life and under incessant suspicion of hypocrisy. Let the murderer but pat a dog, or fail to kick a dog, and a mystic radiance enaureoles him.

Sibyl had decided that Darricott was a scoundrel if ever the earth bred one, and had set down his treatment of Mrs. Fendley as the cruelest thing she had ever encountered. She was so down on him that when she noted in his tone a trace of unselfish regret for his poor victim, he came rushing back into her heart like a prodigal son.

There was something adorable in Jamie's brief contrition as he groaned: "What a rotten thing to have done! So cheap and nasty. And to have done it to Helena of all people!"

He even stooped to an explanation: "I didn't want to go with her and I did want to go with you, and a man has as much right to lie out of an invitation as a woman has to say she's not at home to an unwelcome caller. But to have slapped her right in the face —ugh!

"She and her gang are dining at the St. Regis Club, then floating over to the opera. I hate the opera. So I sang Helena a long song about how my dear old aunt had taken a sudden turn for the worse and might have to be rushed off to the hospital.

"Auntie is entirely imaginary, I'm sorry to say. All my relations are even poorer than my mother and me, which is the limit. But in this town people who have no money and no rich relations must invent 'em to save their faces if they run (*Continued on page 203*)

TALKIE

by Adela Rogers St. Johns

THE sound stage was terribly hot. It had been exactly like a brick oven all day. Even Duffy Gordon, a director who had a sense of humor and believed in the gospel of pep, looked utterly fagged. As for Herman Walters, the perspiration poured down his lean, dark face and his angry eyes showed plainly that he wished he had stayed in New York directing stage plays instead of having been lured to Hollywood by a fat salary and the talkies. But he was nastily, hopelessly patient.

"No, no," he said, "you do not put the emphasis upon '*me*.' Why should you? No one has questioned your right to ham and eggs. No one else wants your ham and eggs. The dramatic point is that you are forcing yourself to order ham and eggs just as though your whole life hadn't suddenly fallen to pieces. You say it just as you would say it, only more doggedly. If you know what I mean. 'Now get me some ham and eggs.' Like that. It is very simple."

Judith James glared at him. "All right," she said bitterly. "I've been four hours now ordering ham and eggs and it seems to me I'm apt to starve to death before I get 'em."

"If you would do it as I tell you," suggested Herman Walters. "Like Miss Cowl, for instance."

"I'm a patient woman," said Judith through her teeth, "but if you mention Jane Cowl or Ethel Barrymore or Katharine Cornell to me once more you'll never see your wife and babies again. Come on, Duffy; let's get on with it."

Duffy Gordon looked at the white faces of the cameramen, shut up in their hot, sound-proof safes, so that the hum of the camera motors couldn't reach the microphone suspended above Judith's head. They nodded like marionettes.

"Quiet, everybody," said Duffy, with a rasp in his voice.

A tense and breathless stillness fell. A stillness that somehow seemed fraught with danger.

"All right, everybody?" said Duffy.

"All right," said the head electrician. From the different parts of the gray box in which they were all enclosed came eight repetitions of the words, ending with the distant "All right" of the door man, who had bolted the sound-proof door of the stage.

"Red light," said Duffy tensely.

The red lights flashed on.

Duffy waved his arm in one quick gesture.

No familiar, stimulating sound of the camera grind answered him. No soft, helpful tune tinkled from musicians off stage. No encouraging sound of the director's voice mapping the scene as it went along.

Nothing but silence, until Judith's voice leaped startlingly into the void.

"Now bring me some ham and eggs," she said doggedly and looked doggedly toward the ghostly cameras behind their plate-glass shields.

Herman Walters was beaming, but she saw Duffy take his nose between thumb and finger. Since he couldn't speak to tell her what was wrong, she could only finish the scene.

"What's the matter?" she demanded when he had signaled "Cut."

"You forgot your face," said Duffy.

"But the speech was perfect," said Herman Walters; "that is it, exactly."

"That's fine," said Duffy; "but they got to look at her as well as hear her, haven't they? She forgot to *look* as if she had just lost the only man she ever loved. Well, let's do it again. Try to remember that the camera still takes pictures, Judy, my girl."

"But do not forget the voice," said Walters severely. "Do exactly as you did. Remember—'Now give me some ham and eggs'—like that."

Judy said nothing, being apparently beyond comment.

Once more they went through it amid the deadly silence. This time both Duffy and Walters beamed.

The beam was interrupted by the low buzz of a small telephone behind the director. Looking up, they saw through the sheet of plate glass high up in the gray wall that the mixer was holding his telephone to his lips. His voice came through loud and distinct.

"Sorry, folks," he said, "but one of the lights hummed a little and got into the mike. Ask Bert to see which one it was before you do it again."

Judith James got up slowly and deliberately kicked over the table in front of her. Then she kicked over the chair behind her.

Then she said, very quietly, "I won't ask for ham and eggs again today if I never eat another mouthful. I don't care if they tear up my contract. I can go back to the glove counter and like it. I don't care what happens, I'm going home. We spend four hours getting a scene so it suits both you geniuses at the same time and then one of the lights horns in on me. I'll be here at nine o'clock tomorrow morning if you find I'm still on the pay roll and we'll start this war over again; but right now I'm through."

"WHY, Judy," said Duffy Gordon. "Why—why, Judy! You never quit before in all your life. Come on, kid. Leave that temperamental stuff to some of these foreign stars. You're a regular. It won't take more than half an hour to fix that light, and then——"

"By that time," said Judith James, looking straight at him, "I shall be in my own little bed with an ice pack on my fevered brow and a high ball in my fevered hand. I am supposed to take a singing lesson tonight from Monsieur Garrault. I am supposed to spend an hour with that great stage star, Miss Helen O'Neal, learning my speeches for tomorrow. I'm not going to do either. I'm about to collapse. And if anybody even whispers talkies to me during the next twelve hours I shall give a great imitation of Ruth Snyder doing her stuff. I bid you all a very pleasant good afternoon."

With which, for the first time in her six years of motion-picture stardom, little Judith James walked off the set.

She walked off the set and across the hot cement roadway and through the little green garden and into her own dressing room, and there she put her head down on her arms and began to cry.

"Darn the talkies," said Judith James, and she didn't stop crying while she said it. "I say darn the talkies and I don't care if the whole (*Continued on page 135*)

The *Romance of a* Movie Star who, *Up to* This Time, *Had* NOTHING *to* Say

Drawing by Harrison Fisher

¶ *Judith James had her name in electric lights because she had brains and used them, watched her step, worked hard and never missed a trick.*

HE'S ONE OF THE BIGGEST OPERATORS IN WALL ST
HE KNOWS THE STOCK PRICES TWO YEARS IN ADVANCE
HE'S A PERSONAL FRIEND OF J. P. MORGAN'S
WHAT'S THIS, A ONE-MAN PARADE?

How's *the* Market?

A STRANGE thing has happened to me. From a poor, dopey, unworldly artist I have been transformed into an astute financial genius whose every word upon matters of great economic importance is carried home, studied, caressed, nursed and preserved by commercial Ponce de Leóns who drag their gouty bodies through mazes of dividends, bonuses, discount rates and bank acceptances in their toilsome search for the fountain of eternal wealth.

When I drop a casual remark about the business outlook in Peru or the rubber situation in the Congo, red-faced men of affairs rush to the telephone and spread my gospel where big business interests can take advantage of the exclusive information.

Technical financial terms drop off my lips like glistening beads of water off a leaky radiator. Most of the time I do not know what I am talking about. But when people lovingly and tenderly enshroud you in the mystic cloak of wisdom they accept every one of your random thoughts as an intellectual gem.

I used to marvel at the inane interviews given out by big business men on the eve of their departure for Europe or the morning after their return, and wonder why the papers printed them. But now I do not object to these spasmodic belchings of generalized ozone. I am in that class myself and rather enjoy the distinction.

Mr. Andiron J. Endive, President of the Acme Cooky Company, which controls all patents for putting celluloid crusts on Swedish pastry, sailed the other night on the S. S. Coma and gave out the following interview:

"I am going away for a rest. But while I am in Paris I expect to attend to a few private matters which I am sworn to keep secret for the time being. I do not want to bother my wife with anything that might cause her the slightest worry, as she is now in the midst of arrangements for her sixth operation.

"However, I have no hesitancy in saying that I feel very optimistic about the business outlook for 1929, 1930 and 1934. The fact that the lira has been stabilized and the steel industry has practically done away with rivets insures a gradual rise in temperature in case of fever.

"The people of this country are on the crest of a wave of prosperity such as the world has never known. Within six months every workingman will be able to enjoy as many divorces as the upper classes and no one will have fewer than two mortgages.

"While in Italy I expect to meet Signor Jake Chianti, Italian Minister of Weather Control, and discuss with him plans for educating the people to use the lava from Mount Vesuvius on wheat cakes instead of maple sirup. I expect to be away anywhere from two weeks to six months, depending entirely on how long I remain away."

I hail this gentleman as a fellow custodian of the welfare of the nation and agree with everything he says and does. He and I and a few others, as all the world knows, have the inside dope on economic matters of world importance and we must speak the same language. But what I started out to tell was how I happened to get this way. And here's my story:

One morning about a year ago I went to the breakfast table in my usual cheery mood. Up to this time the breakfast ordeal had been an automatic performance, because I was so filled with ideas and plans for the day's work that what I put into my stomach was of minor importance. I simply ate what Velma put before me and then rushed forth to toss my contorted creations on my drawing board in a noble effort to amuse the world.

BUT when I started to drink my orange juice I discovered to my surprise that it wasn't orange juice at all. It was catsup. This was unusual but I said nothing. Then I started to crack a hard-boiled egg which turned out to be a ping-pong ball. I was naturally a bit impatient by this time but, as I said before, breakfast was a minor factor in my day.

So I decided to drink my coffee and make no comment on these unusual developments. I touched the cup to my lips and found it to contain some glue the children had mixed while putting together a toy airplane. This was a bit too much. So I went out into the pantry to demand an explanation.

I found Velma on the telephone engaged in a serious

By *that* Eminent Financier
and Cartoonist

Rube Goldberg

Illustrated, so to speak, by the Author

conversation. She seemed greatly agitated and talked in spasmodic gulps. Being of a sympathetic nature, I soon concluded what was the matter with her. She was in love. She had had a fight with her sweetheart the night before and was now getting things straightened out as all lovers do after a night fraught with anguish and recrimination. That accounted for the catsup, the ping-pong ball and the glue.

So I put on my hat and coat and strode from the house in high glee, only to fall over six ash cans that had been left standing in a row right in front of the door. When I gathered myself together and emptied the broken bottles out of my badly warped derby, my better nature was still paramount. I immediately figured the whole thing out. The garbage man was the Romeo in the case and he, too, was upset.

I told Joe, the steadiest chauffeur that ever trampled an accelerator underfoot, to drive me direct to the office. He looked at me in a dazed sort of way and then drove in the opposite direction. I tapped him gently on the shoulder and pointed out that if he kept on going he would deliver me in Yonkers instead of at Forty-second Street and Broadway. He apologized meekly and finally dropped me at my office, but only after discovering three or four brand-new streets and taking five times longer than was necessary. He even stopped in front of several drug stores and went inside to phone.

I decided he was sick. I have always made it a point never to ask sick people what ailed them. To me there is nothing more private in this world than lumbago, eczema, cholera morbus, fallen arches and barber's itch. I let Joe keep his secret.

I had a few letters to dictate and called the stenographer into my office. I had dictated at least three whole letters before I realized that she had not taken a note. Perhaps this was a new system—the memory system. So I simply said: "That will be all, Miss Kraus."

She looked up startled and said: "Huh?"

"Why, Miss Kraus," I said, somewhat upset, "I just finished dictating three long letters to you."

"Oh, did you? I wasn't listening."

"That will be all, Miss Kraus," I managed to say, gaining full control of myself. "The letters weren't important anyway."

This absent-mindedness was cropping out too often in widely separated strata of the social structure. I had noticed several of the fellows in the office walking around mumbling incoherent nothings. It couldn't be that everybody was in love with everybody else. A thing like that couldn't break out like the 'flu.

I was sorely disturbed and at the same time afraid to show my ignorance by asking unnecessary questions. I had trouble getting my cartoon finished for the day. I was confused. I drew a picture of a little baby with a long white beard and a horse with mud guards on his sides. I tried to call up my wife and ask her what was wrong with the world. But the line was always busy. Was she carrying on a mysterious intrigue also?

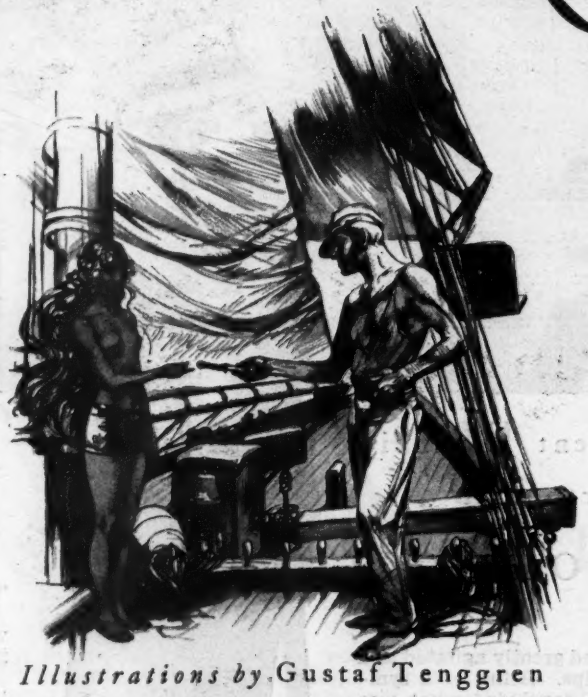
The queer situation was beginning to get on my nerves. So I said "Good night" to everybody in the office and nobody answered me.

I decided to fight the mystery with craft. I climbed through a rear window on the ground floor of my house and hid behind a crate of eggs. My wife and Velma were in the kitchen but they were too much interested in their conversation to notice me.

"Velma, that tip you gave me on Consolidated Jellybean was wonderful," my wife was saying. "I cleaned up $382.91 in two days without (*Continued on page 142*)

Devils!

By Joan Lowell



Illustrations by Gustaf Tenggren

OUR coming to Ono Lavue was accidental. Riding out a week's storm, we had been blown far off our course and so had missed the islands we were headed for in our trading.

Then early one morning we sighted land, a single island jutting out of the sea. As we came closer the tall palms and high hills covered with thick tropical brush gave the effect of a woolly haired native sticking his head up on the horizon. Father got busy with his charts.

"That must be Ono Lavue," he said. "Always intended to come here some day."

At once he posted his best man as lookout and took the wheel himself because, as he explained, Ono Lavue bore the name of a haunted island, the graveyard of sailing ships that dared the coral reefs and treacherous cross-currents that protected it.

"I haven't heard of a ship coming here in years," he said. "But clear back when I was young they used to tell stories of pearls and such stuff to be bought here if you dared."

Long before we had sailed close enough to see the small village nestled in the elbow of two hills, the wild intoxicating odor of tropical fruits and lilies and brush flowers filled the air. Its poignant sweetness was like a siren attracting sailormen to come closer and taste its luxuriousness.

Ono Lavue was about six miles long and a mile wide, crescent-shaped, with the highest hill in the center and the ground gradually falling away to the points. The outer rim of the crescent showed no harbor, but from the points long saw-toothed coral reefs reached out obliquely perhaps half a mile on the southern side.

Within the crescent close to shore the green sea became frothing white where the treacherous currents whipped and cut across the coral to the beach. Halfway in, three broken poles, masts of a wrecked schooner, stuck out of the water in grim warning.

We did not try to go in close. Instead, Father beat and tacked from one end of the island to the other, awaiting the natives. We could see them gathered on the beach with their outrigger canoes high up on the sand. But they wouldn't come off to trade.

"Never knew natives to act that way," complained Father. "What the devil can be the matter with 'em?"

Then suddenly at the highest point on the island a signal fire broke out.

"A shipwrecked crew putting up a distress signal," declared Father. "Maybe the natives don't want to bring 'em off. Have to figure out some way to get 'em." And he sent up answering flares.

Nothing happened for about ten minutes; then another fire burst into view perhaps half a mile from the first and nearer the southern point of the island. While we were puzzling over this, a third, a fourth and finally a fifth fire broke out, until there was a line of fires from the highest spot on the island down to the extreme southern point. And all the while the natives stood fast on the beach without making an effort to put out a canoe.

Father was certainly puzzled. "It can't be shipwrecked white men or they'd put off in a canoe or give us some other signal," he explained.

Then suddenly he began shouting orders. The men cracked on sail and we set a course to leave that island as fast as we could.

I don't think it was more than an hour later when the storm hit us. We had rounded the last point of Ono Lavue. The wind and sea seemed to stop in a hushed, breathless way for about three minutes, then lashed into a seething caldron. The seas licked up viciously at the sides of the ship as she listed heavily. For four days we rode out the storm, and then it ceased, almost as suddenly as it had risen.

"I'm going back to Ono Lavue," said Father on the fourth day. "You see, girl, whoever set them signal fires knowed that blow was coming up and was warning me. If I'd 'a' stayed off there we'd 'a' piled up high and dry on the reefs. The glass didn't show nothing, but somebody on that island knowed."

"You think white men are on the island?" I asked.

"I don't know, girl, but I'm going to find out. I owe our ship and lives to whoever set them fires, and I'll send ashore presents to show 'em I'm thankful."

SO SEVERAL days later, about five in the afternoon, we hove to off Ono Lavue. Once again we saw the natives gather on the beach, but this time they shoved off in their canoes, which were deeply loaded with plantains, breadfruit, strings of dried fish, tortoise shell and coconuts.

"Look!" I cried to Father as I saw the biggest canoe approaching us. "That canoe ahead of the others is decorated with flowers and shells. It must be the chief's."

Father looked through his binoculars. "I knew it!" he exclaimed with satisfaction. "That is a white chief; he's got a woman with him, too."

On came the canoes and as they rounded the stern of our schooner I saw the white man and native woman. Around their necks were varicolored wreaths of flowers.

Once in Australia I had seen a lion in a cage. Now, looking over the stern at the white chief, that picture came back to me. A lion (*Continued on page 144*)

¶ "*I was contemplatin' what a lovin' native wife Loa-Lea'd make me, once tamed, when without warnin' she springs at me.*"

There's been a lot of talk *about whether* JOAN LOWELL'S book, "*The Cradle of the Deep*," was Fact *or* Fiction. Our guess is that it's *a bit of* Each. But, regardless of that, *this story marks* Miss Lowell's début *as a writer of* Out-and-out Fiction. *And we think* you'll agree that *it's a story any author* might be proud *to produce*

A Punch for Judy

EVERYBODY who knew Tommy Jones had heard the news and expected that he would be home sooner or later; nobody who knew him well would say which. He had left college in late May by special request—to put it politely. It was early June when, toward the end of a mild and benevolent afternoon, he swung off a train, hailed a taxi and drove toward the home of his immediate ancestors.

An hour of reckoning which had been postponed through a full fortnight loomed at his journey's end. Tommy might well have been thinking of that. Characteristically he was not.

"This is the next thing to being met by a brass band," ran his thought, instead. "The old bus syncopates like a jazz orchestra."

The old bus bore on its side the legend "De Luxe Taxi Co. Inc." This had been inscribed thereon by the dusky hand of its owner in an effort to obscure its palpable ancestry and present condition. It had not succeeded.

Now, turning into an elm-shaded street, the bus stopped before a house built during the administration of William McKinley.

"Here you are, suh," announced the driver, with an Afric grin.

Tommy thrust out a bag—a very good bag, which happened to be the property of his late roommate—and followed it in person.

"George," he announced, addressing his charioteer, "this is the house in which I was born."

"Yassuh," assented George, who was used to white folks' nonsense but never forgot business in his pleasure at hearing them. "Taxi is fifty cents, suh."

"Cheap enough—although I think your left rear mud guard needs tuning," Tommy assured him. "George, did you ever hear the story of the prodigal son?"

"Me? Oh, yassuh," replied George. "His father, he saw him from a great distance and he ran and——"

"I, George, am a prodigal son," interrupted Tommy. "Do you happen to see my father running from any direction?"

"No, suh. Fif——"

Tommy sighed. "Perhaps he is waiting for me to pay you before he starts sprinting," he suggested. He took half a dollar from his pocket, added a quarter to it and handed it to George. "Easy come, easy go," he commented.

He picked up his bag and moved up the front walk toward the familiar front door. It opened just as he reached it and he perceived that at least one member of the family was there to greet him. This was his sister Jane.

Jane was a pretty, leggy fifteen. She led a complicated existence compounded of high-school activities, boy friends, girl friends and crushes on feminine movie stars. She changed with the latter, chameleon-like, patterning herself after the idol of the moment.

"Just a minute!" pleaded Tommy. "Your face is perfectly familiar—but your name escapes me. Is it—can it be Colleen Moore?"

She tilted an already pert nose a bit higher.

"Sorry," apologized Tommy. "I should

Judy was either unaware or disdainful of Tommy's presence. Apparently she was waiting for someone.

Tommy Jones *Meets the Boss' Daughter*— But Doesn't Marry Her

By Royal Brown

Illustrations by George Brehm

have recognized you at once. Greta Garbo, of course—in person."

"You wait until you see Father," suggested Jane. "You won't feel quite so funny then. He told Mother that he wouldn't lift a finger to help you in any way. That you had made your bed and——"

"I deny that," protested Tommy, entering. "I never made a bed in my life!"

"——and," concluded Jane inexorably, "you'd have to lie in it."

Tommy shied his straw hat with the varsity ribbon at the hat-tree, set down his bag and turned to Jane.

"My friends and fellow countrymen," he began, "I am deeply touched. The spontaneous welcome you have one and all accorded me——"

"Well!" thundered a voice, behind him.

Tommy turned to confront his father.

"May I have the privilege of a few words with you?" inquired Tommy's male progenitor.

"That is what I came home for," Tommy assured him.

His father nodded toward the living-room door. As Tommy passed through it, his father followed him and shut it behind them. Audibly.

Tommy lighted a cigaret. "They built these old houses well," he remarked admiringly. "You couldn't shut a door like that in some of the houses they throw together nowadays without bringing down the plaster."

His father chose to ignore this. "Perhaps you have some explanation to offer," he suggested.

Fair enough. But his tone—as Tommy observed regretfully—did not suggest the calm, unprejudiced, open mind. He knew that his father had already heard from the dean and that the latter had given him the facts so far as disclosed. In brief, Tommy had been expelled for hitting a milk truck while driving a borrowed car at fifty miles an hour—and then running away.

Actually, Tommy's roommate, Bill Saunders, had been the driver. At the moment Bill had been temporarily maddened by what is known as love, and drunk besides. These minor details Tommy had managed to keep from the dean for reasons he considered adequate.

Nor did he intend to inform his father of them. Instead, he offered serenely:

"To begin with, the truck was on the right side of the road."

"The—the right side of the road!" echoed his father, taken unawares.

"One always expects a truck to be on the wrong side, you know," pointed out Tommy patiently.

His father glared at him briefly. Then: "Where have you been these last two weeks?" he demanded.

"Emulating the busy bee—improving the shining hour," replied Tommy. "I felt it would be wiser not to return home broke, so I got me a job—*pro tem.*"

"And what was that?" asked his father.

"The same thing I did summer before last—carrying my message of light and cheer to overburdened housewives; explaining to them how they can achieve the spare moments so necessary for rest and recuperation."

"You mean peddling washing machines?" his father burst out. He eyed Tommy with deep disgust. "Well, I'm not so sure that it isn't all you're fit for."

"OH, PERISH the thought!" protested Tommy. "What price a college education—or even three-quarters of a college education—if a man has to get out and really hustle for a living?"

His father swallowed something, but it was not his wrath. "I've tried to give you every advantage. I sent you to college in order that you might enjoy opportunities such as I——"

"Oh, I enjoyed them," Tommy assured him.

"——such as I never had," persisted his father. "I've had to work all my life, work hard and——"

"And miss a lot of fun," contributed Tommy sympathetically.

"Fun!" exploded his father. "There's more than fun to life. It's a hard, heartbreaking, disillusioning

struggle to keep your head above water."

"But if it's only that, what's the use of living?" demanded Tommy.

His father choked. How could he answer Tommy? Life? It was all mixed up in his mind anyway. A series of duties a man owed to himself, to his family, and to the nebulous thing known as Society. But what would all that mean to Tommy?

He chose to answer Tommy's question with another.

"Just what is *your* idea of life?" he asked savagely.

"Well, I don't want to be unfit at thirty, fat at forty, and a porpoise at fifty," replied Tommy. "I don't want to live to work; I prefer to work to live. I want time for golf and——"

¶ *Tommy Jones*

"You are absolutely hopeless," broke in his father wearily.

Nor could he be expected to see Tommy otherwise. As Tommy's father he belonged not only to another generation but to a different era. An era in which motors and movies, radios and airplanes were not even dreamed of. An era in which religion had yet to lose its grip on man and in which there had been the shadowy promise of Heaven and the definite fear of Hell to give force to ancient prohibitions.

Nowadays that was changed. Every creed, every convention was being subjected to challenge. The world was changing breathlessly. Yet it was the only world Tommy's generation had ever known.

YESTERDAY's dream is today's actuality; today's miracle may be tomorrow's commonplace. Nothing seems impossible or incredible to youth these days.

There was only one thing Tommy's father could say to him.

"Understand me," he began. "You can't loaf around here. Unless you get a job——"

"Oh, I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger—I can tarry, I can tarry but a night," replied Tommy. "I'm off tomorrow—going down to Long Island for a week-end."

"What?" gasped his father.

"Sister of a chap I knew in college is throwing a house party and needs an extra man," explained Tommy. "I——"

He stopped there. His father, after a final infuriated glare, had left the room.

Tommy stood where he was for a second. He felt a momentary twinge of compunction. He, after all, understood his father much better than his father understood him. He supposed he might have made allowances—told the governor of the surprising visit the dean had made to his room just before he had left college.

"I may be optimistic—but I still have hopes of you," the dean had said . . . "You have a source mind."

The dean had come to that conclusion without a word of explanation from Tommy. That his father would be equally liberal in his view had never been Tommy's expectation.

"Too bad," murmured Tommy and went to find his mother.

The latter gave him a warm, yet reproachful welcome. "Oh, why do you irritate your father so, Tommy?" she mourned, even as she kissed him.

"Because he irritates me so, I suppose," Tommy grinned.

"It's just that he's so disappointed. He hoped so much you'd graduate and——"

"And demonstrate the advantages of a college education," contributed Tommy, "by leaping into the business game, getting the ball and making a financial touchdown pronto. I know what he hoped, but colleges don't work that way. Take it from me they don't."

"He *does* feel as if time and money had been wasted on you."

"Well, he'll save my senior year, anyway," suggested Tommy reasonably. "There's a silver lining to every cloud, you know. You and the big boy friend you married can take that trip to the West Indies you've been postponing from year to year. So cheer up."

Even so, dinner that night was not a social success. Not with the head of the family suggesting dynamite awaiting some casual spark to ignite it. But Tommy's father had nothing more to say—at least not to Tommy.

Nor did he make any effort to see Tommy off in the morning when Tommy departed. He was at his office—Charles H. Jones, Real Estate—apparently occupied with the morning mail.

The business of which he was the head was not a bad one for a small, conservative Massachusetts city. But it had its definite limits. He had realized that years ago, but he was married then and Tommy was cutting his first teeth. He had gone into a real-estate office after he left high school; today he was still in a real-estate office, although it was now his own.

As he had realized later, the truth was that at eighteen he had needed a job and had taken the best then available without thought of its possibilities or his potentialities.

His determination that Tommy should be launched better prepared had been born of that realization. Tommy should go to college.

And to what end? "It has just given him a wholly wrong perspective on the world," was his least pessimistic conclusion this June morning.

Even so, that particular part of the world toward which Tommy was journeying was a pleasant place in June. Southampton and that part of Long Island which is adjacent to it are very near to Heaven. And, as in Heaven, there are many mansions there.

At a little before six, Tommy found himself on the threshold of one of them—a monumental house, white, with great columns across its face.

Entering, he found the house party in full swing with expensive-looking girls and sleek youths everywhere in evidence. Something that was a cross between afternoon tea and a cocktail party was in progress. There had apparently been general dancing; rugs had been taken up and furniture pushed back. At the moment, in the space so cleared, a slim young hedonist was dancing acrobatically and audaciously to much applause.

"Just like something from the movies," thought Tommy, viewing it from the door. "So life patterns itself after art."

The rhythm to which the girl improvised her impudent fluencies was being provided by radio. When it stopped there was no possible encore. The dancer, her bright hair tousled, gave a final swirl of her skirts. Then, though her frock was hardly adapted to such activity, she turned three flippant handsprings off stage, as it were.

ERECT once more on her slim legs, she confronted an older girl whose expression blended disdain and faint disgust.

"Shocked, old thing?" mocked her all-too-scarlet mouth provocatively.

She was very young, Tommy realized, and it struck him then that this must be the kid sister of whom Sam Sears had spoken.

"Marcia—that's my older sister—is throwing the whoopee," Sam had explained. "But Judy will butt in and try to steal the spotlight. Look out for her!"

"I have been on week-ends before," Tommy had interjected, "and arrived and departed without ever meeting my host, hostess or any member of the family."

"You'll meet Judy—probably head on," Sam had assured him. And added, with brotherly brutality, "The kid is the limit. Nobody can do a thing with her. She's only seventeen and she's not supposed to be out. But try and keep her in."

Tommy, lingering in the doorway, did not doubt that he had placed Judy. It was his impression that the older girl she had addressed must be Marcia.

An instant later the older girl saw him and came toward him.

He discovered even before she spoke that, though she might disapprove of Judy, she herself had blue eyes that she knew how to use.

"Is it—Tommy Jones?" she asked, and accepting his smile as an affirmative, said, "Come in. I'll see if there is anything left in the cocktail shaker."

Tommy shook his head in refusal. "Not for me, if you please."

Her blue eyes widened dramatically. "What!" she protested.

"It's a matter of taste—not morals," explained Tommy confidentially. "I feel that a cocktail that has lingered within the parental shaker is like a girl who has clung too long to the parental vine—probably nice but not stimulating!"

The blue eyes applauded—and mocked him. "Clever," said their owner.

"But not deep," contributed Tommy. "I, as Sam probably warned you——"

"Oh, all I know about you is what Marcia passed on," she began and then, sensing his surprise, exclaimed, "Why, I do believe you thought *I* was Marcia. Sorry—but I'm not. The air—or something—got too close for Marcia when Judy began to strut her stuff and she went elsewhere. I felt that in her absence somebody ought to make you feel at home."

"Are you prepared to do that?" interrupted Tommy.

The blue eyes met his coolly. "Chairman of the reception committee; do you see anyone you'd like to meet?"

Tommy knew the answer to (*Continued on page 194*)

¶ *Sears, Senior*

¶ *"You are going to stay put until I get through talking to you," said Tommy grimly. "It's time somebody did." Judy ceased struggling. "What right have you to talk to me?" she blazed.*

TAGATI

Illustrations by
Rico Tomaso

The Story So Far:

FELICIA LISSELL'S visit to Dick Cardross' Rhodesian farm, Mañana, in company with Dick's aunt the Countess Karamine, was proving a none-too-happy adventure for her. First of all, there had been the unpleasant occurrence in the hotel where they had spent the night before driving out to Mañana. She had entered what she thought was her own room, only to be frozen with dismay at a sharp whisper that came to her ears as she kicked off a slipper in the darkness:

"Confound you, Stella! Won't you ever learn to play the game?"

"Oh! The wrong room!" she had gasped as she fled, realizing her mistake.

The ghastly encounter worried her the more because the only Stella she knew was Dick Cardross' wife. She tried to dismiss the episode from her thoughts, but there was her lost slipper to remind her of it—a lovely thing of Algerian leather that she had bought during those distant days of roaming about Rhodesia with her father, Sir John Lissell, in the years before his death had sent her back to England and conventionality.

Felicia's second unpleasant moment had occurred at Mañana in the midst of a gay crowd, when she had seen again the pale Visitant that four times had carried its warning of Death to her. The first time had been a week or two before her mother's death on the Karoo. Then her nurse, an old Zulu woman, had solemnly told Felicia's father it was the *i-Dhlozi* of her mother that she had seen. Felicia herself knew only that it came to look for one due to leave the earth soon. She shuddered now at the realization that to one of this merry crowd the dread Reaper soon would come . . .

Of the men she had met in Rhodesia so far only three had captured her fancy. One was Father Drago, a Catholic priest who was shrewd and kindly; the second, Patrick Fenn, who, oddly enough, avoided her, though at first sight of her his blue eyes had lighted and he had murmured of strangers from his old home, and sprays of winter plum; the third, Paget Vyner, Fenn's partner, a whimsical brown-eyed fellow who embarrassed Felicia by his impetuous wooing.

It was in connection with Fenn and Vyner, who together owned Tagati Mine, that the third annoying episode occurred. For Stella had brazenly announced to Felicia soon after her arrival that these men belonged to her. "No one can have the Tagati men," she had said. Thereafter Felicia had avoided joining the party when Fenn and Vyner were at Mañana—as they generally were! But she could not help wondering which of these men had uttered that dramatic whisper in the darkness . . .

Then, unaccountably, Stella misrepresented facts to her husband one day when she had been out driving alone with Paget Vyner. Vyner himself looked worried at her statement to Dick that she had been at Tagati, helping him to entertain guests—and even Stella showed her concern when she found out that Felicia knew this to be untrue. She tried to explain to the girl that she had said it simply to save a scene—Dick was so jealous! —and she thanked Felicia for not giving her away.

But the girl was unhappy over the whole affair—and that night she slipped away from the house to think things out in her favorite retreat by the river. Paget Vyner found her there and pleaded for forgiveness.

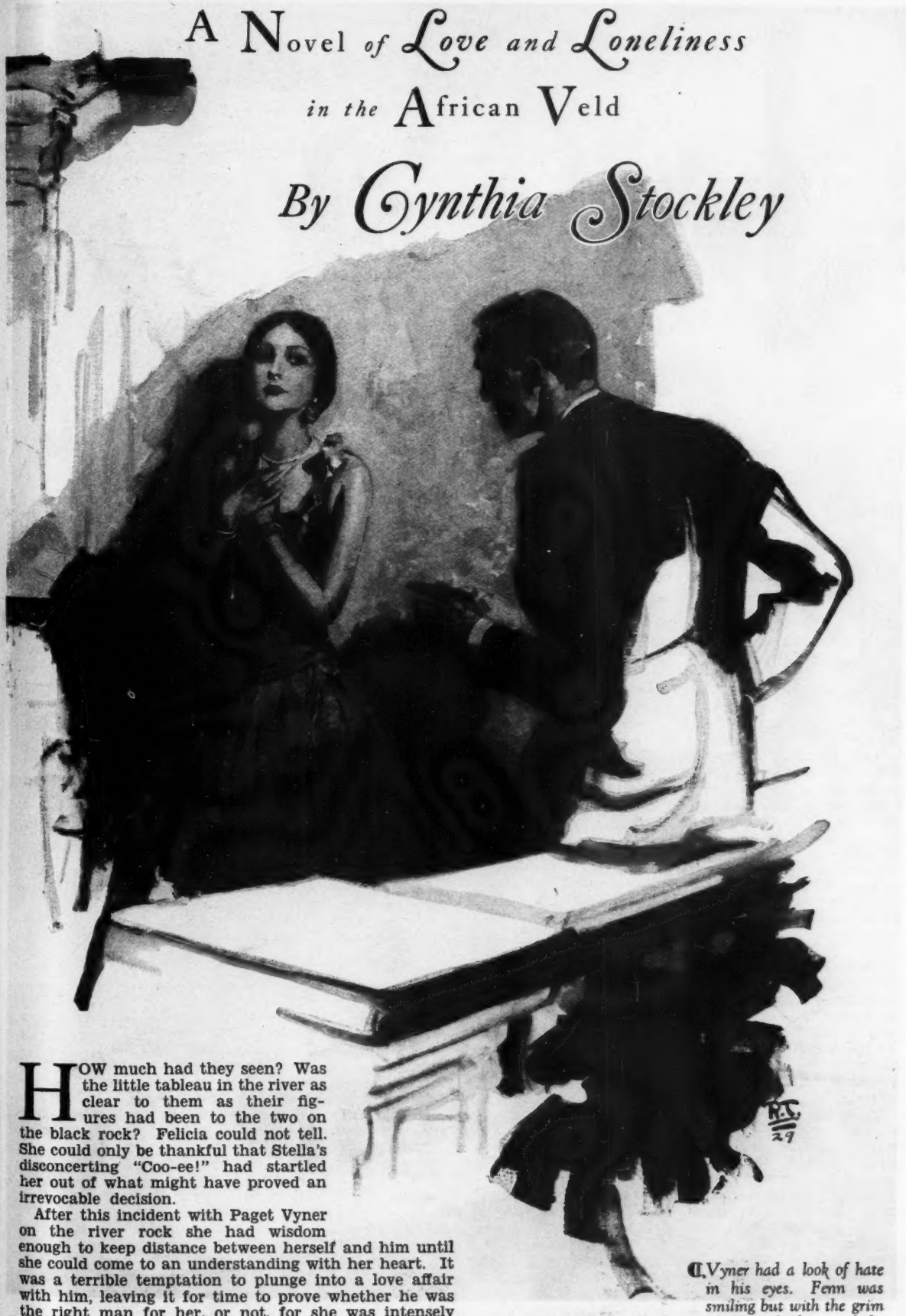
"If only Stella had been frank!" he growled impatiently. "There was no reason why she shouldn't, except some feminine one incomprehensible to me."

Felicia was not willing to capitulate so easily, but she knew there was danger in the moonlight and danger, too, in his warm, seductive voice. She started to leave him, but Vyner caught her hand and pressed it against his lips. In another moment she might have been in his arms accepting his kisses but for a clear, cold sound that fell between them like a stone.

"Coo-ee!" It came from Stella, who stood near by with Dick! "Coo-ee!" she called again . . .

A Novel of Love and Loneliness in the African Veld

By Cynthia Stockley



HOW much had they seen? Was the little tableau in the river as clear to them as their figures had been to the two on the black rock? Felicia could not tell. She could only be thankful that Stella's disconcerting "Coo-ee!" had startled her out of what might have proved an irrevocable decision.

After this incident with Paget Vyner on the river rock she had wisdom enough to keep distance between herself and him until she could come to an understanding with her heart. It was a terrible temptation to plunge into a love affair with him, leaving it for time to prove whether he was the right man for her, or not, for she was intensely attracted to him.

At the end of a week of parlous indecision, during which she took great pains to avoid a tête-à-tête with

¶ Vyner had a look of hate in his eyes. Fenn was smiling but with the grim amusement of a boxer who has the better of the fight. In that instant Felicia knew what she had always dimly divined: These men were enemies!

¶ *"I'll never give you up to any woman!" cried Stella. "I'd rather kill her first—or you!" "Don't be a fool, Stella! You can't give what you haven't got." Fenn's voice was low and guarded.*

Vyner, a dance was given in the dorp at the drill hall. All had been looking forward to it and making their own private plans. Felicia's card had long since been more than filled.

On the evening in question Stella had made the arrangements for driving to the dorp. Naturally, she had seized *both* the Tagati men as her escorts, keeping the fourth seat in their car for the countess, being well aware of the probability of that lady's nonfulfillment of her threat to complete the *partie-carrée*. As indeed happened.

But Fate put a spoke in her wheel at the last moment, by producing a neighbor who wanted a lift—a little fluffy woman capable of making any *partie-carrée* sore-cornered as well as four-cornered. So that Felicia, in Buffalo Bill's car with Dick and Malcolm, was not so badly off.

In fact, she did not really mind the Tagati men being snatched away, for deep in her heart she nursed the knowledge that one of them at least would rather have been with her, and both were down on her program, to be discarded or danced with as seemed most fitting. Not that she meant to discard Paget Vyner.

But perhaps she contemplated something of the sort for Fenn. Never having danced with him or seen him dance with anyone but Stella, she might have felt more kindly disposed towards him if Stella had not said at dinner:

"I have told Pat Fenn it is absurd of him to confine his ballroom attentions to an old married woman like me. He is to dance with you tonight, Shonnie."

On that a blight fell upon Felicia's friendly intentions. Thank you for nothing, Stella! She was looking, of course, anything but "old and married." Her gown (what there was of it) fell off her shoulders in waves of shimmering green transparencies. She looked like a tinted cameo rising from a sea bath. The countess remarked it when Stella and Felicia came to her hut to show off their gowns before leaving, adding dryly:

"A few yards of toweling might be useful, my dear, unless you want to catch cold."

Stella only laughed over her shoulder as she went out.

"I am glad to see *you* have a sense of decency, Shonnie," said old Letty harshly.

"Don't be unkind, Cousin Letty," was her flippant answer. "A sense of decency sounds an awful thing to be carrying about."

"Nevertheless, my dear," asserted the countess, "it *is* a saving grace, so be thankful to add it to your other graces. For your consolation I may observe that you look even more rare and valuable than usual.

WHICH was really rather handsome of the old tartar, especially as she followed it up by proffering her beautiful necklace of two hundred and fifty small pearls.

Stella had wasted no time about getting off with her band, but on the stoep Felicia's three cavaliers waited and took deep breaths at sight of her. They decided that the pleasure of sitting next to such fragrance and beauty must be tossed for, and Buffalo Bill won, which was fitting, since the car was his.

They arrived at the drill hall just as the first tango was being blared forth. Stella, in the arms of Patrick Fenn, already skimmed the floor like a shining green bird, and Vyner was dancing with Hibiscus de Wilton, stormily handsome in a dress as flaming as her name.

Felicia chose Dick from the three she had booked and found that he danced extraordinarily well. Far better than Paget Vyner, with whom she next found herself. But then it was not possible to think of dancing when in Paget Vyner's arms, with (*Continued on page 162*)

By O. O. McIntyre

Too Many Cynics

©Pirie MacDonald

RECENTLY at a small dinner party there was an engaging young fellow conspicuous solely for his charming shyness. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes feverbright. He departed early because he was not well.

When he had gone table talk turned to his astonishing and quick success in a certain field. I was singularly impressed because I had never heard so many extravagant eulogies.

Four days later I read in the newspapers of this young man's sudden passing—a candle burned at both ends. I could not help reflecting how splendid it would have been had he heard those profuse and sincere encomiums.

It would have cost so little and meant so much not only to those who bestowed them but to the fine young figure already entering the shadows. Most of us think of such things too late. Too frequently, we must acquire a cocktail glow to tell those dear to us we admire and honor them.

We have permitted atrabilious cynics to brand any display of praise or affection as mawkish. I have a bitter experience in my own life of withholding these tender thoughts.

My father and I were separated in my childhood by the death of my mother and saw each other not more than twice a year for very brief periods. He was by nature gruff and uncommunicative. So I became inarticulate in his presence.

Each of us learned far too late of the genuine affection that existed between us. Either might have broken the icy reserve by an affectionate word or gesture. But as in nearly all such cases, we became conscious of our digressions after the fruitful years had sped and left us only dead ashes of vain regrets.

I refuse to bend to the growing notion that an honest show of natural emotion or sentiment is blah. Contrarily, I believe it is becoming one of the greatest needs in our compact civilization.

In my hotel are a father and grown son drawn together by a common grief. The wife and mother was killed in an accident abroad. The father has retired, but when the son goes to work in the morning, they walk down the hall to the elevator, with arms around each other.

At dusk I see the dignified, silver-haired parent waiting at a near-by corner for his son to alight from a bus and their meeting is touchingly happy. And to one denied such filial devotion, it seems extraordinarily beautiful. There will be no futile regrets for them.

It may be recalled that the faithful wife of Thomas Carlyle died for want of an expression of love from him.

Carlyle, like so many of us, was too busy with his work to devote any time to his mate but, also like so many of us, found time to tell her grouchily to stop rattling the newspaper.

After she had passed away he found from her diary entries that the one thing she wanted more than anything else in the world was a simple expression of his love. He did love her devotedly but he could not take the time to make it known.

So in his last lonely and embittered years he visited her grave regularly and there wrote tenderly of his great love. Many husbands are Carlyles doomed to the same anguishing retribution.

And the way to avoid it is so easy!

What a Man!

By Sinclair Lewis

I GUESS it was at the party that our billionaire shoemaker's wife gave for the visiting movie actor, back home in Kansas City, that I first heard of Ellery Dauber. The hostess was one of these slimsy little women, all red hair and pale skin and electricity. She was the kind of rich female that starts in talking about the Inner Powers of the Soul or opera motifs or some dreadful thing like that, even before you've been braced by a cocktail.

They were discussing Mary La Coste, the pacifist agitator, and the hostess said, "But I'd like to meet Miss La Coste's husband, Ellery Dauber. If he's married to her, he must be the Lover Supreme!"

"The lover supreme!"

The phrase, I remember, made me distinctly sick. But it did fix Dauber's name in my mind, for keeps.

Of course I had heard of his wife, Mary La Coste—"Miss," she called herself. I admired her as much as a conservative corporation lawyer could be expected to, because she did have courage. She was one of the few people who, in the jangled days after the Great War, when to be pacifist was to be considered pro-German, pro-Bolshevik, and probably anarchist, dared to go around saying that enough young men had been slaughtered in this war, and it might be a bright notion to avoid another one.

But I pictured her as a virago with a voice like a shaken sheet of tin, who buzzed around making addresses more to grab publicity than to get results. It irritated me that, married to this Dauber man, who was no valet but a New York lawyer apparently of fair standing in the profession, she kept her maiden name. By heavens, my little woman took *my* name, and seemed happy enough to have it, too!

I suppose it was the nausea produced by that maudlin phrase "lover supreme" that made me notice Mary La Coste's name every time it appeared in the newspapers, the next couple of years. (The name of Mr. Ellery Dauber never appeared!) Reluctantly, I learned a good deal about her.

She was thirty-five or under, at this time, but she had packed in a good deal of living. She had been a chemist, and apparently a fairly good one—assistant prof. at a woman's college. And runner-up in the women's national tennis championship match, and nominated for Congress.

Quite a gal! But all this made her the more terrifying. You know——

It's funny how some people that you've never seen, with whom you have no connections, come to be important to you, and you love them or hate them more than your own neighbors. For instance, there are authors whom I hate so much for their books that I get quite a little pleasure out of sitting and picturing them as monsters who are out to ruin—I mean to complete ruining—this young generation, and Lord, the devastating letters I write to them—in my mind! And my friends say I have no imagination!

But anyway, this La Coste woman and her Great Lover of a husband became an obsession with me, and the more I read about her, the more I wanted to spank her, just to take down that pride of hers that was an affront to all males. How dared she pretend to be a chemist, an athlete, a politician, an uplifter, all in one, when she ought to stay meekly at home and sew buttons? Suppose my wife tried to get that way!

SO WHEN Miss La Coste's lecture in Kansas City was announced, and all the club women galloped around selling tickets, and my wife gently hinted that she'd like me to go with her, why, I consented with a meekness that was almost a household scandal. She wondered what I was up to. Funny, but with all my brooding about Mary La Coste I don't think I'd ever mentioned her to my wife.

I was excited about the lecture, though I honestly don't know what satisfaction I expected to get out of it. I may be a crank, as my nearest and dearest frequently confide to me, but I'm not so eccentric that I was planning to arise in the auditorium and holler, "Mary, woman, go home to your man!" I guess that in the childish way all of us so-called adults have, I just expected to have a lovely private riot in my imagination, pretending that I was rebuking Mary La Coste for being—for being Mary La Coste!

At the auditorium, that night, I had the most agreeable and tickling feel of irritation at the crowd. They were most of them the earnest meddlers, the kind of folks that try to tell me what to eat and drink and how to run my office and how to bring up my sons.

There they were—ladies with sharp noses and large spectacles, men with wide white faces, little men who

4 Fundamental Rules *for Winning a Woman* told *with* the Insight *and* Humor *that made* "Babbitt" *and* "Dodsworth" *a Nation's Delight*

sat with their fingers fitted together.

Then the chairwoman came out on the platform, and she is the holiest terror—or the most terrifying holiness—in Kansas City, viz., Mrs. Emiline Butts Widgeon.

Although she wasn't a Lucy Stoner, like Miss La Coste, still in her marriage contract she was the party of both the first and second parts. Her husband wore rubbers and probably the only red flannel chest-protector outside the museums.

I sat back and had a regular orgy of hate.

And then my hate was completely spoiled for me, and I got the greatest emotional shock of my life.

Onto the platform came a woman—it was Mary La Coste, of course—who was the loveliest female thing I've ever seen: medium tall and rather slim, rather pale and—— Oh, how the deuce can you describe a beautiful woman? Authors have been trying to do it for centuries with mighty little success, and I believe they're supposed to be professionals at the job. The only one I know of who put it over was old Homer when he described the aldermen of Troy sitting on the city wall, and they saw Helen come by, Helen that had ruined their town, and they looked at her and scratched their beards and grunted, "Well, I guess she was worth it!"

But I mean—Miss La Coste had the real Madonna face: quiet, wise, a little sad. Her hair wasn't bobbed; it was black, parted in the middle, making an oval of her face, and her eyes were large and sort of shy. And when the Widgeon woman had stopped blatting out what you would have thought sufficiently obvious to all of us, that Miss La Coste was a wonder, then *she* started, and——

Oh, rats, I'm not a literary milliner; I can't describe those things! But she had a voice like clear water, and she seemed more the Madonna than ever in the way she took the whole audience in to her and made them feel (anyway, certainly made one old codger feel) as though they belonged to her.

No wise-cracks. No cheap oratorical tricks. Just that quiet, persuasive talking that is the greatest oratory of all and shows a professional spieler like myself that the talker has something to say.

I guess I had been muzzy about "pacifism." But she converted me—that is to say, she did for an hour or two, so that if I'd had to vote on it, I'd have voted twice. But then, Lord! that girl could have converted me to anything—to atheism or Seventh Day Adventism or syndicalism — why, she could almost have converted me to Prohibition!

They heckled her, afterwards — good. Her voice hardened, and she snapped back at them—why, the woman actually knew *figures!* What a witness she would have made! With her on the stand for me, I could have won $5000 damages from the K. C. Street Railway Company because a passenger's hat had blown off. And if she'd consented to study law and go into my firm——

Not that I ever had the chance to ask her. I was never nearer to her than a seat in Row AA in the auditorium—listening to her and clapping my hands like some horny-palmed laborer at the movies. That was all of my romance.

I've been pretty reasonably true to my wife these many years. But that night I fell absolute and complete for Mary La Coste. I understood, that night, the worship of the Madonna, of Joan of Arc, of Saint Catherine—yes, and of less saintly, more demonic glories like Sappho.

In fact my wife showed a little jealousy, for the first time in years, and she snapped, "James, you seem to be quite enthusiastic about this young woman!"

She that had been praising Miss La Coste for days!

Well, thunder, I'd been married a good many years, and I'd learned some strategy. Besides, it wasn't reasonable to fight, was it, just after having been converted to pacifism? And so, poor coward, heaven help me, I grunted, "Oh, I guess she's all right," and let it go at that. But I'd had a vision. Seems so.

I thought about Miss La Coste for hours, that night—me, a respectable married man in flannelette pajamas, lying in an old-fashioned black walnut bed! I was

When the Widgeon woman had stopped blatting, then Mary La Coste started. Lord! That girl could have converted me to anything.

Illustrations by Oscar Frederick Howard

furious at thinking she would be going away from Kansas City, going on, going away from me, without my trying to perform some miracle by which I could hold her.

Then I came to my senses and laughed at myself. An irritable bookworm of a forty-year-old lawyer to dream of snatching that wonder of graciousness and intelligence, that Portia with a dash of Juliet!

But laughter and all my reasonableness didn't keep me from longing for her.

Then it came to me, the phrase of that arty hostess to the effect that Ellery Dauber, the man who had contrived to snare Mary La Coste, must be the "lover supreme."

She was right! At that instant, Mr. Ellery Dauber became to me a more distinguished member of the bar than Chief Justice Taft and Elihu Root combined! I wanted to vote for him for President—or, preferably, assassinate him!

Then the coincidence.

A lawyer gets superstitious about coincidences. I had a client once with a taste for murder (he is buried now, behind the State Penitentiary) who bumped off his wife, got safely to New York while everybody was hunting for him, and the first person he saw on Broadway was her brother, who had never been in New York till that morning, and not six feet away was a policeman to whom the brother yelled.

The coincidence this time was that not a month after Miss La Coste had left Kansas City, I was dragged by my wife to a party at which two of the guests were Southerners, newly-weds, recently come from Tennessee. The bride was a dumb-bell but awfully cute, extraordinarily cuddleable—you didn't care what she said as long as she smiled.

Or giggled, rather.

Well. The hostess explained her to me: "Mrs. So-and-so? Oh, yes, she's just married. Her second effort. She used to be married to a man named Ellery Dauber—the present husband of that Miss La Coste that spoke here. I believe Mr. Dauber got the divorce."

And then I knew that the Dauber who could capture two beauties so different certainly was the "lover supreme."

How did he do it? What did he have? Was he especially tall and handsome? Or did he have a nightingale tongue? Or what?

I got over some of my obsession about Ellery Dauber within the year that sneaked in then before I was invited to New York to join the rather decent firm of Eckstein, Balen, Balen and Balen; and when I got there, I was so busy making good, and trying to find out how to get places by subway, that I had no time for figuring out Mr. Ellery Dauber.

(I bet, now, that I had some fool subconscious feeling that if I could study Dauber, I might learn his trick and become a squire of dames like him, though my subconscious never did explain how I was going to change from a squatty middle-aged man with a face like a chunk of sandstone. And they say kids are romantic! Not half as romantic as we old house dogs!)

A year or so after I had come to New York, Dauber was brought back to my mind by a sudden, shocking thing—Mary La Coste was killed, horribly smashed, in a motor accident.

It sickened me, when I thought of that Madonna face. I wanted to go to the funeral, wanted to find out where she was buried and lay flowers there, and I had a mighty real and definite struggle to keep myself from this sentimentality.

¶ *"Ellery thinks I'm going to marry him. Fat chance!" shrieked Gladys.*

THEN suddenly I did something that pleased me: I realized that while I had been yearning over Mary, my wife had gone on tolerating my breakfast grouches, sending my clothes to the presser's, all those dull little jobs, and so I went out and bought her a fine wrist watch. Which caused her to be suspicious of me for six weeks!

In the newspaper accounts of Mary's funeral, I first saw a picture of Ellery Dauber. The cut was a little smudged, but did make it obvious that Dauber wasn't quite as tall and handsome, quite as much of a John C. Calhoun, as I had imagined. Well, then, thinks I, probably it was a silver voice, a gayety, a wit in him that captured women—and perhaps I could learn those things, I caught myself reflecting, then raged at myself for such puerile nastiness in the presence of the death of Mary La Coste.

I couldn't bear to look at the pictures of Mary in the papers.

And within six months Dauber had married Mrs. Harrison Naymler DeViny, whose husband had left her seven million dollars and a villa at Palm Beach, and who, judging by the rotogravures, was about equally beautiful in a bathing suit and in the costume of gilded fish-scales she wore at an Assyrian Pageant.

Ellery Dauber became an obsession to a lot of fellows besides myself. He became a solar myth, an Apollo, an Aucassin. Why, it got so that at my club, where conversation doesn't often get onto more ticklish subjects than bogey or the stock market, I actually heard old Morley Amish, the banker, grunt, "This fellow Dauber—must be reg'lar charmer for the women—I should have taken it up instead of commercial paper."

Dauber was becoming the Nation's Sweetheart.

Old coincidence again.

Not two months afterward, one of our clients had a scrap with a client of Dauber. It was all a piece of nonsense. I could have settled the whole thing with a phone call to one of the minor members of Dauber's firm (Dauber, Finnerty, Fox and McIlhenny).

But did I waste that chance to see the Lover Supreme, the man who had guessed the Secret about Women? I did not! I clamped onto our client's letter and took a taxi to Dauber's office, and they couldn't have kept me from seeing Dauber himself without an injunction!

It was a more meager office than I would have expected from a gallant and learned counselor who would probably be having beautiful ladies in for tea. In the reception room there was neither an outfit of mahogany and stamped Spanish (*Cont. on page 220*)

By SIR PHILIP GIBBS

Illustrations by
Sydney Seymour-Lucas

The Artist's Model

I WAS sitting with an American friend on the *terrasse* outside the Dôme in Paris—that nightly rendezvous of artists, decadents, dope merchants, students and respectable tourists in search of the Bohemian side of Paris, who are thrilled by this self-conscious exhibition of pose and play-acting.

All the chairs were filled to the edge of the pavement and taxis brought up new arrivals—long-haired young men and short-haired young women who waggled their fingers at groups of friends drinking at the little tables and made things uncomfortable for everybody by getting the waiters to hand chairs over the heads of the crowd. Mostly American and English, I should say, though some of them were disguised as Frenchmen with beards and black hats.

Pallid, unhealthy young men, with hair carefully arranged to fall over the right eye, prowled on the outskirts of the crowd, talking with many gestures to attract the attention of admiring ladies—week-end tourists—who nudged each other and said, "Artists, my dear! Don't they look wicked?"

Here and there were real students, shabby, with dirty finger nails, and artists' models drinking poisonous liquids, or eating peanuts brought round by a man in a white jacket, or nursing fantastic dolls bought for them by their men friends. Some of them laughed with shrill mirth, perhaps on account of those queer drinks they were sipping. Round about one there was conversation in various languages—Russian, Czech, Japanese, French, though English predominated, with American intonation.

My American friend was impressed by this scene.

"The real thing!" he said. *"La vie de bohème."*

Presently he shifted his cigar and used it as a pointer towards a table slightly to the right of us.

"There's a girl whose face I seem to know. That blue-eyed cutie who would be all the better for a little Prohibition. Now, where in heaven's name——"

I told him. "The Gallery of Modern Art in Rome. Portrait of the Artist's Wife. By Stephen Bell. Number 306."

HE STARED at me as though I had revealed miraculous knowledge.

"Now how did you know that? It's certainly true. I saw it in Rome a week ago. A striking bit of work—that girl with straw-colored hair cropped like a boy's and a bodice open at the neck, with bare arms, standing with her back to an open window through which you can see a lot of fishing boats with highly colored sails—blue and red and pink and every old color.

"But it's the girl's face that gets hold of one, don't

you think? Her laughter comes right out of the picture. 'Miss Don't-care-a-darn!' It made me laugh all alone in that big gallery. I thought I'd like to buy that picture and live with it."

"Yes," I said. "Stephen Bell's best effort, so far. But perhaps living with the lady is not quite so stimulating. 'Portrait of the Artist's Wife.' Rather rash, eh?"

"Well, what do you think of that?" he asked, staring towards the table where that girl sat with Stephen Bell and two young men. I could hear her laughter above the general noise of this scene outside the Dôme. She had taken her hat off, showing that yellow hair cropped like a boy's. She was making one of the fancy dolls dance on the table and then she threw it at a man six tables away so that it hit him full in the face.

For a moment he looked annoyed and then shook his fist at the girl with a good-natured grin. The girl's husband looked more annoyed. He stood up and seemed to be trying to persuade his wife to go away with him.

I could see his profile in the light of a street lamp on the edge of the pavement, a fine delicate profile with a line of pain about the lips which I had noticed before. Delicately cut, that face, but not weak. There was a look of strength in the rake of his jaw which accounted for that D. S. O. which he had won in the war when I first came across him.

I saw him bend over that girl he had married—so rashly—from a fisherman's drinking bar in La Rochelle. He put his hand on her shoulder and whispered something, but she shook his hand off with a shrug of her shoulders and held her glass out to one of the men to be refilled. I could hear her voice ring out distinctly over the general chatter.

"Je m'amuse, mon vieux. J'y suis, j'y reste."

She was amusing herself. And she was going to stay where she was. And she was certainly a little drunk, I thought, especially when she put her arm round the neck of the young man next to her and laid her face against his cheek.

Stephen Bell pulled out his pocket-book and put some notes on the table, to pay for drinks, I suppose. Then he turned away and left his wife with his friends—if they were his friends. He happened to pass my way, edging through the crowd, and I spoke to him.

"Hullo, Bell!"

For a moment he stared at me absent-mindedly, as though without recognition. He was absorbed in his own thoughts, which didn't seem cheerful. Then he started and answered in a friendly way.

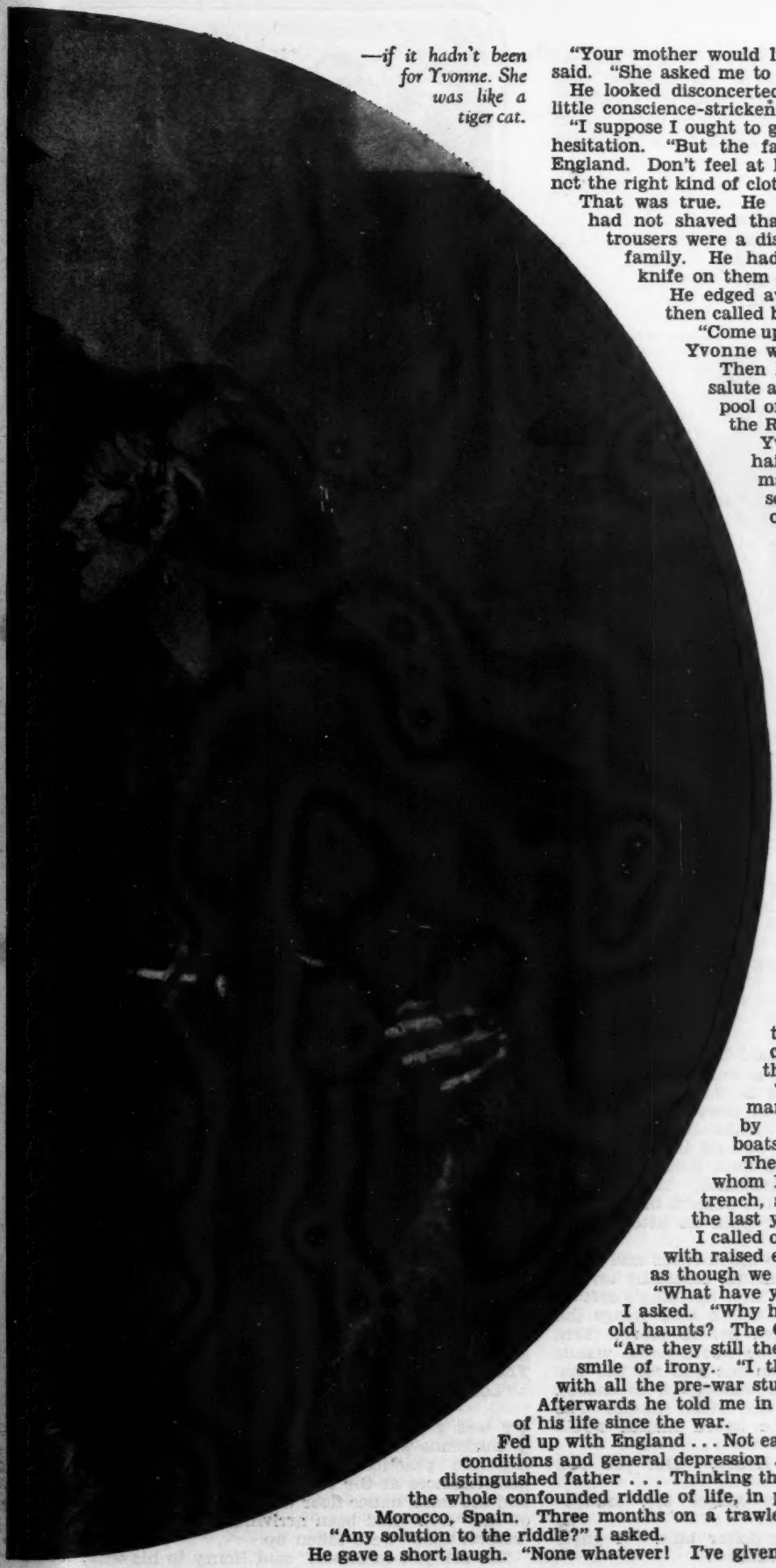
"Hullo! Didn't know you came to this monkey show!"

"Just passing through Paris," I explained. "On my way to Vienna. I saw your people the other day."

"My buccaneering father?" he asked, with a slight, scornful laugh. "Still robbing the credulous public? That last ramp of his. Lord!"

Yes, it had been a pretty bad ramp, I should say, that recent financial deal of Stephen Bell's father, the Right Honorable Julian Bell, formerly one of His Majesty's Secretaries of State and now up to his neck in rubber companies.

¶ The struggle might have ended badly for Bell—



—if it hadn't been for Yvonne. She was like a tiger cat.

"Your mother would like to see you in England," I said. "She asked me to tell you."

He looked disconcerted by that message, perhaps a little conscience-stricken.

"I suppose I ought to go," he answered, after a slight hesitation. "But the fact is I'm out of touch with England. Don't feel at home there somehow . . . And not the right kind of clothes."

That was true. He looked extremely shabby and had not shaved that morning. His gray flannel trousers were a disgrace to the son of a famous family. He had certainly wiped his palette knife on them pretty often.

He edged away after that confession and then called back from a table or two away:

"Come up to my slum one day, won't you? Yvonne would like to see you again."

Then he raised his hand in a half-salute and sloped away into the whirlpool of Paris between the Dôme and the Rotonde.

Yvonne was his wife, that flaxen-haired little slut whom he had married at La Rochelle, out of some touch of pity, or chivalry, or sense of humor, or in some passing mood of passion.

"Why did he marry the wench?" I was asked by my American friend, when I had told him something about Bell's family history. "Does anybody know how he came to meet her?"

Well, I could answer that question, because I happened to be in La Rochelle at the time, doing some amateur sketches of that old port with its medieval towers and arcaded streets and glamorous effects of light and those boats with highly colored sails. Stephen Bell drifted into the place on a boat carrying wine from Bordeaux. I saw him on the quay one day, sitting on a wine cask and doing a chalk drawing of the fishing fleet.

I did not recognize him at first. He looked like one of the fishermen in a suit of wine-colored slops, and he had a three-day beard on his chin.

"Hullo!" I thought. "A fisherman artist! And pretty good, too, by the way he shoves those boats in."

Then I saw it was young Bell, whom I had met last in a front-line trench, somewhere on the Somme, in the last year of the war.

I called out his name, and he looked up with raised eyebrows and said, "Greeting!" as though we had met the night before.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" I asked. "Why have you disappeared from the old haunts? The Café Royal—the Six Bells."

"Are they still there?" he inquired with a faint smile of irony. "I thought they had disappeared with all the pre-war stuff."

Afterwards he told me in about six sentences the story of his life since the war.

Fed up with England . . . Not easy to readjust himself to peace conditions and general depression . . . Strained relations with his distinguished father . . . Thinking things out a bit—the meaning of the whole confounded riddle of life, in primitive surroundings—Egypt, Morocco, Spain. Three months on a trawler . . . Rough stuff sometimes.

"Any solution to the riddle?" I asked.

He gave a short laugh. "None whatever! I've given up (*Continued on page 172*)

¶ *"Isn't it funny, I dreamed about my children," said Mrs. Spalding. "Children!" said Marian, and in another moment was sobbing.*

¶ *"How do you know Miss Moore's drink was rum?" asked Marian's counsel. "She said so," replied Henry. "She said it was a hundred years old."*

Pity IS

By Ring W.

Illustrations by

MR. AND MRS. HENRY SPALDING, of Toledo, dressed for the evening, were admitted without question into the Cozy Club, which had lately become one of the most popular night clubs in New York's Fifties, owing to the engagement of Marian Moore as hostess. It was early, only a few minutes after twelve, and more than half the tables were unoccupied, but "Reserved" signs were displayed on the vacant ones.

"I guess we're out of luck," said Henry, and he and his wife were surprised when a smiling head waiter removed the sign from a table in the second row off the dance floor and seated them there.

"Well," said Henry, "I didn't order this. He either thinks we're somebody else or we look like live ones."

Mrs. Spalding laughed a little stock laugh, her usual response to remarks by her husband. She was not loquacious as a rule, save on the subject of children, and more often than not, she paid no attention to other people's talk.

The head waiter brought two menu cards and stood at attention. The sight of a menu, especially an expensive one, always enhanced Mrs. Spalding's gift of silence and she would pretend not to hear Henry the first five or six times he urged her to order; then, when he began to get cross, she would name viands she had no more taste for than she had for the 'flu. On this occasion she chose, or was driven to choose, brook trout *meunière*, broccoli and baked Alaska. The head waiter observed that the baked Alaska would take quite a while.

"We're in no hurry," said Henry. "But you can send us a drink."

"We serve only soft drinks—ginger ale, orangeade——"

Henry handed him two one-dollar bills. "I guess you don't remember me," he said.

"I do recall your face, but I see so many people that I forget some of their names."

"We'd like a couple of dry Martinis," said Henry.

"I'm sorry, but we only serve Scotch or rye or gin or wine, and all by the bottle."

"Well, fetch a pint of rye and a bottle of ginger ale."

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Spalding's first high ball led her to wonder out loud whether Betty, their three-year-old, was lonely without them.

"She don't even know we're gone," said Henry.

"She may not know *you're* gone."

"Anyway, she ain't missing us now, because she's asleep."

"Lots of times she's wokened up in the night and called me."

"I must have been away."

"No, you were there, but you sleep so sound that you'd sleep through Judgment Day."

"I hope so," said Henry. "Let me pour you another libation. We've got a long ways to go."

"Not as much as you gave me before. It might not be good stuff."

"They're careful what they serve in a high-class place like this. Besides, I don't get fooled. I can tell good liquor from bad liquor almost by looking at it. There'd be no deaths from wood alcohol if——"

"Look! Here's the orchestra!"

IT WAS a "hot" orchestra composed of twelve negro musicians who had made records the previous morning and practiced between afternoon and evening performances at the Palace. But they were still "hot" and the small dance floor was soon jammed, for patrons of the "club" had been arriving in droves and all the "reservations" were taken up.

"I'd ask you to dance," said Henry to his wife, "only

¶ *"I got nothing to forgive you for, Spalding, or Travers. All you done for me was to land me a job here at twicet what the Cozy was paying me."*

¶ *"Your Honor, I wasn't never under the influence of liquor because I never tasted a drop of it in my life!"*

Akin-

Lardner

Wallace Morgan

it's so crowded it wouldn't be any fun." They both knew it wouldn't be any fun anyway. No one had ever nicknamed them Moss and Fontana.

A good-looking young man in a Bunny Granville get-up sang a song dealing with the different kinds of treatment one receives from young ladies in London, Paris, Port Said, Stockholm, Yokohama and Bombay. He was assisted by a dancing chorus of pretty girls, almost entirely dismantled.

The customers, by insistent pounding of small mallets on the tables, made them do it over. It was better the first time. A negro tap-dancer of real merit responded to one encore and could have had many more, but it's tiresome work.

Just as Mrs. Spalding was finishing her baked Alaska and thinking how much better it would have tasted without the prologue of rye, the customers burst into wild applause and Miss Moore, followed at a distance by her personal pianist, walked smilingly into the glare of the spot. The smile was a little crooked, giving her face a childish appearance, though she could have voted for Hughes. The face was queerly pale, looking (so Henry whispered) as if she were hopped up. It was not a beautiful face, but it had, in repose, the woebegone, pity-me quality that never fails to appeal to sob-loving New York.

Evenings (and two matinées a week) she played a leading part and sang the hit song—"Where Is My Man Gone?"—in the current musical smash, the producer having wisely selected her in preference to a pretty young girl with a pretty young voice. Her chief, perhaps only, virtue as a vocalist was bulldog courage. She hung onto a song until the orchestra or pianist made her quit. The words dragged out in fractions of syllables and those playing her accompaniments were continually asked to stop, go back a line or two and pick her up.

She was not popular with librettists, because by the time she had completed a number it was necessary to start plot exposition all over. Her voice was pitched low and was "husky," the sort of voice that metropolitan show-goers rave about and which a doctor would consider curable by the frequent use (externally) of silver nitrate and a year's total abstinence from liquor and cigarets.

On this occasion she dawdled through a number called "Lonely Nights," which left most of her female auditors helpless, and then, by unanimous request, did the familiar "Where Is My Man Gone?" at a pace that would have permitted her personal pianist to go out and wash his hands between chords.

MISS MOORE did not disappear into her dressing room. She first sat down at a table with two men, one a tall, powerful-looking fellow who was evidently the Cozy Club's manager.

She had two drinks there, then moved to other tables and drank with the customers, many of whom she seemed to know well and a few of whom introduced themselves to her.

The big manager strolled around the room, stopping now and then to speak to an acquaintance or to ask patrons if they were receiving proper attention. He came to the Spaldings' table.

"Well," he said to Henry, "everything all right?"

"Fine," said Henry. "This is my wife, Mr.——"

"Schwartz."

"Mr. Schwartz," said Henry. "My name is Travers."

"Glad to welcome you, Mr. Travers. And Mrs. Travers. How do you like our show?"

"Miss Moore had me almost in tears," said Mrs. Spalding, now Travers.

"She gets them all, men and women alike," said Mr. Schwartz. "Well, Mr. Travers, (*Continued on page 161*)

You Now Come to the Conclusion *of*

5 &

By Jannie hurst

STRANGE days for the Raricks. Family dinner three nights in succession, no guests, but Jenny at table in the kind of tea gowns she affected, high at the neck, lace or fur about her wrists, the rather medieval effect blending with the sonorous splendor of the dining room.

It was all as strange to Rarick as it was to his women. To be sure, three out of the three evenings, Jennifer slid off quickly to engagements, leaving Jenny and Rarick to contemplate, with self-consciousness, an evening over coffee in the library to the marching colored-glass stories of the operas.

One of these evenings, the Firenzi Quartet came in.

It was strange to be sitting with Jenny, listening, while the room filled up softly with the selections Rarick liked best. Mozart. Beethoven. Schubert's "Death and the Maiden." Fortunately, Jenny neither knew this nor asked about it, but sat with her arms stretched along the sides of her chair and her head back against the tapestry, vagrant thoughts drifting on the rhythmic tides.

Illustration by F. R. Gruger

¶ *"Funny thing about Gratton," he'd rather marry a rich girl than*

Ramon was on the high seas by now. On an ocean that sometime, somehow, she had hoped to sail with him. She swallowed the pain, grinding finger nails into tapestry.

To have had a lover who could endure to be coveted by Emanie Bursilap! The shame of that! To sit there quietly, lapped with the low surf of this lovely music, and only the wall of her sick flesh to conceal from Rarick what her heart knew.

Little man, you. Rarick, with his head slightly forward and his fingers forming a chapel. We are stranger to each other, even now, than if one of us never had been born. How like you to touch your finger tips that way! Lightly. Dryly. Without intensity. Little man, you.

He had changed so little in the amazing years. The same small man she used to contemplate across the covers of the bed in the house in Westmoreland Place in St. Louis.

A hunchback without the hunch, but with the hurt, lean face of one. A little bitter. Frustration.

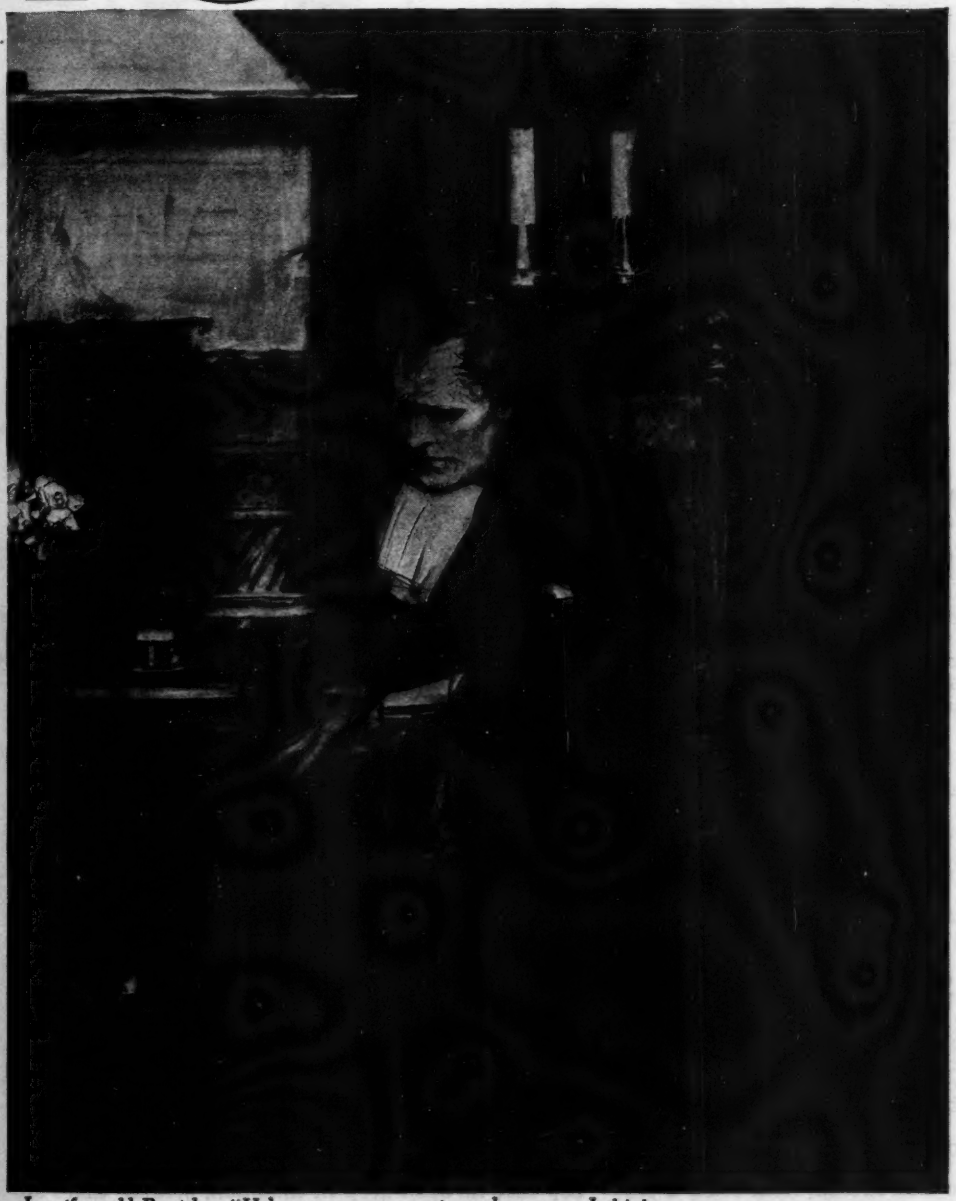
Well, well, well, what about her frustrations? Avery's? Jennifer's? God spare Jennifer. What about Jennifer? She was soft these days, in a lovely way, and subdued.

10

And NEXT MONTH *You Will Begin*

Another Brilliant Novel

"The Office Wife" *by* *Faith Baldwin*



Jennifer told Rarick. "He's not money-conscious about us. I think a poor one, but I won't do. Isn't that terrible, Father? I won't do."

Was Jennifer in love with Gratton? Soon get that nonsense out of her head. Strange that the brilliant match she was sure to make was so slow in coming. I am too needed by her, thought Jenny, to be snatched out of life.

Best to sit tight with Jennifer. Let her have her head with this Gratton fellow. Best to go slowly with Jennifer.

Let this present absorption in the playwright fellow wear itself down. I am too needed here.

So this was how he, Rarick, largely lived his evenings. His colored-glass operas. This quartet. His unpronounceable gems that, when mounted, were ineffective and looked only semi-precious. Even Gerkes, fossil, had gone. Found himself a squaw bride. That, too, was Rarick for you! How like him to pick for his close friend a man to whom an Eskimo bride was satisfaction!

What was there about Rarick that created the little area of isolation around him? Even Jennifer, when she spoke to her father, rarely looked him in the eyes. That was not right.

Her period of convalescence would be a good time to soften things up somehow between these two. After all, he was entitled to his daughter.

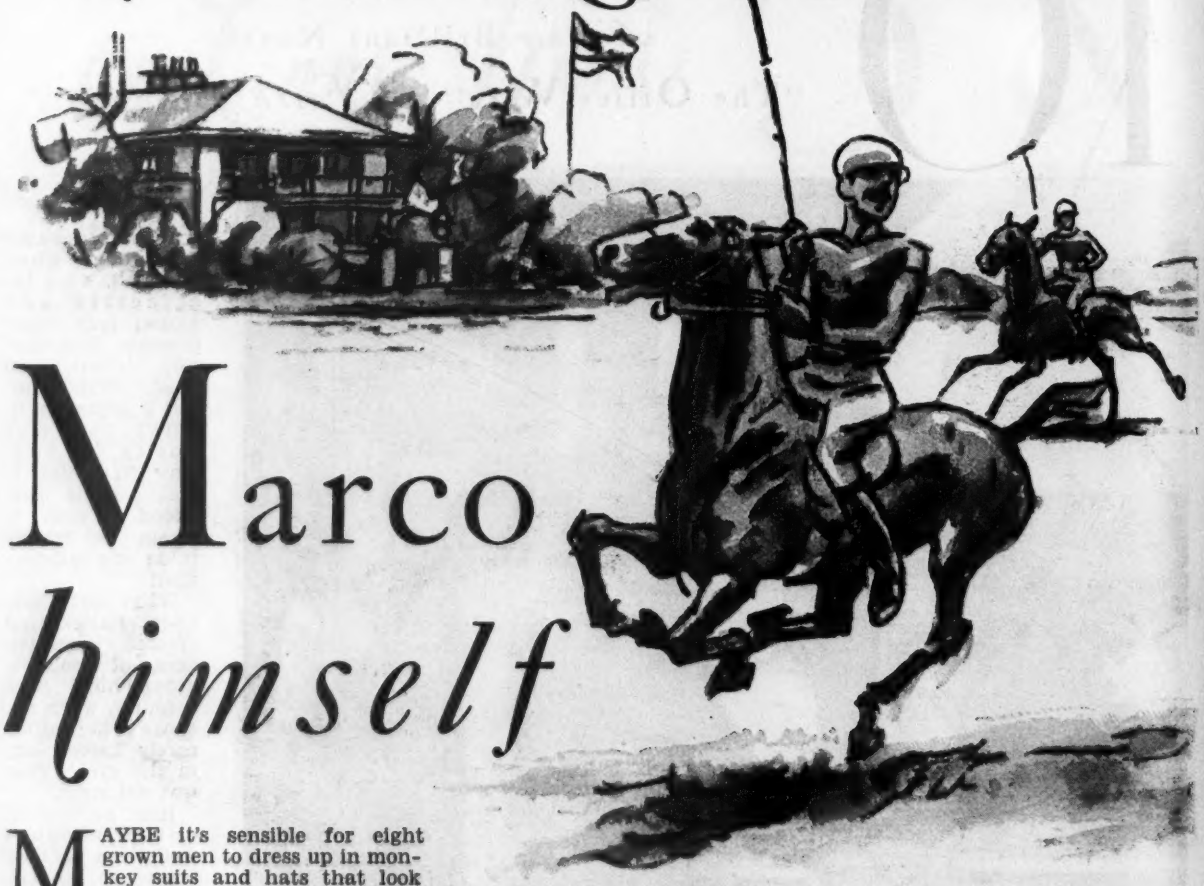
Since the death of Avery, it had seemed to Jenny, fantastically, that the furrow between Rarick's eyes was the shape of a cross. He was entitled to Jennifer. Naughty Jennifer, so alien to this man, her father. A kind father, in so far as his understanding went. It was time to see that he got some kindness in return.

He was being kind now. Trying to please. Trying to help her cast out fear. And yet, there was nothing that she could do for that little man there, or that he could do for her.

It was terrible, it was loathsome to sit there beside this man, this husband who was being kind to her, parched as with a thirst for the kind of kisses that Ramon had to bestow. God, I need to be forgiven . . .

It could be said that Jenny, narrow, frilled, as elaborate as Bernhardt, and her pallor quite beautiful, went to her ordeal with something of the fanfare of Marie Antoinette riding her tumbrel (*Continued on page 150*)

By *Octavus Roy Cohen*



Marco himself

MAYBE it's sensible for eight grown men to dress up in monkey suits and hats that look like peanuts, and then get on horses for the sake of riding nowhere—and maybe it's sensible for them to wham at each other with long sticks and then lambaste a poor little ball that can't help itself; but for me, I'm willing to enjoy myself doing something else frequently.

They called it polo and said it was good sport; but I didn't like it when I first seen it and nothing has happened since to change my mind.

It was tough luck that we went to Carling in the first place but Lou had got knocked out the last few starts and we was having a tough time making expenses. I used to get positively disgusted the way that gimmick would climb into the ring and always let the other guy beat him half to death.

Well, you can imagine that this bimbo of mine, which his name was Lou Larsen, was not a very hot fighter. I used to say that these slim handsome guys was always good fighters, but that was before I met up with Lou. He was there with the looks seven ways from the ace—before he climbed into the ring. After that no hamburger steak with any self-respect would speak to him, and the only reason he didn't resign from being a professional pug and go back in the army was because he was fond of me and I didn't have any other fighter to take advantage of my brains.

It don't take no gray matter to handle a champ, but when a guy can travel all over the country and actually make a living out of a feller that don't win more than one fight out of four—then I say he's a genius, and I ain't handing myself any too much, either. Of course, we wasn't exactly what you would call a drawing card in the big cities—and because of that we come to Carling where we was to box a tomato named Kid Alvin ten rounds for twenty percent, or what have you.

The minute we got to Carling I knew we was in a tough spot. It was pretty enough; nice, comfortable houses which looked like ready mortgages, and big automobiles and lots of fresh paint; but not exactly seeming like it could support no Madison Square Garden.

We ramble down the street to the pool room which the fight promoter was trying to go bankrupt in, and I introduce myself to him and ask how's tricks. He tells me sincere and straightforward that the fight is called off because the advance sale amounted to only twelve dollars.

That suits me fine and I want to know where we can get the transportation money which had been guaranteed us, and he says we can't get it. I argue with him, but it don't do no good.

There we were stranded in Carling which is a nice place to be a millionaire in, only. I spend the afternoon writing a lot of letters to fight promoters telling them that my boy is staging a comeback and will fight for them at whatever price they can offer. All we ask as a guarantee is two railroad tickets out of Carling or we cannot accept no fights.

The next day, there being nothing to do, I explain to Lou that he must keep in condition, because times are hard and don't show no prospect of getting softer. We put on our gym shoes and white pants and sweaters and strike out into the country for some road work.

I ain't much of a small-town man myself, but I'm willing to admit that the country around that place was real pretty. We even seen a lot of contented cows and a few chickens. Next thing we passed was a sign which said "Carling Polo Club," which didn't throw no thrill into me. But a minute or so later we seen something and Lou suggested that we rest awhile.

The thing we seen looked like a nut factory to me. There was a field about three hundred yards long and maybe half that width, all nice grass, and surrounded by a little board fence maybe ten inches high. There was eight fellers on horseback riding around in circles

A Story *of a* Pork-*and*-Bean Pug *who* Thought He Had *a* Lot *on the* Ball

Illustrations by
Johan Bull

and at first it seemed like the game was to wallop each other with some long sticks they carried, but then I seen that there was a little ball on the ground which they was trying to massacre.

The thing didn't seem to have no more sense than a fighter shadow-boxing, and I was ready to pass on when a ninth feller on a horse blew his whistle and the eight guys quit playing. They quit right close to where we was standing and started talking. I wasn't paying them no heed and so you could of knocked me down with a feather when Lou Larsen, my punk welterweight, moves right up into that group and addresses a remark to them fellers.

"Misters," he says in that dumb way of his, "you have got on polo clothes, but there ain't one of you that knows nothing about the game."

WELL, sir, I always knew my boy was empty upstairs, but it did seem to me that he would not invite us to get lynched. I waited for one of them fellers to swing on him with his stick, but instead of that he looks down from his horse and grins real cheerful.

"So," says this feller in the white britches, "you don't think we know much about polo? What were we doing wrong?"

I'll say one thing for Lou. Being bashful ain't one of his weaknesses. He don't know nothing and loves to talk about it.

"You was doing everything wrong," he says tackfully. "In the first place your side was riding around in circles. The way you was carrying that ball around the field, you must of thought you was at a county fair. And whenever you would quit doing that there would be two or three of you riding parallel, when anybody that has got any polo brains would tell you that you couldn't possibly do nothing worse."

"Lou!" I says sharply, "you are talking nonsense, so please relieve my embarrassment by quitting same."

"No," says the gentleman; "what he says sounds reasonable, and I want to hear some more."

"Well," says Lou, not minding how much of his ignorance they seen, "you was carrying your stick every which way except straight up and so you was never set for no shot. You was either not supporting your own men at all, or you was supporting from too close, and you was trying long shots from sharp angles, and besides was not riding to your men. It didn't look to me like nothing but a collection of wild horses running around the field and if you think that is polo then you are all cuckoo."

I hitched up my pants ready to run when they finished murdering Lou, but instead of that they all got down off their ponies and crowded around him like he was somebody.

"You seem to understand the fine points of the game," said one little feller. "Have you played much?"

"Sure I've played," says Lou, who was never modest and always a liar. "I played when I was in the army,

and if I wasn't better than all eight of you guys put together I'd go jump in a ditch. I was the best Number One at our cavalry post, and we was all pretty good."

With that they crowded about him and sort of shoved me out in the cold. For ten minutes I never heard such talk in all my life. Them eight fellers, which looked okay otherwise, all stood around and listened to Lou like he was saying something, and believe me what my boy told them about their polo playing was positively insulting. Finally he turns to one of them and tells him to lend him a pair of boots, a stick and a horse and he'll show them something about polo.

I WAITED for the crash, but instead of that this feller yells to the referee and pretty soon that bird comes back from the clubhouse bringing all the equipment and Lou just naturally dolls himself up like them other fellers. I knew then that this was all queer, and I was just hoping to get out alive.

Lou climbs on a horse with the others—that is, each of them was on a separate horse—and they start playing. Now me, I don't know much about this here polo and I can live just as long if I never do, but I could see that Lou was the class of that crowd—which maybe only meant that them birds was a punk bunch. And Lou didn't even treat those other fellers decent.

Finally, this whole queer thing ended and nothing would do but I and Lou must come into the clubhouse and have a drink. I said we would each take one, but I would drink them both because my boy was known as the Battling Blond and he was in training. So we all went into the clubhouse, which was a real swell place with curtains on the windows and everything, and all but two of the polo players was talking like lightning to Lou, but these two, appreciating real brains, come over in a corner with me.

"Misters," I started, "I am awful ashamed of my boy."

"Ashamed nothing," they hollered. "He's the grandest polo player that ever rode on that field. We've just naturally got to have him."

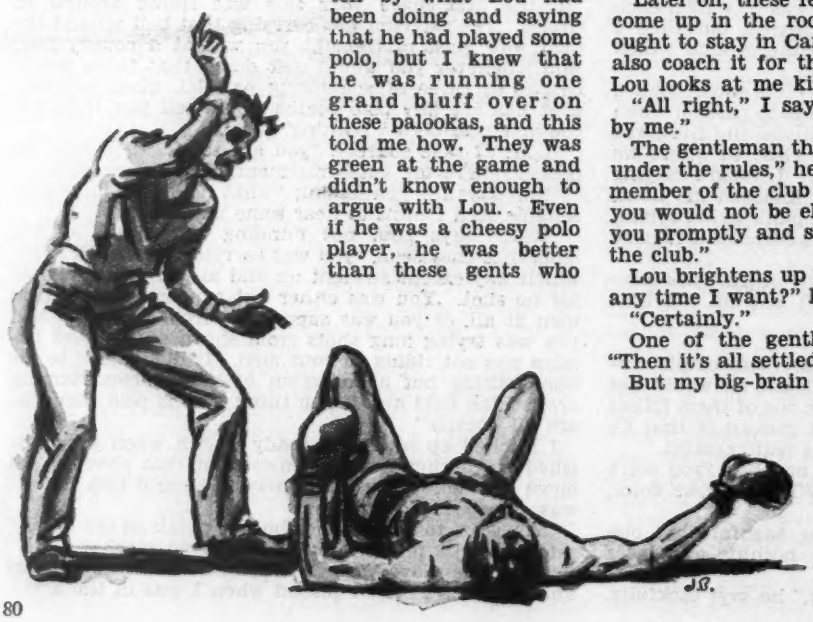
"Please," I begged. "He ain't done nothing."

"No. But he's going to." Then they lower their voices. "Listen," says one of them, "while we explain. Polo is a new game in Carling. We are all crazy about it, and we've been trying to teach ourselves the game. I thought we were doing very well until Mr. Larsen came along, but he has shown us differently."

I was beginning to get an idea. "You mean," I ask, "that none of you guys really know anything about polo?"

"Not much," he answers, "except what we have read."

Of course that makes it clearer than it was. I could tell by what Lou had been doing and saying that he had played some polo, but I knew that he was running one grand bluff over on these palookas, and this told me how. They was green at the game and didn't know enough to argue with Lou. Even if he was a cheesy polo player, he was better than these gents who was positively awful. I figure that this is going to be a good graft until they happen to get wise. And then . . .



"Now, we have booked a big game for two weeks from now against the polo club at Sand Harbor," continued this bird. "They are coming here for the game and they have a pretty good team. We understand that you are Mr. Larsen's manager and we want to arrange with you to have him stay here, coach our team, and also play on it when we play the match with the Sand Harbor bunch."

I shook my head, thinking about what would happen if they found out they was being bluffed. "Nothing doing," I says. "My boy is in the box-fighting profession. He ain't very good, but he's the only meal ticket I've got, and——"

"Oh, that! Don't let money worry you, Mr.——"

"My name is Marshall. Babe Marshall," I told him.

"——Mr. Marshall, because we are all wealthy and we intend to see that you are well taken care of. Naturally, we cannot resort to professionalism, and we cannot give Mr. Larsen any money even indirectly, because that would ruin his amateur status; but there isn't any law in the world which says that we cannot give you a job at about a hundred dollars a week with a bonus of a hundred additional before the Sand Harbor game."

I frowned. "What do you mean—a job?"

"Well, say a job buying me a good cigar every day. You must attend to that job regularly every morning between ten and eleven o'clock."

"Couldn't you make it a little later, mister? I hate to get up too early."

"All right: we will say between eleven and twelve. And if you bring me that cigar every day I will reward your faithful service with the sum of a hundred a week. Isn't that fair?"

I GIVE him a wink and said that it was fair.

"But of course," said this bird, "Mr. Larsen must never know that he is anything but a Simon-pure amateur."

"Lou is so dumb," I tells him, "that he would never know nothing unless it was spelled out for him."

Later on, these fellers take us down to the hotel and come up in the room with us. They tell Lou that he ought to stay in Carling to play on their polo team and also coach it for the big game with Sand Harbor and Lou looks at me kind of pleading.

"All right," I says, "if you want to, Lou, it is kayo by me."

The gentleman then continues to explain. "Of course, under the rules," he says to Lou, "you will have to be a member of the club in good standing, because otherwise you would not be eligible to compete. So we will elect you promptly and see that you get all the privileges of the club."

Lou brightens up at that. "You mean I can go there any time I want?" he asks.

"Certainly."

One of the gentlemen gets up and shakes hands. "Then it's all settled?" he wanted to know.

But my big-brain makes a motion.

"Not quite," he answers. "Didn't you say a little while ago that if we was members, we would get all privileges of the club?"

"Certainly."

"Well," says Lou tackfully, "I don't want no two-timing on that. When I played polo in the army, I was good enough to

¶ *Lou Larsen's having the time of his life. He flits from one femme to another and hugs 'em around the floor with lots of enthusiasm.*

practice with the officers, but when they gave their dances and other shindigs, I wasn't nothing but a enlisted man and I didn't rate a good time. This here has got to be different."

Them two fellers looked at each other kind of startled.

"You—you mean, you wish to attend our social affairs?"

"No!" I yelled, "he does not. He is just a big palooka who ain't got enough brains to have a headache with, and if he don't close that trap of his, I'll——"

For once in his life, Lou was very positive. "Babe," he says to me, "these fellers have got to have me, and if they get me they will do as I say. And what I say is that I am going to be a gent for two weeks and go to swell dances and everything and if they don't like it, they can jump in the lake, because, Babe, I ain't going to be high-hatted by no fellers which play polo as rotten as these birds do."

I'll say one thing for these Carling fellers—they was the best scouts in the world. Without hardly blinking an eyelash they said it was oke with them and they would try to see that Lou enjoyed his membership.

"I better," growls Lou. "And I ain't going to stand for any funny stuff, either—like not having no dances while I am here. I crave to meet the ladies and show 'em dancing as she ought to be did."

"That'll be quite all right. And if there's nothing else——"

"But there is," says Lou, and if I had of had an ax handy I would have dented his vacuum. "Me and my buddy ain't got no evening clothes and we got to have some or we can't come to your dances."

ONE of the gentlemen laughed and said he would give us an order on the leading clothing store and we could each buy an evening outfit. Then they made arrangements for a polo practice the next afternoon and left.

"I always said," Lou flings at me then, "that I would be a gent or die trying."

"Sure, sap! And you will die trying if you handle any of these polo-club girls like you handle waitresses."

"Shuh!" he answers. "You got lots of brain for the fight game, Babe, but wimmin is something you don't know nothing about. It don't matter if they work in restaurants or not, they all fall for me. I got lots of 'It,' and besides, I'm the swellest polo player in Carling."

I put my hands on my hips and give him a long and dirty look. "Lou, did you really play polo when you was in the cavalry?"

"Sure I did. Us enlisted men had a team that the officers practiced against."

"Was you any good?"

Lou never could lie to me—and get away with it. "I wasn't the worst in the world. In fact, Babe—I guess I wasn't so bad at all."

Well, I stood around listening to the polo lesson he gave them fellers, and honest—if I hadn't of known that he was pulling a noble bluff—I'd have thought he was the guy that invented the game. He gives them birds a real talking-to about teamwork and riding to their men. I'll admit he had me kind of cockeyed. You'd have thought to listen at him that he really knew what it was all about although it didn't make sense to me.

ABOUT all I could gather out of it was that Lou Larsen thought he was a pretty good polo player and didn't care who agreed with him, which these eight fellers all seemed to do. And after his lecture they started to play and all the time they was doing same Lou would be riding all over the field yelling at them what to do and cussing them out for not doing it—and not one of them guys got mad, but all seemed to think he was wonderful. I noticed that Lou himself didn't star so much, but that didn't seem to bother them—and I guess at that Lou was the best on the field.

That night there was a dance at the polo club and Lou got wise to it. Well, this dance was a wow. I'll say this much for them guys and their dames—they sure never gave no hint to us that we didn't belong. Of course Lou wouldn't have understood anyway. To him, wimmin was wimmin, and he was their white hope. At that, I guess he throwed a thrill into some of them dames who never had met up with a real he-man before.

There was one in particular, a little brown-eyed nifty named Betty Farrell, who could cook breakfast bacon for me any time she got good and ready. She comes to the party with a big blond guy who must of weighed two hundred pounds and was there on the looks. This bird was named Walter Vann and I liked him right off.

Well, it would take a gimmick like Lou to pick on the girl of the biggest, *(Continued on page 122)*

Illustrations
by
W. E. Heitland

Free *Which* Proves that

"THE pains that people go to in perplexing themselves and confusing their lives sometimes astound me," announced the Reverend Daniel Tewksbury. "Especially here in Greenwich Village. The rest of the world supposes that these people"—he was talking about the painter-writer crowd—"are different, but their only difference is that they take a different way of being exactly the same."

He sighed and stuffed his pipe full of tobacco. When it was going satisfactorily, he added: "But that difference is often very great indeed. Take, for example, the case of Baldwin Lake and Virginia Burnside."

I helped myself to his cigarets and settled myself in front of the fire. The flames were leaping cheerfully, bringing out in little colorful flashes the reds and greens of the books which lined the walls. Tewk's apartment was always a friendly, comfortable place. There was an illusion of country-like, snow-bound remoteness about it that was only faintly dispelled by the cooing of taxis or the squawk of a neighbor's radio.

"I've got some good red wine which I'll heat and spice," he announced, "and then I'll tell you about 'em—Baldy and Ginny."

"It's a noble idea," I said.

He ambled to his kitchen and I heard the pop of a cork and the gurgle of wine as he poured it into a pan; presently the room became scented with the incense of spices. This was truly being home again, at the end of four years of wandering.

Tewk really was a Reverend, a shepherd without a flock. I had been, in an impersonal sort of way, the one who had separated him from his church. It was when I was a reporter and my city editor had sent me out on one of those vague assignments to "see some prominent people" and get their views on the suppression of a certain book which was stirring up a rumpus.

By good luck I stumbled upon Tewk. He made some acidulous remarks about "busybodies and smut hounds," took a kick at Prohibition and excoriated all reformers whose interest lay in what he called their "tight-rope walk through life to eternal paradise" and whose mortal

¶ *"You're a very naughty girl, Ginny, and you'll probably get some bad bumps before you're done with this." "Maybe so, Tewk. But I've got away with it this far."*

Love is Possible Even in Greenwich Village

by Austin Parker

fear was that someone might start to jiggle the rope.

It was a hot-enough interview to make the front page that dull Monday morning. The dearly beloved brethren held an indignation meeting and asked him to resign. He begged them to have the courage of their convictions and fire him, which, after a good deal of wrangling, they did.

But he was never called upon the carpet before the higher-ups. I think they were afraid: the papers were giving Tewk much the better of the deal. So he retained the right to bury, to baptize and to marry; and he gratefully thanked God that he had a sufficient income to keep him. That was how he happened to be dubbed "The Sky Pilot of Greenwich Village," for he cast his lot in with artists and poor people.

But it isn't quite fair to say that he was a shepherd without a flock, for people were always flocking to him and Tewk was always willing to help them. He had an essential religion that was deep and abiding, and an abounding love for humanity, books, art in general, his pipe and conversation.

He heated the wine to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" and returned to the living room with a steaming pitcher and two hot earthenware mugs. We put the wine between us and settled ourselves with our legs upon stools, the soles of our feet toasting.

"And now for people who make life difficult for themselves," I reminded him. "What were their names?"

"Baldy Lake and Ginny Burnside," he replied. "I'm coming to them." He took a good swig of wine and heaved a sigh of contentment. "It's one of Father Rosano's Italian boys who makes it. And good wine it is, too!" He took another luxurious swig and rekindled his pipe.

Lake's a sculptor (he said), and Virginia Burnside's a writer. Baldy's a good-looking, lanky, rather severe-faced New Englander and a throwback to something

his family had never intended him to be. He worked in a law office in Boston for five years, hating it like poison and studying art at night, living on two dollars a day until he had money enough to kick loose and come to New York.

Ginny's a pretty girl, tall and slim, with a nicely cut face—just the sort of face that a sculptor would like to have as a model. If you happen to meet her sometime you'll see what I mean. She's the sort of girl who can't sit down or strike any attitude without being paintable and sculpable.

She'd kicked loose from her family, too, because she wanted to write poetry. Her father ran a hardware store out in Iowa some place. Good people, but stuffy, I suppose.

There's a lot of bravery about these youngsters who come here to buck up against the big city. I'm not talking about the bums—the painters who never paint and the writers who never write. They wash out of the picture and they're never missed. But the others, the youngsters who've got that fire in 'em—ah, there's something splendid about 'em! Splendid!

When Ginny landed in New York she had twelve dollars and fifty cents, and she didn't know a soul. She got herself a job in a downtown tea room at lunch time and an uptown tea room at night. That took care of two meals.

Then she found an author, a woman, who'd give her a room in exchange for about five hours' typing a day. She had all the rest of her time for writing verse about her enthusiasm for life, and she felt like a millionaire.

Baldy found a ten-dollar-a-week room in Grove Street and bought twenty dollars' worth of secondhand furniture. Then he got his clay and started to work as though the devil were after him. The money he'd saved wasn't going to last forever.

He had a two-burner gas stove and the corner butcher sold him cheap cuts—Baldy called it dog meat—which would boil into a pretty decent stew. Dog meat ground up is hamburger steak. Dog meat cut in thin strips and fried with a chopped olive and a bit of green pepper is something else again. The possibilities of dog meat are endless. And the grocer would sell him vegetables that had had their beauty slightly impaired.

No sense in feeling sorry for people like that. Save it for people who have money and who don't want anything in the world badly enough to put themselves to the discomfort of getting it.

BALDY'S first commission was a small statue of a nude woman holding a clock in her lap. That is, the clock was to be fitted in. It was for an Italian dealer in artistic horrors, and there was forty dollars in it for him. He didn't want to pay for a model for such an abomination, so he induced a painter to sit and shiver for a couple of hours while he got the general anatomy done; then he got a regular model and changed male into female.

The Italian was so pleased that he gave Baldy a cast, complete with clock, and Baldy withstood the impulse to throw it out the window. He traded it in for groceries and gave a banquet.

His next commission was for two medallions for the gates of some millionaire's house, and he did such a good job that the architect gave him more work. By that time he was so affluent that he was allowing himself sixty cents a day for food instead of fifty.

¶ "*Did Tewk tell you that I'm planning* ... *resist the temptation to pull his leg a* ... *Baldy? Women have a devilish way*

to marry again, Ginny?" "Yes." Ginny couldn't bit. "But are you sure she won't turn maternal, of doing that. Beware the cosmic urge, old boy!"

Ginny was getting along famously, too. The woman for whom she was doing the typing happened to introduce her to a painter, and the painter immediately asked her if she would pose for him. At first she was a little timid about it because she had a small-town girl's idea that studios were naughty places, and then she discovered that studios are places where people work.

She gave up her tea-room jobs, and got a night joo in a hotel bookshop. Also, she sold several verses to newspapers for ten cents a line and squandered the money buying copies of the papers so that she wouldn't miss seeing them in print. The sensation was glorious.

IT WAS in the bookshop that Baldy and Ginny met. He was with a man who could afford to buy a book and while the selection was being made he watched Ginny, mentally fingering her head and features. The next night he went back to the shop and loitered outside until he could see that she was alone. Then he entered and blurted out:

"My name's Lake. I'm a sculptor and I wondered if you'd pose for me."

She hesitated. "Yes, I've done quite a bit of posing, but——"

He read her thoughts and blushed furiously. "It's just for your head," he said hurriedly. "I can't afford to use you very much, but I'd like a couple of hours."

Well, Old Lady Nature took her course, and two months later they were discussing what they should do about life in order to have it more to their liking. They couldn't afford to marry and set up a regular household, and the idea of not having each other was intolerable, so they finally decided to marry whether they could afford it or not.

Ginny would have been willing to let marriage go hang, just because she loved him so much; and Baldy, just because he loved her so much, wouldn't think of giving her less than everything he had, which amounted to one room, some battered furniture, a tub of clay, a couple of hundred in the bank and his name.

I'd met them several times and so Baldy came here to talk it over with me. He sat in the chair you're in now and told me all about it; how life without Ginny would be hopeless.

He said: "Tewk, we're not going to have the sort of marriage where two people take things from each other and give nothing in return. Ours is going to be different. We're going to marry just as a curtsy to society and then we're going on working together and helping each other.

"I'm going to sculp and Ginny's going to write beautiful things. We're going to stay together just so long as we love each other, and if it doesn't work we'll get a divorce in the same level-headed fashion as we're getting married. We're not going to let any of the cursed machinery of life interfere with the things we want to do."

"And what if there are children?" I asked.

"No children," he said firmly. "That's out! Two people can't be artists and have children."

I asked him how Ginny felt about it.

"Just as I do," he said. "Writing means more to her than any humdrum business of marriage and motherhood. Any two fools can have children, but only a few of us can sculp and write beautifully. Society'll have to excuse us. We have more important things to do."

I said: "I think I'd like to talk it over with Ginny before I marry you. Of course, if she feels the same way there's no reason why you shouldn't marry, but *(Continued on page 186)*

A Story—*with a* Dash *of Romance*— *for* Those *who are* DIETING

by Montague Glass

You Ought to see

"WELL, naturally, when you get to be seventy-two years of age, Doctor Eichendorfer, you couldn't expect to live forever," said Max Smullin after what Doctor Eichendorfer had intended to be the imparting of bad news.

In fact, at a patient's first visit, Doctor Eichendorfer made it a guiding principle of his medical practice inevitably to impart bad news, as heightening not only the effect of the cure but also the amount of his bill.

He had, for instance, just told Max Smullin that he possessed every symptom of a severe and advanced case of pancreatic disturbance and instead of being staggered by the information, Max seemed almost cheerful over it. He had in fact suspected Bright's disease, knowing nothing about the symptoms of either ailment, and he considered that he had escaped, as it were, without a stain upon his kidneys.

"I don't think you realize quite the import of what I have just told you," said Doctor Eichendorfer, for Doctor Eichendorfer spoke that way. His English as used in ordinary conversation vied with De Quincey's, and at times was almost as archaic as Defoe's. He found that it impressed patients.

"I got you the first time, doc," Max assured him, and Doctor Eichendorfer winced visibly at the term "doc."

"Then you ought to realize the gravity of your situation," Doctor Eichendorfer retorted, and Max flipped his right hand in the doctor's bearded face.

"I seen fellers in situations where you wouldn't believe there could be such gravity at all," Max declared. "A friend of mine was already in a comma, and today he's got over two hundred operators striking on him—that's how healthy he is. They used on him this here new food for this here trouble, or maybe it's a medicine."

"You mean insulin?" Doctor Eichendorfer asked.

"That's the stuff; made out of liver, my nephew says," Max replied. "So for a week now I've been eating liver three times a day, pretty near raw, so rare it is, and I must say I don't feel no better on account of it."

"Certainly you don't," Doctor Eichendorfer said. "Liver is the new therapeutic treatment for pernicious anæmia, but it's just poison for a man in your condition of health."

"Say!" Max interrupted. "I thought it was poison when I was as lively as a critic."

He failed to mention whether he was as lively as a

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Illustration by
J. Henry

¶ *"She ain't getting any younger, and neither are you," Max said. "Do you mean to say that's why you sent for me?" Doctor Budin asked. Max edged Miss Liebermann off his chair. "Go over and kiss him" he commanded.*

a Doctor

dramatic critic or a music critic, so it must be presumed that he meant a cricket.

"As lively as a critic I was," he continued, "and yet chopped liver and onions made me break out the way strawberries used to on my wife and fish also."

"Then I'm going to dictate a schedule of meals which your wife must observe faithfully in preparing your food for you," Doctor Eichendorfer said, and Max spread both hands in a gesture which implied resignation to a great sorrow long since scarred over by lapse of time.

"My poor wife *selig* passed away twenty years ago last *Pesach,*" he said with a tremulous sigh. "The doctors never rightly found out what was the matter with her, but the nearest I could come to it was too much *matzo kloesse* on top of the 'flu. Before dinner she was as healthy-looking as you are now, and even, I would say, twice as healthy-looking, and by eight o'clock that night I had two trained nurses and three doctors in the house. I tell you, doc, you never know when you're going to run into trouble. Ain't it the fact?"

"Then who does prepare your meals nowadays?" Doctor Eichendorfer asked.

"Well, I practically always go to the K and Z Delicatessen and Lunch Room, which you can get there for twenty cents a plate of hot borsch with a boiled potato, doc, including bread and butter, better than you probably get in your own home," Max said.

"I don't eat such messes," Doctor Eichendorfer said sternly. "I eat food which contains a proper amount of the bulky, residue-containing elements, with due regard to proteins, minerals, vitamins and fluids."

"Well, you could probably get all that, if you asked for it, at the K and Z place, but I stick to plain things like borsch and maatjes herring with once in a while some *prioschkis* for the borsch," Max remarked, and then lighted a poisonous black cigar.

"I would ask you as a favor not to smoke here," Eichendorfer said severely, and in reply Max expelled a great cloud of smoke.

"That's where you doctors make a big mistake," he retorted. "You smell your offices up with drugs, and the first thing you know, you drive away customers. I give you my word, doc, when I come in here half an hour ago, I pretty near turned right round and went out again, the place reeked so from drugs."

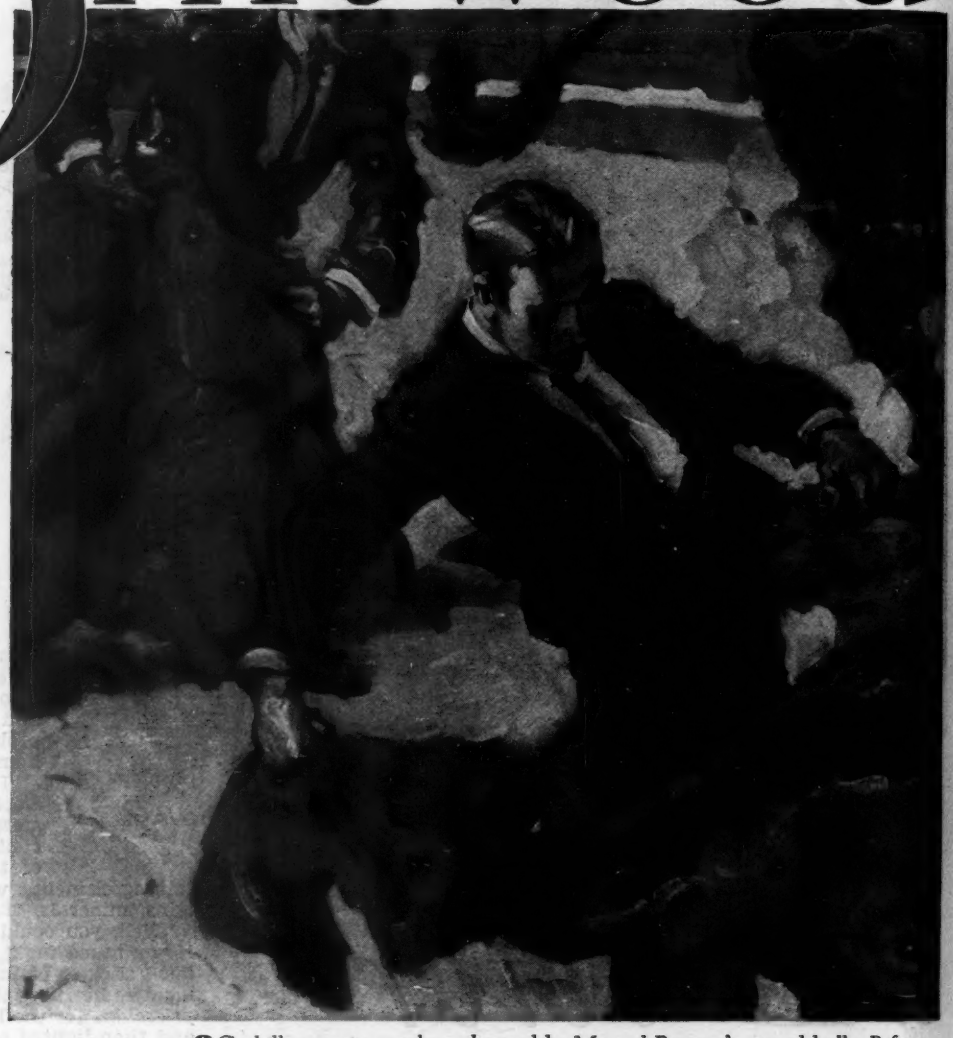
He puffed another huge cloud of smoke and then began to examine the end of the cigar, which was starting to spread like a fiery shaving brush.

"These here cigars ain't what they used to be when they first come out under the name of the K and Z Special," he said. "I guess that time when Katzberg split up with Zitlowsky, the makers thought it was the end and lost interest, whereas Katzberg carried on the K and Z Lunch Rooms more successful than ever. You see, the makers of this cigar made it special for the K and Z Lunch Rooms and naturally, when——"

Doctor Eichendorfer slapped the top of his desk with his hand, half rose from his chair and glared at Max Smullin.

"Will you be kind enough to throw that cigar away and listen to me?" he bellowed, but though at the sound of the blow which Eichendorfer gave his desk Max jumped in his seat and even (*Continued on page 179*)

Driftwood



¶ *Cuchillo too was caught and tossed by Manuel Romero's second bull. Before Buzo reached it, and there followed a piece of infighting so swift, so cool, so*

"I AM the Ambassador to this country," said the Ambassador, "and that means that I am the Ambassador not only to the government of this country but to all the people. And if I want to have that gypsy fellow Domingo del Antro and his family up to dinner, I'm going to have them."

The second secretary of the Legation, who considered himself especially wise in social matters, withdrew his objections.

The Ambassador put on his hat and went out. He hunted about the grounds until he had located Kittywinks and her father.

"Kit," he said, "suppose you hop into the Embassy car, and drive down to the Del Antros' villa and invite 'em all up to dinner."

Kittywinks beamed and dashed off toward the garage.

The Ambassador shouted after her: "Don't sit up with the driver. Go in state!" Then he turned to Collender and said: "I'm mad at Bill."

"What's Bill done to you?"

"Advised me not to have gypsies to dinner. Said I'll be misunderstood if it gets out."

"You won't be misunderstood in Spain."

"Bill," said the Ambassador, "is a nice feller. I like Bill. But he's a career man. He's a gentleman by Act of Congress. I don't like career men. I like business men. They know what they mean and they say it, don't you understand?

"Spaniards," he went on, "have the reputation of being suspicious. They trust you until you fool 'em. They trusted me in the beginning just as they would have trusted any other man in my place. And they keep on trusting me because I haven't fooled 'em. I've learned from big business that it doesn't pay to fool people.

"The heads of big business in America don't try to fool anybody. And they never did when they were on the way up. And that's why they got up and why they stay up. Look at the career men in comparison. They even fool themselves. They call it diplomacy. And it's the broad highway that leads to international hatred and war."

Presently there was a sound of swift light feet and with a rush Kittywinks joined them.

"They can *all* come!" she cried.

"Spoken like a big business man," said the Ambassador. "A career man would have used a hundred and fifty words when he caught us and he wouldn't have moved fast enough to catch us."

THE Ambassador had Perfección on his right and Mosca on his left. Kittywinks did the honors at the other end of the table. She had a beaming Cuchillo on her left and an important Domingo on her right. The "dog-house" seats, as the Ambassador called them, were occupied by Collender, Buzo and Bastante.

"This," said the Ambassador, "is a birthday party."

Everybody wanted to know whose birthday it was, and the Ambassador solemnly named eleven celebrated and important persons who had been born on that day.

"But," he added, "it isn't any person's birthday in particular. It's because Carmelo bakes good birthday

Concluding a Novel of SPAIN

by Gouverneur Morris

the regulars of the ring could reach the bull, proud, so furious that the crowd went wild.

cakes. At the United States Ambassador's, Tuesdays and Fridays are birthdays."

Then he turned to Perfección, who looked lovely in black with great hoops of gold hanging from her ears, and made love to her openly and brazenly.

"How would you like to divorce Del Antro," he said, "and come to America with me?"

Perfección's eyes flashed and she said that she would like nothing better.

Domingo said that it would be a new experience for him. "This person," he said, "has often been married, but never divorced."

"If that person," Perfección exclaimed, "were as wicked as he pretends to be, he would have spent all his life in jail instead of only half of it."

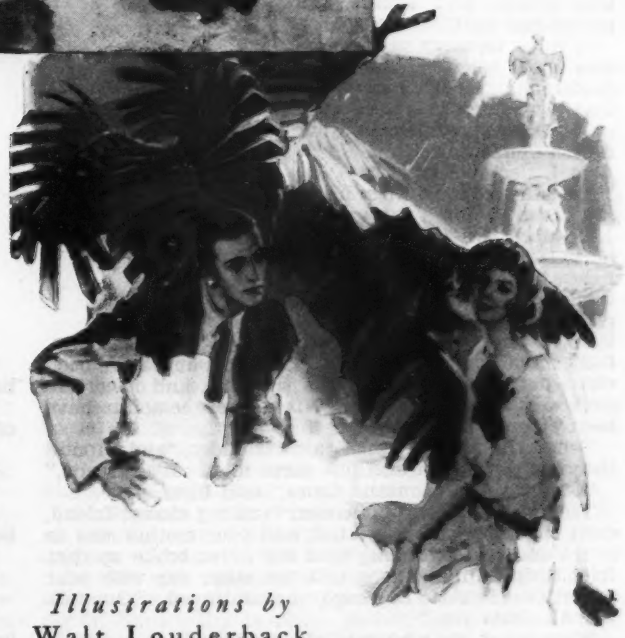
Cuchillo laughed so suddenly that he choked. He was sitting next to Kittywinks. He was happy. Probably he knew deep down that young gypsies don't marry rich American girls. But he hadn't yet gone into the depths of things. He didn't even allow himself to remember that a gypsy lowers himself and loses caste if he marries anyone but a gypsy.

Kittywinks was fascinated with Cuchillo. If young gods ever were a fine golden brown with lots of red in it, Cuchillo resembled one. But she was also fascinated with Buzo and Mosca, and with Perfección and Domingo.

This was life, this was! Going for picnics and exploring caves with real gypsies. Having a cousin with drops of real gypsy blood in him and an eye like an eagle (Father had said so), and teasing Ambassadors until they asked one's real friends to dinner at the Embassy.

It is to be feared that Kittywinks was also a little fascinated with Kittywinks.

But when the conversation turned to bullfighting, she felt humbler. All these people had seen real



Illustrations by Walt Louderback

bullfights, and knew them from Aaron to Zebra. The Ambassador himself had seen between sixty and seventy. He was friends with all the bullfighters.

He hadn't liked the *corridas* at first. The horses had stuck a little in his gorge. But when he began to understand and to know what to look for, his gorge opened and the horses went on down.

So there began a knowing conversation about bullfighting and bullfighters, and Kitty-winks had to listen and writhe a little in her chair. But after all, it was only a matter of a little patience. Her father, somewhat against his wishes, had promised to take her to the last *corrida* of the season, and after she had seen that, she would be able to do some of the talking, and when she got back among her young friends in America she would be able to do all of it.

The Ambassador wished for the elucidation of a fine point, whereupon, right in the middle of dinner, up jumped Domingo and Cuchillo to elucidate for him. Domingo played bull, roaring as he charged, and Cuchillo, his gypsy eyes turned suddenly to jet, made the passes with his napkin.

It was a merry, almost boisterous dinner. Collender wondered whether anything like it was going on in any of the other United States Embassies, and had his doubts.

During dinner he had talked with Buzo and had promised to show him the prints of the pinhole photographs taken in Pamplona. They were upstairs in a room which had a drawing table in it, and some rolls of blue prints, a T square and things like that.

"I have to carry my profession about with me," Collender explained. "If I couldn't do that, I wouldn't travel so much . . . Do you remember your father and mother?"

"A little."

"Would you know them if you saw them?"

He opened a small flat case of blue leather and put it in Buzo's hands. and Buzo, looking at the photographs of his parents, felt a queer little emotion of pride and regret. His father had had a clean-cut face which would have been stern but for a little cleft in the chin and a certain sweetness about the mouth. His mother seemed to have been at once merry and wistful.

"I had the photographs," said Collender, "and I found the case downtown and put them in it. It's for you."

"Thank you a thousand times," said Buzo.

"Your father," said Collender, "was my closest friend, even though we were related, and your mother was so sweet and understanding that she never broke up that friendship. I had a long talk the other day with your friend Don Roberto Santiago," he continued. "Our talk was all about you."

Buzo lifted his eyebrows and waited.

¶ *When Domingo had satisfied himself that Buzo was sound in wind and limb, he made a speech: "Señors, Señoras and most especially Señoritas, this person now turns over the further welcoming of this wanderer to you!" Thereupon Buzo was hugged and kissed by all present.*

"Would you like to work with him and learn all that he knows?"

"I could not learn it all in one lifetime. He is the best of the whole world since Goya."

"Many people agree with you."

"But would he take me as a pupil?"

"He wishes to."

Buzo was able to keep a grave expression on his face, but he could not conceal the delight in his eyes.

"When am I going to begin?"

"When you come back from America."

"But Señor——"

"And if you don't care to go to America," said Collender hastily, "you can begin at once. But I hope that

when you have thought it over, you will care to go. My young daughter and I are sailing in about a month, and we hope very much that you will sail with us, and will be our guest for as long as you like. Do you remember America at all?"

"I remember things that could not have happened to me in Spain or Italy or Switzerland. Sometimes I remember a lake that was always smooth, with mountains covered with pine trees around it, and things called deer flies that bit my scalp so that the blood ran."

"By George," said Collender, "you couldn't have been more than three years old. That was in a part of New York State called the Adirondacks. What else do you remember?"

"Ice cream soda water," said Buzo.

"You shall drink it by the gallon," Collender promised.

"And trains that ran on bridges that were built over city streets."

"Those are the elevated railroads in New York," said Collender. "It is fun to ride in them and look into all the second-story windows and study human nature."

"I should like to visit America," said Buzo, "if Domingo and Perfección are willing. It would be a great adventure, Señor."

The next morning Buzo told his gypsy parents, and they agreed that it would be well for him to accept his cousin's invitation. Buzo kissed them both, and then rushed off up the long winding road to the Embassy. He had promised the Señor Collender to let him know as soon as possible.

There were tears in Perfección's eyes. Seeing which, Domingo took her in his arms.

"Estrella has gone," he said; "Astron and Concepción. Now the Diver leaves us. Soon there will remain in the cave only the old rooster and his old hen."

They clung tightly to each other and wept.

On the following Sunday the last *corrida* of the San Sebastián season was to be held. And for Kittywinks, who was in the habit of getting what she wanted when she wanted it, the intervening days dragged.

Furthermore, she was in a difficulty about clothes. She wished to look rather wonderful at the bullfight, but it seemed that she had been growing like a weed, and that even in a day of short skirts, hers were too short. But when she complained to her father that she had absolutely no clothes at all, he laughed at her, and told her that at the bullfight the bullfighter did all the dressing-up for everybody.

The Ambassador, strolling into the scene, asked what was the matter. And Kittywinks, half in earnest and half laughing, explained.

"My legs are too long," she said, "and Father won't do anything about it."

"What do you mean, they're too long!" exclaimed the Ambassador. "They are the exact classic length as laid down by Abraham Lincoln."

"And how long did he say legs ought to be?" asked Kittywinks.

"Just long enough," said the Ambassador, "to reach from the body to the ground. By the way, there's a couple of young gypsies outside, and I told 'em I'd send you out to 'em."

Buzo had brought the sketching easel which Santiago had given him, a good piece of white paper and his water colors. He wished to make a colored drawing from the Embassy hill of the beautiful Casa Blanca with its descending lawns.

Kittywinks and Cuchillo watched him set up his easel and get ready to draw.

"In America," Kittywinks said, "the tree leaves are all turning scarlet and gold and ruby and violet and crimson and sunset colors instead of just yellow."

By the time Buzo had thought of an answer and turned to make it, Kittywinks and Cuchillo had drifted far off toward the gardens. Something inside of Buzo suddenly seemed to ache but (*Continued on page 104*)

Photographs by Edwin Bower Hesser

Flat *on My* Back

By Lorna Moon

The Invalid Who Wrote "*Dark Star*"

THERE is an inclination among my friends to be sorry for me, simply because I have tuberculosis. One loving but deluded friend writes that my novel "Dark Star" was written in "pathetically adverse" circumstances. Adverse, indeed! My circumstances were ideal, as I shall show; and I shall show also that I have just as much reason for being sorry for my friends as they have for being sorry for me. In fact, I would not lead the harassed lives that these poor things lead, rushing from here to there, and back again.

They come to see me all tuckered out with responsibilities and social duties, worn to a frazzle, and are "sorry for" me while I lie comfortably in bed being just as "sorry for" them.

It is true that during my adult life I have not spent more than one year and a half at any one time "upon the hoof." My life has been a series of two to three years horizontal, and one to one-and-a-half years perpendicular.

Now, I am told that if I would not run so fast when I get up, if I would "live in moderation," I might outgrow this disease which has pursued me since childhood. I am told, too, that if, when I go to bed, I would not persist in writing, I would get well much faster.

This I am sure is true. But I am not a cabbage-growth. I am an ardent human being, and my sedate years are still a long way off; I am not capable of becoming an invalid and "living in moderation." So I must live according to the kind of being I am.

I run very, very fast when I am up, and when I fall down I lie very, very still. I live in my brain during my "horizontal," as intensely as I live in my body during my "perpendicular."

I am told that I might live to a ripe old age if I would give up ten years or so to "chasing the cure." In short, I can live forever, if I stop living at all! Now *what* would be preserved of me, were I to subject all my ardors, all my love of beauty, all my need for laughter and wit, all my intense love of life and art—what would be left of me, at the end of five or ten years, if I were to subject all these to the dictates of my lungs?

I might heal my lungs, true, but I would by then have become a professional consumptive; my thoughts would all be centered on what is good or not good for me.

AS IT is, I don't find tuberculosis much of a handicap to life. I have no fear of this disease. There is a queer arrogance in me which tells me that I shall not die until I am ready. Some medico reading this may smile to himself, saying, "the lunger's delusion." Maybe it is that. But I do not think so.

Death is far removed from me, for I have five novels to write before I meet him. They sit, these novels, on the foot of my bed patiently waiting for me to write

I Have *a Better Time than Most* of You Folks and get More *from Life who have* Good Health

them. I will not go away and leave them sitting there.

But also, I know that I shall rise from this bed and run fast again. I will rise and go to Scotland. For I must know again the beauty of sweetbrier roses growing in a lane. I must smell once more the bitter scent of broken bracken stems; I must listen to the fey calling of moor birds upon a misty night, and watch the wind's long fingers flattening the heather on a hill.

But I am writing this principally to show that tuberculosis, far from being a handicap to creative writing, is in fact an asset. I cannot think of a single other thing that is so helpful to creative writing, unless it be a life sentence in prison. But in prison there are chores to be done, whereas in tuberculosis all chores, social and domestic, are wiped out. Life is simplified down to two or three things: to getting well; to being in love (for who ever heard of a "lunger" who was not in love?); and to writing a book.

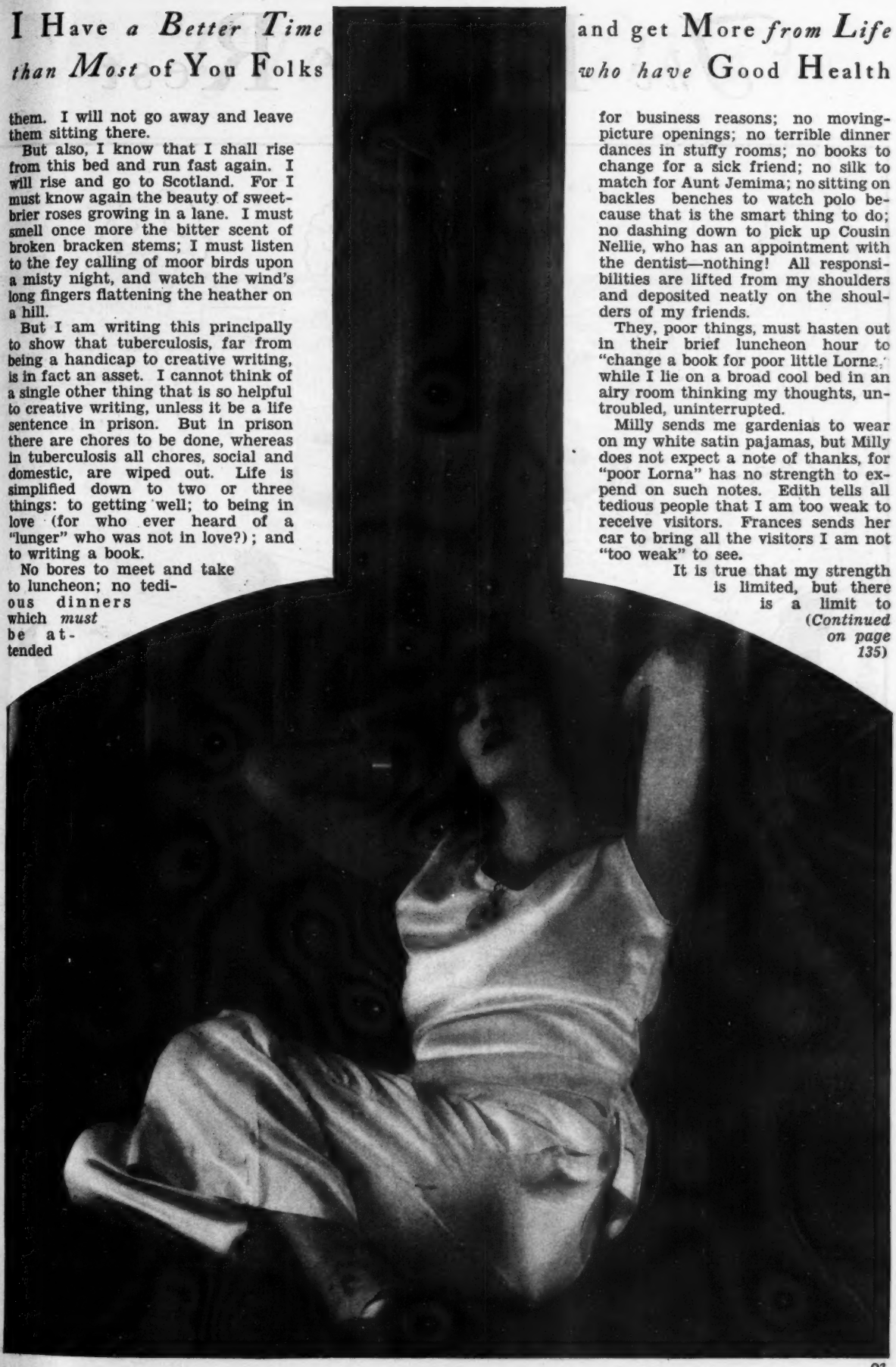
No bores to meet and take to luncheon; no tedious dinners which *must* be attended for business reasons; no moving-picture openings; no terrible dinner dances in stuffy rooms; no books to change for a sick friend; no silk to match for Aunt Jemima; no sitting on backles benches to watch polo because that is the smart thing to do; no dashing down to pick up Cousin Nellie, who has an appointment with the dentist—nothing! All responsibilities are lifted from my shoulders and deposited neatly on the shoulders of my friends.

They, poor things, must hasten out in their brief luncheon hour to "change a book for poor little Lorna," while I lie on a broad cool bed in an airy room thinking my thoughts, untroubled, uninterrupted.

Milly sends me gardenias to wear on my white satin pajamas, but Milly does not expect a note of thanks, for "poor Lorna" has no strength to expend on such notes. Edith tells all tedious people that I am too weak to receive visitors. Frances sends her car to bring all the visitors I am not "too weak" to see.

It is true that my strength is limited, but there is a limit to

(*Continued on page 135*)



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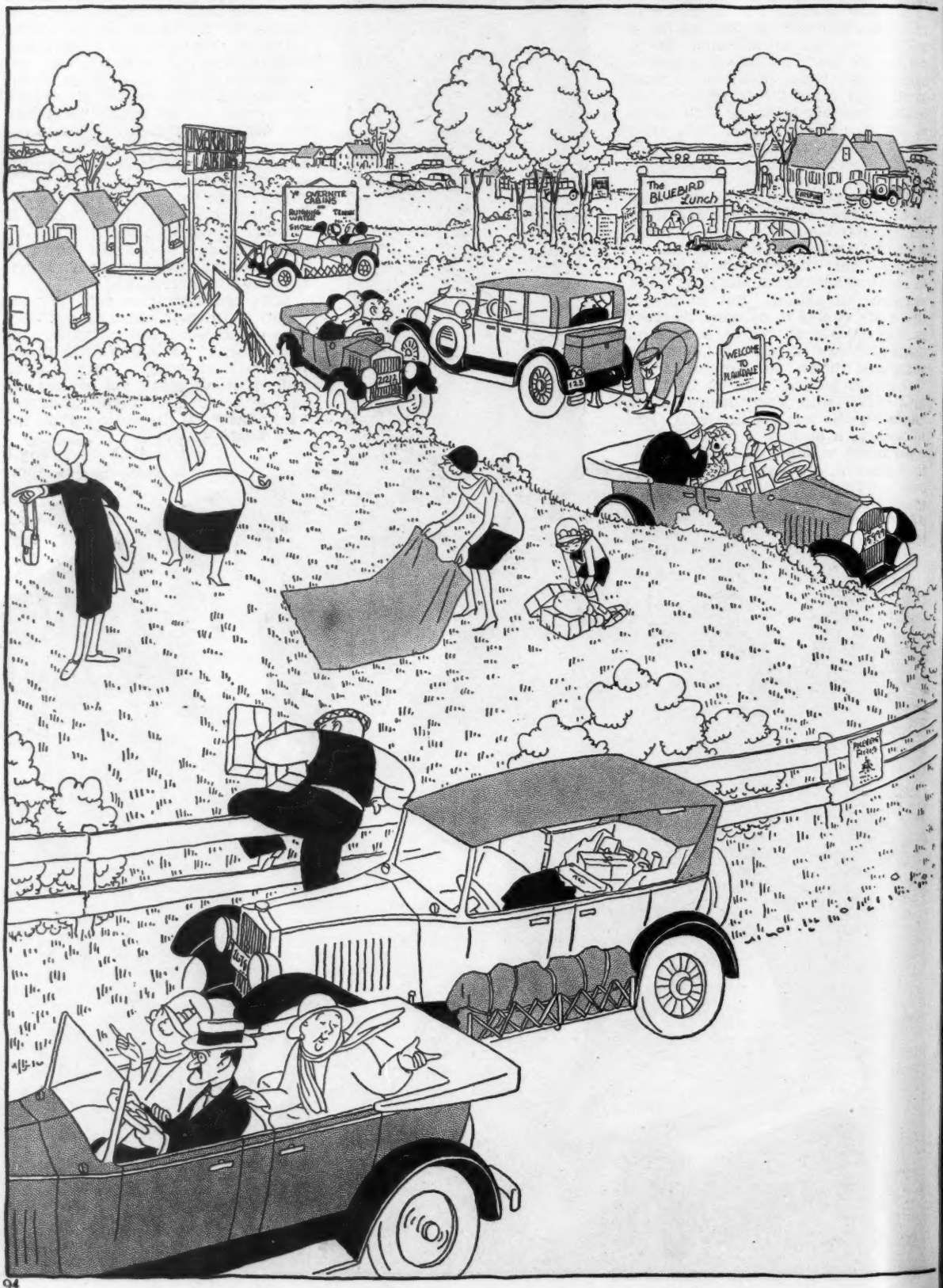
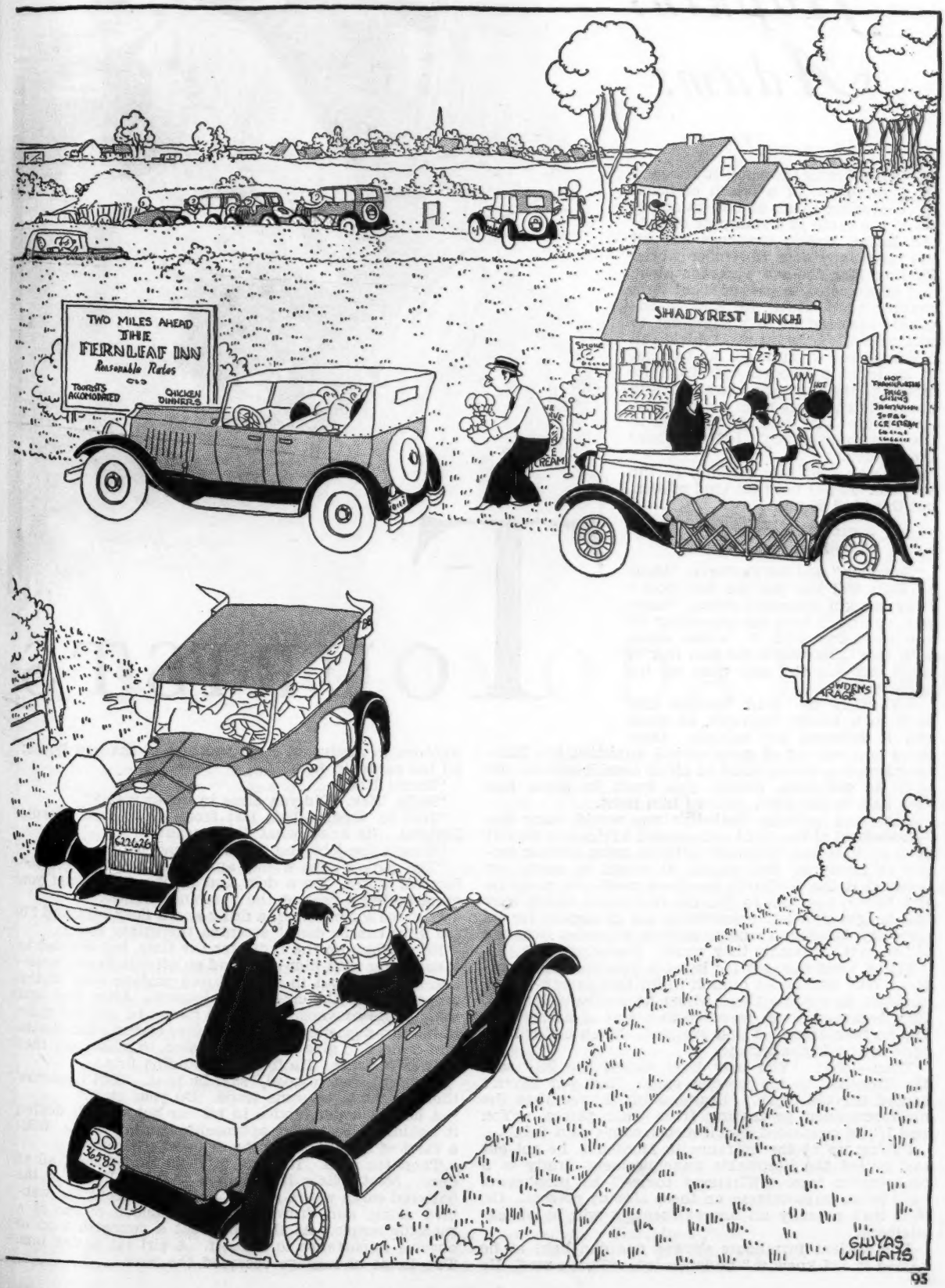


by Gluyas Williams



TOURISTS

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

FIRST came the wind. It whooped down out of a bunch of black evening clouds and swept across the earth in a stampede of sodden leaves, broken branches and all the miscellany of a November storm. Finding Mr. Thomas Tichenor alone and unprotected in his runabout on a country road which he had ill-advisedly assumed to be a short cut to somewhere, it blew his wind shield full of débris, and when he got out to clean it, snatched a wooden sign from its mooring place in the darkness and banged it ruinously upon his new hat.

"Just for that," said Mr. Tichenor to the sign, "maybe you'll tell me where I'm headed."

The sign told him nothing to the purpose. It was not that kind of sign, but this kind of sign:

TOURISTS ACCOMMODATED
Nice Room with Bath

"Souvenir," said the wayfarer. "Maybe Polly will like you for her room." Polly being a schoolgirl sister. "Anyway, you can't bash my ten-dollar lid and get away with it. Come along with me!" He threw the two feet of wood into his car and went on his dubious way.

Eventually the road brought him back to a known highway, as roads will if followed far enough. Once there and relieved of geographical anxieties, Mr. Tichenor loosed a roving mind to other considerations. He had, he reflected, always put trust in signs and they had, in the main, treated him right.

It seemed unlikely that this one would come unheralded out of the night and commit a felonious assault upon an innocent bystander without some ulterior motive or meaning. But what? It might be useful for firewood if the Hollands, to whose week-end party he was bound, put him in the old farmhouse which they had bought and left unimproved out of respect for its antiquity, building a snappy modern bungalow over the hill from it. Probably they would. Bachelor's luck.

That's what one got for being a young cousin, anyway. Why had he let himself in for this party? There wouldn't be anyone there whom he particularly liked. Only because he was regarded as a sort of utility man had he been asked. A dull prospect. Much better have gone to the football game.

Then—idea! "You may have dished the lid," said Mr. Tichenor to his wooden cargo, "but you haven't dented the old brain." Examination showed that the nails remained protruding from their places. "You and I," he concluded, "we'll mebbe catch us a fish."

Pulling up at the entrance to Montoaks, he got out and nailed the hospitable announcement firmly to a conspicuous tree. "Whatever comes," he prophesied, "will be an improvement on those already present. Or, if it isn't actually an improvement, it will be an excitement."

The ancient farmhouse showed one dim light as he passed it. "I knew it," he lamented. "That's me." He went on, to receive an eager welcome at the new house; all too eager, in fact.

"Here's Tick."

"Hello, Tick. Did you come in under reefs?"

"Just in time." This last from his hostess, Bernie Holland. He knew what that meant.

"What's the job?" he asked resignedly.

"The radio's gone wonky and we do want to get the football scores. Be a dear and fix it. And *would* you mind taking a peek at the pumping engine?"

"Gimme some dinner, a drink and a flashlight and I'll see what can be done," assented the utility cousin.

He patched up the radio for the time, but decided to take it over with him later and go after it in the morning. Then he put in a useful and profane hour at the garage, where the engine was located. After that and some polite conversation at the house, he put the radio in his car, deposited it in the rather clammy farmhouse and decided to give a look to his sign, to make sure that all was in order. He found it standing firm.

"Tonight isn't so good," said he to it. "But tomorrow there ought to be some trade. Do your stuff."

A blob of water landed in his ear but did not deafen it against a vast roar approaching down-wind. With a burst of speed he beat the deluge by seconds.

Then the rain. It came in three dimensions, all at once. Most solidly it fell upon that small arc of the battered earth where a large and magnificent car wabbled along, and drove it to the dubious refuge of a roadside maple. At the wheel sat a youngish man of obvious importance to himself. A girl sat beside him. Two items of luggage occupied the rear.

Illustration by Charles D. Mitchell

The Story of a Man who Believed in Signs

¶ *"Innocent and helpless young bachelor discovered with mysterious, sinister and beautiful young adventuress——" began Tick. "Discovered?" inquired Winchie. "Did anyone really see us?" "The family cat," said Tick. "She spoke to me over her morning mouse. Severely."*

ACCOMMODATED

"This is becoming impossible," said the man, with a severity directed at the misbehaving weather.

"Where are we now?" asked the girl.

"I must admit that I have no idea."

"Why not go somewhere and find out?"

"I have been hoping for an abatement in the weather."

"Does that look like it?" A thin and pallid ray of lightning flickered through the murk. "Oh! Look! Isn't that a sign? On the tree."

Her companion looked, but without enthusiasm. "Do you wish me to get out and consult it?"

"If you don't, I shall."

WITH an expression of sublime self-sacrifice he gingerly edged himself out into the uproar, followed by a muttered exordium which, from less innocently curved lips, might have been mistaken for the injurious term, "Stuffed shirt!" He returned, gasping for breath.

"Does it say anything?"

"Nothing. Merely 'Tourists Accommodated.'"

"Well, that's something . . . What are you going to do now?"

"I am going on."

"Where to?"

"Heaven knows."

"Well, I'm not. We've been lost for two hours already." This was a considerable though perhaps not wholly inexcusable exaggeration. "I don't intend to spend the night in this car. It's leaky."

With an expression which he tried to make firm and uncompromising the youngish man stepped on the starter, for the engine had stopped. The car spat. He tried again. It spat three more times. It was an excessively expensive and high-bred car and was supposed to be trained not to spit in public places, but perhaps it was disgusted with the situation. Certainly the girl was.

"And now what?" She put the question, after the starter began to show signs of exhaustion, with curiosity plus a tinge of scorn, for she had read upon that self-appreciative countenance a suspiciously blank expression and she was interested to see how her escort, accustomed to have everything done for him that serviceable millions could perform, would meet the compulsion of having to do something for himself. Helplessly, she judged.

"What do you suggest?" he inquired after thought.

"Following the sign."

"I fear that would be hardly suitable," he murmured.

"It means shelter, doesn't it? Why isn't it suitable?"

"It specifies 'Nice room with bath,'" said he with an effort. "The inference is that there is but one room."

"Well?" said the girl.

Mr. Barton Hollingsworth weightily pondered the situation and hit upon an expedient for which he accorded himself great credit. "Doubtless there is a barn. All farmhouses have barns. I might—er—lodge in the hayloft."

"You would!" thought the girl. Not that she would, in any circumstances, have had it otherwise; the silent commentary was merely a confirmatory estimate of a conventional and unenterprising (though of course worthy and reliable) character. What he should have said was, "Farms have hens and hens have eggs; we'll sit up all night and scramble the eggs."

"Perhaps," he continued with cautious embarrassment, "it would be best if we—er—I am sure you will not misinterpret my motives, Alice—er—gave ourselves out to be man and wife."

"Why?" she demanded.

"The agricultural populace of this vicinity is, I am told, quite puritanical and even suspicious. To protect ourselves against misunderstanding and possible refusal of accommodations, you will agree that the measure I suggest is a wise precaution. And as we are practically engaged——"

"We're not," she returned crossly. "Oh, well; I don't care. What does it matter? We'll certainly never see the people again, if anyone does actually live in this ghastly hole." She suspected that she was going to give in some day and marry Barton Hollingsworth, though she rather hoped not. "We have got to do something."

There had fallen a lull in the tempest. He advised that she wrap herself up and make for the dim light on the hilltop, leaving him to lock up the car; meantime he would attempt to attract the attention of the farm people.

"Br-r-r-r-r-ronck! Brrrr-rronck! Bronck-bronck-bronck-bronck-brrrrrr-rronck!" blatted the horn, its wails of appeal accompanying her forth upon her quest, and upon that signal all the evil genii of the air gathered themselves for a renewed and reinvigorated onslaught and swept down upon her.

Warming himself by the open fireplace of his ground-floor room, Mr. Thomas Tichenor heard the summons with surprise. He ambled reluctantly to the door and called. Was there a faint response?

Picking his steps along the slippery slope, he was laid low by a small, compact figure which came hurtling out of the void and, after a creditable tackle, slid muddily with him to the foot of the declivity. As a measure of precaution he was about to soak the unknown on the jaw when an unexpectedly soft voice inquired breathlessly:

"Are you the farmer?"

"Omilord! It's a girl," gasped the astounded Mr. Tichenor.

"I'm drowned," lamented the girl.

"Come to the house."

"Where is it?"

"I don't know."

Clinging desperately together, they groped in a general direction of ascent and butted their way through the hurricane until the light guided them to shelter.

Do You Know

the story of the life of Abraham Lincoln? Or do you, like most of us, merely retain those fragmentary bits of information which so often pass for knowledge? And there have been so many Lincolns—the Lincoln of the ponderous histories, the Lincoln of the storybooks, the Lincoln that is almost legendary.

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Begin it on page 28 of this issue and follow it each month in COSMOPOLITAN.

By the glow of the feeble lamp he considered her. She was small and pink and wet. Her clothes were lamentable blobs. Her hat had gone forever, the spoil of the storm. Her hair was stringy and diffuse. There was a smear of mud on one firmly curved cheek. A soppy leaf was plastered across her temple. In her eyes the invincible gleam of mirth and youth and adventure clearly advertised to all and sundry that she didn't give a hang: in fact was rather enjoying it.

Nothing like that had ever before emerged from ultimate darkness into the astonished arms of young Mr. Tichenor. He would have liked to take her back there immediately, but nothing in her independent bearing suggested that such procedure would be well received.

"We're tourists," she informed him.

The purloined sign! He recalled it with a shock of realization. He had caught his fish. "We?" he queried. "You and who else?"

"I and—er—Mr.—er—my husband."

"Your what?"

"My husband."

"Gee! That's terrible," said the impulsive Mr. Tichenor.

She stared. "What's terrible?"

"Your having a husband."

"Oh, it may not be as bad as you might suppose," she began unthinkingly, and broke off to inquire, "See here; do you always work as fast as this?"

"Fast! I'm hopelessly behind the parade already."

"You seem a queer sort of farmer," she observed.

He became conscious of his working overalls. "I'll explain that later," he promised hastily. "What I mean is that I've only just caught you—that is, we've only just met, you know, and here you have to go and have a husband. Where'd you leave the darn thing?" he concluded morosely.

"Well, really!" But it was no use trying to be dignified; the attempt broke off in a laugh which ended in a shiver and a sneeze. He bustled her into his room, stirred up the fire, got her a warmly padded dressing gown and offered a flask. She nestled up to the blaze.

"Is this the nice room, as advertised?"

"Yes."

"But it seems to be occupied." She had noted with a gleam of suspicion his silver-mounted toilet things.

"I'll move out at once."

"Is there another room?"

"Not too habitable. But that's all right. I'll do very well."

"I wasn't thinking of you," she returned calmly. "I was figuring out what my—er—Mr. Hollingsworth would do. Perhaps you have a barn," she added.

"Naturally there is a barn. Is your husband addicted to barns?"

"Mr. Hollingsworth is quite nervous," she explained volubly. "He likes to be alone. He often sleeps in the haymow at home. He—he loves hay."

"It's high this year. D'you think he could be trusted not to eat any of it on me?" he inquired, and received a reproving, "Don't be frivolous."

"Shall I go out and hunt him?" he asked by way of apology.

"Yes. No. I think I hear him now."

There was an impact against the outer door, followed by a gust of wind and the entry of a pitiful sop of masculinity whom Mr. Tichenor hated at first sight.

"Have you seen a young lady?—hum. Is my wife here?" inquired the arrival.

"She's inside."

"Then, my man, you may go down to my car and bring in our luggage. And please be quick about it."

"Yes, sir," assented Mr. Tichenor with commendable self-control and presence of mind.

Two hours later peace had descended upon that household but not in justly apportioned measure. The masculine tourist with half a bale of blankets for company was asleep in the barn. The feminine tourist was asleep in the "nice room." Mr. Thomas Tichenor was wide awake in the kitchen.

He was thinking persistently and his thoughts,

centering upon the slight figure that had been blown to him on the wings of the storm, were confused, excited, inconsequential and extremely disturbing. He didn't know what to think and therefore thought the more.

As an antidote it occurred to him that some work might be effective. There was the radio; a few moments more might adjust that. Then he remembered that he had left the mechanism in his surrendered room. He hoped that it wouldn't suddenly come to life and speech. They sometimes did.

Well, there was the unrepaired pumping apparatus. If he put in an hour or so on that it might enable him to get to sleep. At least, it would divert his mind. The rain had stopped. He got his flash and went to the garage.

With unexpected amiability the machine yielded to treatment after ten minutes of attention. What to do now? He wandered around the premises until his feet were soaked, took a look at the barn, where all was quiet, and was passing the corner of the house, when from the open window of the guest chamber floated a strained voice of unmistakably barytone quality. There followed a low wail of alarm, unmistakably feminine. Tichenor stuck his head and his flash unceremoniously through the window.

"What's up?" he demanded.

"I heard a man t-t-t-talking."

"Wasn't it your husband?"

"Certainly not!" she retorted, with a violence which seemed superfluous.

"What did he say?" asked Tichenor.

"I don't know. It frightened me."

The light swept the room. No man was visible, but the girl, propped up on her elbow, her eyes wide and fearful, was picturesquely evident to the eye. The unseen owner of the voice said:

"You have just been listening to the San Francisco orchesweem—arp—waaow-w-w-w-w-w — yoo-oo-oo-oo — quap-quap-quap-quap — wurrrrrrreeeeyaow!"

"Old Man Static himself," observed Tichenor. "That confounded radio has come to life. I'm sorry."

"Please take it away."

"Certainly. I'll cross it off the bill."

When he got around to her door she had lighted the lamp. He picked up the offending instrument and was about to bid his tourist good night when the soft voice said hesitantly:

"Do you mind not going—just yet?"

"Huh? What? No; I don't mind."

"Please don't misunderstand."

"It's all right. You're scared. Natural enough."

"It *was* a jar to be waked up by that ghastly voice. If you wouldn't mind sitting out in the hall, just till I get my nerve back——"

"I'll sit there all night."

"Oh, no! I'll be all right in a little while. You might"—she chuckled—"be a nice nursie and tell me a bedtime story."

"I've got a better one than that. Let's beguile the hours with a few plain truths about ourselves. You begin, Mrs. Hollingsworth."

"Don't call me that!"

"Why? It's your name, isn't it?"

She had an inspiration. "I'm a Lucy Stone Leaguer. My friends call me Winchie."

"Isn't this rather sudden?" said he primly.

"You needn't call me that if you don't want to, Mr. Farmer," she retorted. "My full name is Alice Winchell."

"Winchie fits perfectly," he assured her. "I'm Tick."

"That's a funny name."

"I'm a funny guy. I'm so funny that I've been sitting down there for hours wondering about you."

"There's nothing to wonder about."

"There's lots to wonder about. I don't much believe it, you know."

"Well, I don't believe in you either. So that makes it even."

"Oh, I admit I'm a fake. These clothes are temporary. The house is borrowed, and I found the tourist sign on the road."

"And look how it's turning out," said the girl in a voice that sorely tempted him to peek and see the expression accompanying it.

"So that explains me. But it doesn't explain you," he stated.

"Do I need explaining?"

"Are you going to go away and leave a complete vacuum behind?"

"I do have to go away, don't I?" she reflected. "First thing in the morning, I suppose."

"I seem to observe," said the shrewd Tick, "that you say 'I' and not 'we.'"

"And what, my little pupils, does this teach us?"

"That you're in the wrong pew," was the blunt response. "Do you want to know my theory?"

"If it isn't too long and complicated."

"The gentleman about to address you," began the radio, which had been left by the entrance, "is one who——"

"Shut up!" growled Tick, and did something violent to three knobs.

"——who theorizes about matters that are out of his line," concluded the girl sweetly. "Go on. I'm listening."

"First possibility: you have run away from home and got married, which I don't believe."

"Why?"

"If I were married to you," he responded with deliberation, "the price of hay would be irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial."

"Never mind that," she broke in hastily. (It was rather a pity that he couldn't see around a corner at that moment.)

"Possibility number two: you've been married for quite a while, which I believe still less."

"And why?"

"You lack the assured matronly air, and you haven't got the patter. Possibility three: you've run away without being married, which I believe least of all."

"Once more, explain."

"One good look at you is enough to answer that," he replied with conviction.

"It isn't such swell logic, but I like it," admitted Winchie. "What do you think about me, then?"

"There isn't enough of the night left to tell you!"

"Then it's time I went to sleep. I'm all right now. Good night."

She heard him move away with ostentatious clatter. She did not hear him creep back cautiously and settle into the far cold corner of the hallway for the remainder of the night in case—well, in case of anything.

Bribery of the most liberal sort induced the gratified though suspicious cook at the bungalow to provide the materials and utensils for three early breakfasts at the farmhouse where only one was indicated. The rest, Mr. Tichenor and an aged but hale kitchen stove achieved between them.

Mr. Barton Hollingsworth appeared in a glum temper and took his place close to the fire, where he shivered and sulked and sneezed. He would go on, he announced, when he felt better. Ever obliging, the host fixed up and warmed another room for him while the third guest, looking altogether bewildering in the Tichenor dressing gown, pressed her clothes.

Reporting at the bungalow, the utility cousin proffered a request: "I wish you would all keep away from the farmhouse today."

"What for?"

"What's up?"

"You've got a nerve, young Tick."

"Who or what are you harboring there?"

"A bridal pair. Marooned by the storm. Plucked out of the jaws of night by the gallant Tick." He thought it superfluous to mention the sign. "Privacy would be appreciated," he added.

"Who are they?"

"When did they come?"

"Are they nice people?"

"A peach! Kelly's eye! I mean—she is. He's all right, I guess."

"Do you know their names?"

"I think it's Hollingsworth."

"Not Barton Hollingsworth!"

"Something like that. What of it?"

"Haven't you heard of him? He's the inventor of some new kind of statistics."

"He looks it."

"That's his fad. He's the son of old Ezra Hollingsworth and so rich that he doesn't even carry money with him."

"Maybe that explains it. No; I don't believe it does, either."

"What ails the lad? Explain yourself."

But the amateur tourist-accommodator was already on his way back to the other house. There he found only one guest on view—the right one.

"Where's hubby?" he inquired with a distinct lack of respect.

"Asleep on the lounge."

"Leave'm lay! Finished your pressing?"

"Yes."

"Boots dry?"

"Reasonably."

"Then we're going for a long, long walk, and we're going to come back very, very well acquainted, and," he added formidably, "you're going to like it."

"Oh, *all* right."

Of that long, long walk through the colors and odors of a warm and misty November day, they recalled afterward warm and misty memories of much light-hearted fooling and profound comparisons of notes and tastes on life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and one clearly personal passage which began when he asked brusquely:

"When are you giving up the bluff?"

"What bluff?"

"Being married to Hollingsworth."

"You feel quite certain that I'm not?"

"I've told you already."

"Well, what is the rest of your theory, professor?"

"That you two had been to a football game——"

"Are you a mind reader?"

"No. I'm a score reader. The score card was in the car."

"Next."

"You'd spent the night before with friends, or maybe with his family, as he's been wanting to marry you——"

"Where do you get that?"

"Anybody would who'd seen you more than once—or even once," he averred.

"Marvelous! Proceed."

"You were headed for home when you got lost in the storm. And here you are."

"'Why, it's perfect,' as the small boy said to teacher. Now, about that sign."

He told her all that he thought necessary about the house party and his idea for livening it up. At the end of five miles and back she observed:

"Barton will want to go on this afternoon."

"And you?"

"Of course. That is, I don't exactly say I'll want to, but I'll have to."

Somehow or other they were running, hand in hand like two children, down the last hill back of the farmhouse, when they saw a feminine figure at the turn of the driveway regarding them with surprise. Winchie wrenched herself free and bolted for the back door. Tick went on. Said Mrs. Burnham Holland:

"Is *that* your bride, Tick?"

"Yes. Er—not mine, you know. The other fellow's."

"It looked to me remarkably like Alice Winchell. It must be a runaway match. How odd!"

"Not at all," defended Tick. "It's frequently done."

"And how extremely unlike Barton Hollingsworth."

"Well, it's their own business. And I shouldn't say anything about it if I were you."

This was a forlorn hope, for Mrs. Holland had on her conscientious expression. Invariably this meant trouble for other people.

"Did she see me?" inquired his guest upon Tick's rejoining her.

"I'm afraid she did."

"And did you tell her that Barton—that I—that we——"

"I'm afraid I did."

"Then I'll bet she goes straight off and telephones Aunt Jessie."

"I'm afraid she will. Who's Aunt Jessie."

"My great-aunt. I live with her. What will she think?"

"What do great-aunts think?" he murmured helplessly.

"The worst!"

"Then *you'd* better telephone and tell her something."

"Something? What?" said Winchie wildly.

"We'll make it up on the way to Gabe's Corners. There's a public telephone there. It's only two miles. Hop in the car. Maybe we can beat Cousin Bernie to it."

The runabout made good time. But no speed can overcome the head start of a conscientious woman with a bit of troublesome information to impart. The girl emerged from the booth with a mottled sort of expression.

"Oh, such a mess!" she said, and began to laugh.

"Had she telephoned?"

"She had that! Before I could start my neat little explanation Aunt Jessie said in a terrible voice that she was fully informed and was it true, and I said in my most soothing manner that it was true Bart and I were staying here, but it wasn't true we were married——"

"Which must have helped!"

"Oh, a lot! Then, while I was still floundering around in that mess, she—— What do you think she did?"

"Cut you off," he surmised brightly.

"She did. In more senses than one."

He waited for further information, but the girl fell silent. Assuming that her thoughts were private, the tactful Tichenor drove without further remark until she looked inquiringly and, he thought, rather beseechingly up at him. He answered the unspoken question.

"It seems to be in order now to consult friend husband."

"What can he do about it?"

"Marry you." It was a gallant attempt to make his tone matter of fact.

"Not me!" retorted Winchie with an emphasis which enormously relieved him. She then burst into tears. "Tomorrow's my birthday," she sobbed.

"You must be terribly old," said the startled Tick.

"I'm not. What do you mean—old? I'm just twenty-one."

"Providential," he commented. "Me, I'm twenty-eight, but do I afflict high heaven with my grief every time a birthday comes around? I do not."

"It isn't that," she sniffled. "But I expected to be home and—and——"

"And get a nice present. Never mind. I'll give you a nice present."

"Oh! Will you? That cheers me up. What kind?"

"What kind do you like?"

"Oh, some nice little plain, inexpensive thing; something real and personal."

"Like a package of chewing gum. We'll see what can be done about it."

"Here's home and fireside," she said. "Now to rouse the sleeping beauty."

But the gentleman thus ineptly characterized was not there for rousing. A note informed his consort that he had gone to the nearest city, twelve miles away, to get expert help for his car, and would be back by dark. This was an error, albeit an excusable one, on Mr. Hollingsworth's part.

Upon arrival at the goal he suffered a sharp chill and, being conscientiously solicitous as to the health and well-being of his important self, he went to a doctor, thence to a hotel, and thence to bed under the care of a hastily summoned nurse. In such conditions he could hardly be expected to worry about the girl he left behind him; he was far too concerned in worrying about himself.

After dinner, prepared by the not unskilled hands of Mr. Tichenor, it occurred to the pseudo-bride that she ought to show concern for the absentee.

"He had a horrid cold this morning," she recalled. "Suppose something's happened to him!"

"I hope it's nothing trivial," said the brutal Tick.

"What shall I do if he doesn't come back?"

"Don't you like your humble lodgings?"

"I can't very well stay here, you know."

"Why not? I'll sleep in the barn."

"And leave me alone in the house? I believe it's haunted, anyway."

"Not since I tamed the radio. I'll tell you!" he pursued with inspiration and animation. "If the errant hubby isn't back by midnight, I'll scramble some eggs and we'll sit up all night. I've got a lot of conversation that you haven't heard yet, both new and used."

Midnight came and passed, the eggs were scrambled and eaten, and no intrusive Hollingsworth interrupted the contented duet. After a gallant fight and in spite of much strong coffee, the guest gave up at four A. M. and went confidently to sleep.

At seven, young Mr. Tichenor, stiff and heavy-eyed but game, was already on a pious quest for the missing tourist, who was, to tell the truth, a little on his conscience.

At nine o'clock the little sleeper awoke, to be greeted with weighty news. Mr. Hollingsworth had been located. He was in considerable fear of death and would be out and around, the doctor said, in two days. Would Mrs. Hollingsworth come to him at once?

Mrs. Hollingsworth (with her nose at an uncompromising angle) would see him further first and in a specified direction. So that was that.

Very good. Would Miss Winchell have some breakfast? Mr. Tichenor was darn right Miss Winchell would have some breakfast! She would even aid and abet in its preparation if Mr. Tichenor would give her fifteen minutes to freshen up. They ate in peace and amity.

"We will now," announced the host, "proceed to business. First order of the day, many happy returns."

"So it is. I'd forgotten. Where's my present?"

"Never mind the present. The future looms."

"Not mine. I can't see that I've got any."

"Just the point. We must now consider ways and means."

"Well, I haven't got any of those, either," commented the young lady with commendable cheerfulness. "Particularly means."

"However, there is home and Moth—and great-aunt."

"Great-aunt, yes. Home, no."

"No? This is serious. Exactly what did the Colonial Dame say when you so tactfully sprung it on her that you weren't married?"

"You wouldn't believe it in this day and age."

"Maybe I would. Try me."

"Well, she pulled the old melodrama never-darken ukase on me. She actually did." Winchie laughed, but there was a quiver in it.

"You don't mean the never-darken-my-door-again wheeze!" he exclaimed.

"Right the first time. 'Until you are a respectable woman' is the rest of it, Act Two, Scene Three. Wiggly music and sound of snow beating on window-pane."

"Door-darkening, eh?" He ruminated on that for a long minute. "Did it ever occur to you, Winchie, that two can darken a door better than one?"

"It sounds reasonable."

"And that I'm one of the swellest little door-darkeners in these enlightened United States?"

"You don't look it."

"Try me."

"As how?"

"Lead me to great-auntie's insufficiently obscured portal."

"How will that help?"

"Be not so dumb, sweet maid. You knock at the door. It opens. Great-aunt appears. You say, 'Behold me, a respectable woman.' You point to me. She falls on your or my or both necks. All is well. Selah!"

"What? Two husbands in two days may be your idea of respectability. I can tell you it isn't Aunt Jessie's. It's very kind of you," she added primly, "to offer to save my reputation."

"Hold hard, my hearty! I'm asking you to save mine."

"Yours! Where does yours come in?"

"Innocent and helpless young bachelor discovered at dead of night in more or less abandoned farmhouse with mysterious, sinister and beautiful young adventuress——"

"Discovered? Who discovered us? Don't joke about it. Did anyone really see us?"

"The family cat. She spoke to me about it over her morning mouse. Severely."

"Oh, if you won't be serious about anything——"

"I will. Extremely serious, about you. Winchie, will you marry me?"

"No!"

"Pop goes another dream, and with it the birthday present." From his pocket he took a small glowing object upon which he gazed pathetically.

Pop went Winchie's eyes, also. "What's that thing?"

"Your rejected present. After all the trouble I went to, too, robbing the jewelry store. Small, neat, inexpensive, real and personal, as per specifications.

Marvin T. Jones, *look* at that towel!"

WE SYMPATHIZE, Mrs. Jones. It does seem as though your husband might have put off using that pet towel until sometime when he hadn't been fixing the car.

Yet, maybe it isn't such bad luck after all! You've probably read about Fels-Naptha Soap and its *extra* help. This rather stubborn washing job is an opportunity to try it out—and what you learn, will make *all* your washing easier.

Get some Fels-Naptha, Mrs. Jones, and meet this *extra* help face to face. Unwrap the bar and smell the naptha. There's plenty of it . . . and naptha is the safe gentle dirt-loosener that dry cleaners use. So Fels-Naptha brings you two cleaners instead of one—not "just soap," but good, golden soap and plenty of naptha, working together.

Now wash your "almost ruined" towel with Fels-Naptha—and watch as you wash. See how easily the brisk, busy soap and naptha suds loosen the dirt. See how even grease smudges come off without hard rubbing. Then, as you rinse it, look! It's fresh and spotless; and with so much less work on your part than you expected! That is what we mean by *extra* help—that is what Fels-Naptha brings you, whether you are doing a single piece or the weekly wash.

Fels-Naptha works well in washing machine or tub; in hot, cool or lukewarm water or when the clothes are soaked or boiled. It is gentle both to hands and clothes. It is excellent for general household cleaning, too. Just try it for any soap-and-water task, Mrs. Jones, and we're certain you too will agree that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

P. S. to brides: Don't wait until your husband misuses one of your "show" towels! Put Fels-Naptha on your grocery list today and have its *extra* help for your next wash.

Fels & Co., Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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What could be more so than a wedding ring?"

Her breath became quavery and uncertain. The gleam of the gold had imparted a formidable sense of reality to the blithe fairy tale of overnight.

"I never heard of anything so absurd in my life."

"Try it on and maybe you'll feel better."

"Why—why—why, I don't know you."

"Then you certainly haven't availed yourself of your heaven-sent opportunities," was the bland response, "for I've told you more about myself in the last thirty-six hours than any of my biographers will ever find out. However, if you wish me to enlarge on it——"

"I don't. I want to go ho-o-o-ome."

"So do I. Same home. Back to Aunt Jessie. Carried unanimously."

"Do you think you're quite sane?"

"The obvious answer is, 'I was till I met you.' Therefore I won't use it. Allowing that I'm not, just consider my other qualities. A good lad, as lads go. Not much to look at" (A murmur of interruption: "*I* like to look at you!") "but a heart of gold. Poor enough to be interesting. Very handy about the house. Easy-tempered or he'd have demolished friend husband completely. Not wholly devoid of the joy of living, and absolutely raving about you—yes, already and from here on, whatever happens. And quite easy to call Tick."

"Tick," she experimented. "So you are, Tick." And got herself soundly kissed. Winchie looked thoughtful. "That's an argument, too," she admitted.

"I can advance any number of those."

"Wait," she warned. "We're not through the other kind yet."

"Practically. I've spoken my little piece." The boyish face before her suddenly became less boyish, more anxious and pleading. "Look here, Winchie; this is going to be an awful flop for me if you don't care about me. I'm terribly in love with you. And I think we could make a go of it if you'd give me the chance. What do you think?"

She gave him a slow, sufficient look. "Tick," she murmured, "you've said a heartful!"

First came the wind, then the rain. It buffeted a small runabout slithering along a country road as if with particular and personal animosity, but made no impression whatsoever upon the occupants, a young man and a girl quite close together.

A light as of the splendor of life was in the young man's eyes and in his ear a couple of grains of rice. He chanted:

"When the wind's before the rain
H'ist your tops'ls up again."

"I didn't know you had such a nice voice, Tick," said the girl.

"You've got lots of valuable information about me coming to you, darling," he averred cheerfully. "Gee! What a storm! I believe it's worse than the original one, day before yesterday."

"It's a grand storm," said the girl. "I love it. Where are we?"

"Haven't a notion. Don't care a darn. No wedding trip ought to start out with any notion of where it's going."

"There's a sign, though. On that post. Let's look. Just for fun."

He jumped out and flashed his light. In a moment he was back. "Winchie, he said, "you wouldn't believe it."

"Yes, I would."

"Maybe *you* would. But not anyone else. That sign says——"

"'Tourists Accommodated,'" she gurgled.

"'Nice Room with Bath,'" finished Tick. "It can't possibly be the same sign."

"No; but it's just as good a one."

"Well?"

"I've always believed in signs, Winchie," said Tick.

"Journey's end, Tick," said Winchie.

Driftwood *by Gouverneur Morris* (*Continued from page 91*)

he set his jaws and went on with his drawing. He was falling in love with Kittywinks just as Cuchillo had done, and just as Kittywinks seemed to have fallen in love with Cuchillo. It was a sorry business.

"That Cuchillo," he thought, "is a wild, melancholy, passionate fellow; but true as steel. He was the first one to fall in love with the Señorita, and it is for me to keep what I feel about her to myself. But perhaps she is only kind and affectionate with him as she is with everybody. If that is the case and if he does not succeed in touching her heart, then it will be honorable for me to think about myself.

Meanwhile Kittywinks and Cuchillo strolled in the gardens, and he praised her gravely, her beauty, her kindness, her wit. "You are like a gypsy," he said. "My own mother has said so."

Many a gypsy girl no older than Kittywinks gets herself married, and many a gypsy lad no older than Cuchillo. Love is an ageless thing among the gypsies and often a deathless.

Buzo and Cuchillo walked slowly down the hill from the Embassy. Cuchillo was in a dark mood.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Buzo.

"Nothing, little brother. I am thinking."

"We used to share our thoughts."

"That is true. I am thinking about women and wondering why men love them. Perhaps you have guessed that I am in love with the little Señorita, your cousin. You do not know what it is to be in love."

"No," said Buzo.

"Do you remember in Seville the young matador who climbed the drainpipe to be with his girl?"

"And when he started to climb down, the drainpipe came in two and he fell and was killed?"

"If the Señorita wished for me as I wish for her, I would climb all the way to the moon, and afterward, if that were the price, I would be willing to fall all the way down. Love is at once of the body and of the soul."

"The Señorita is too young to think of love."

"They are never too young. They are never too old. The Señorita is no longer a child. I am not the first man who has told her that he loved her."

"And what did she tell you, brother?"

"She told me that she did not know her own mind. But why should she love me? I have done nothing. I am nothing. Only gypsies think well of gypsies. If only it were next year. Next year she could see me work with the bulls. Next year I shall be famous and rich."

They walked for a time in silence.

"Little brother, if I tell you something, will you promise not to tell?"

"Have I ever told?"

"On Sunday," said Cuchillo, "I shall hide a red cloth under my coat. And when the right time comes I shall jump into the ring and work with the bull."

"But brother, we have seen that tried more than once. You will be turned over to the police, who will put you in jail."

"If I can make one pass, the crowd will wish me to continue. I know these Basques. Irregular things please them."

"Don't do it, Cuchillo. Have a little patience. The Señorita and her father will be in Spain again next year. You will be a regular bullfighter then. We are not men yet, not really, you and I."

"I wish the Señorita to have something to strengthen her memory of me."

"You wish her to come and look at you behind the bars of the jail?"

Cuchillo shrugged his shoulders. "If you do not even wish to understand!"

"But I do understand."

Again there was silence.

Then Buzo said: "Even from where we sit it is a long jump. You might break a leg."

"Or a neck," said Cuchillo, "or burst my buttons off."

"If you won't be serious."

"Serious? Oh, hombre, if you only knew how serious I am. But what a pity that I should be the one to fall in love with her instead of you. Do you know what Don Roberto told the Señor Collender and the Ambassador? He said, 'Buzo does not use ordinary pigments. He dips his brush in clouds and in rainbows.'

"Just now when we looked at the picture which you had finished, I felt as if my soul were turning into some horrible monster out of pure envy. I had to discipline myself. I said, 'Don't be envious, Cuchillo, you wild, ignorant, passionate gypsy fellow. The boy is your brother, your little brother. Be proud.'"

"I shall not be able to sleep," said Buzo, "until Sunday is yesterday."

"But you won't tell anyone what I am going to do, and spoil my game?"

"Am I a dog?"

Kittywinks sat between her father and the Ambassador. She had wished to sit between Buzo and Cuchillo, but at least she could see them and wave at them, and she was so excited that she didn't care where she sat. She was so excited that she did not notice how handsome, recklessly handsome, Cuchillo looked, and how pale, quiet and reserved was Buzo.

It was Kittywinks' first bullfight, but she had been well trained. She knew what to look for. She had been told by persons whom she trusted that the death of old, worn-out horses in the bull ring was neither more nor less merciful than the death of old horses in city pounds, and far less cruel than the moving of frightened, suffering cattle through winter blizzards to great slaughterhouses.

There had been a blowing of trumpets. Two equestrian portraits by Velasquez had come to life and galloped across the ring, and had received from the president the great gold key of the bull pen and galloped off with it. There had been a marvelous procession of men on foot and on horseback, dressed in gold and silver and pure color. Marching out of the cavelike shadow of a gate, the procession when it came into the sunlight of the ring had seemed to catch fire and burn with a great glory.

But there was no longer any sunlight in the ring. The blue shadow had gradually pushed it out. Three bulls and six horses had bitten the dust, and a team of smart mules in gay harness had galloped off with the bodies.

Kittywinks looked toward Buzo and

VOTED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE ARTS

by John Barrymore

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

MISS JULIA EVANS, *of St. Louis, Missouri, chosen from among Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the most beautiful woman in the arts. She is photographed here with the famous Benda masks.*

"BEWILDERING"—the judges found their task when it came to choosing the most beautiful woman in the arts among users of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Every type, every locality, seemed to be represented. There was a slim little golden-haired dancer from California. There was a curly-haired art student from Kansas City—a tall young sculptress from Connecticut—and out of San Antonio, Texas, came the lovely laughing face of a singer of Spanish folk songs.

From hundreds of entrants the judges chose Miss Julia Evans, a young dramatic student of St. Louis.

★

Her beauty is very distinguished, very individual:—long lovely lines that give her most unconscious attitudes a wonderful plastic grace; a slightly husky contralto voice full of haunting undertones and overtones; a face as beautifully modeled as a statue's, but warm with color and life.

She is a member of "The Players" of St. Louis and has played in various amateur productions. She is "serious" about the stage and hopes to act professionally some day.

When asked about her lovely skin—fair, warm in color, as if the sun had given it just a hint of the gold that is in her hair and in her voice—Miss Evans said that she had used Woodbury's for years, and that she found it matchless for keeping her skin in good condition.

"I know Woodbury's must be absolutely pure, for while other soaps have a tendency to irritate my skin, Woodbury's has just the opposite effect. It gives it an almost velvety softness."

FROM all over the country their letters come to us—letters from the beautiful girls and women of every community—telling how Woodbury's Facial Soap has benefited their skin. Only a few of their photographs can be printed in this series—only an indication of the thousands of women whom Woodbury's has helped to gain and keep a fresh, clear, flawless complexion. Get a cake of this wonderful soap today and see how much it will do for *your* skin!

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John Barrymore

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Cuchillo. Buzo, white as death, was looking straight ahead of him at—nothing. She noticed it now, and wondered what was the matter with him. But she caught Cuchillo's eye, and he shook his handsome head at her and managed to convey the opinion that what she had seen so far hardly did justice to the best traditions of bulls and bullfighting.

Then the trumpet sounded for the fourth bull.

It was Manuel Romero's second bull, and he had trouble with it. It was by turns vicious and lackadaisical. It would charge and it wouldn't charge. It was afraid of the horses.

The dragging fight entered its last phase. Manuel Romero, a red cloth in his left hand and a bright sword in his right, was alone with the bull.

Upon the precise miscalculation which immediately followed, opinions differed. Kittywinks knew only that Romero went suddenly up into the air and came down heavily on his back, and that the bull began to push and roll him with its horns.

NATURALLY, nobody was watching Cuchillo and nobody saw him jump. He simply appeared and dragged a red cloth under the bull's nose, and got all its vicious attention for himself.

Cuchillo, his hair smooth and shining like patent leather, succeeded in making one beautiful pass. He looked like some gleaming young god of the hills and forests and streams. And then he too was caught and tossed, and fell in a pitiful crumpled heap.

The crowd was in a frenzy of anguish and pity and excitement. But they were to have a still greater thrill that day. And Buzo, the Diver of the Cave, was to supply it. He too had buttoned a red cloth under his coat. And before the regulars of the ring could reach the bull, Buzo reached it, and on his way picked up Romero's gleaming sword.

And there followed a piece of infighting so swift, so cool, so proud, so furious that the crowd went wild.

The regulars dared not interfere. They were afraid of imperiling Buzo; they were afraid of the crowd, and to give them credit, they had no sincere wish to go near that particular bull or to spoil a drama which, though illegal, was superb.

The bull which had behaved so trickily for Romero and Cuchillo behaved beautifully for Buzo. With every charge and pass, the crowd shouted its rhythmic *"Ole!"* The shouts became crashes. And then suddenly there was a stillness as of death. The bull had come to rest with its head down and its forefeet close together. And Buzo also had come to rest, his left shoulder toward the bull, his feet close together and the gleaming sword held at the level of his eyes.

Under the straw-colored hair, his blue eyes gleamed like agates. His glance was half calculation and half fury. Then he lunged.

Between the bull's shoulders the sword buried itself to the hilt. The bull went down as if struck by lightning.

Buzo helped to carry Cuchillo to the surgery. The policeman who should have dragged him off to jail, saluted him as he passed. It was the will of the people, of these cold-blooded, critical Basques, who for once had a darling.

Kittywinks was sobbing as if her heart had broken.

"Let's go! let's go!" said the Ambassador.

But Kittywinks would not stir until the doctors had sent word from the surgery that both Romero and Cuchillo, though "gravely hurt," would live.

They had a week of Paris and a week of London. Then five days of an Atlantic which was not at its best, and then New York.

They no longer called him Buzo but Bryant. They not only called him Bryant, but made him talk English, and made him discard the picturesque short jacket of Andalusia for something much less provocative to American eyes.

Bryant's English became glib. He had bought a Spanish textbook, "How to Speak English in Forty Lessons," and was continually referring to it, and correcting his pretty cousin's errors in grammar.

The Atlantic crossing had been swift. New York rose out of the haze. It looked like a city built on a mountain.

Leaning on a rail as far forward as passengers were allowed to go, Kittywinks beside him in a brand-new mink coat, Bryant felt a sudden deep emotion.

He had been going he knew not where or why. Spain had ceased to be a reality. It had become a dream. During that Atlantic voyage he had become as a creature held between two worlds, neither of which existed.

But the astounding sky line of lower New York shook him into a state of acute consciousness. His heart leaped with American blood, and at the same instant all the cobwebs were swept aside, and Spain, his foster mother, became real again, and dear. Kittywinks spoke.

"It was an idiotic thing to do," she said. "He was just showing off."

Bryant knew that she was referring to Cuchillo. Hitherto she had refused to discuss the affair.

"How about me?" he said.

"You? You jumped in to save him, and once you were in you had to stay. Nobody ever suggested that you were showing off—*were* you?"

"Not when I jumped. Afterward, when I realized that that bull had been especially made for me—perhaps. I don't know. I thought that Cuchillo was dead, and was very angry with him, and very angry with the bull."

"I had an awful mash on Cuchillo," said Kittywinks, "but when he pulled his great show-off act he finished all that."

"He loved you with all his heart," said Bryant, "and he thought, 'How is the poor gypsy to make an impression on the American princess?' And he chose the way he chose, and if he hadn't twisted his ankle in jumping, the bull would never have touched him, and you would have seen a great show."

"So that was why he got caught?"

"That was why."

"That was hard luck."

"When I said good-by to him, he could hardly look at me. 'I made a fool of myself,' he said. 'The whole world is laughing at Astron's brother.' I said, 'You will have a real chance next season, and they will stop laughing.' He said, 'If I die, it won't be of this wound. That is nothing. It will be of shame.' I said, 'You are not going to die. You are going to be a great bull-killer, and very rich.'"

"Did he say anything about me?"

"A lot."

"Why wouldn't he let me come to the hospital to see him and say good-by?"

"Because, I tell you, he was ashamed of what he had done. I think that he will never try to see you again. Gypsies are like that."

"Are you like that?"

"A little. But then I am only a little gypsy. They rubbed a drop or two of Cuchillo's blood into my arm."

It was late autumn in America, and all that Kittywinks had said about the trees turning scarlet and gold and sunset colors proved to be true. Over everything was a haze of pale gold.

Reporters met them at the dock. Collender was an international figure in the world of architecture, and whatever he could be induced to say about art or politics was considered news. But the reporters were also there to interview Bryant.

His story had leaked out somehow, had crossed the ocean ahead of him, and had been told with huge exaggerations and big headlines and faked photographs.

Collender did what he could to shield the boy from his tormentors, but in vain. They were too subtle for him, and in some cases too charming.

At first Bryant's hot blood rose and he was inclined to be angry; but amusement got the better of him.

They asked him if he was glad to be back in God's country, and he said that he was very glad and that he was amazed at its size. Many similar questions were easy to answer. But others were not easy. Was it true that he had saved his cousin, Miss Collender, from a mad bull, and that they were engaged to be married?

But Kittywinks came to the rescue.

She said that it was all perfectly true with a few trifling exceptions. The bull wasn't mad in the first place, and in the second place it wasn't a bull. They were engaged, yes, but not to be married. They were engaged in getting their things through the customs, and they were being cruelly interrupted.

"Why," she said, "don't you take some pictures of him and let him off?"

So Bryant and Kittywinks were "shot" half a dozen times. Then they shook hands with all the reporters, and fought their way back to Collender and the luggage.

There was a long drive in a taxicab through deep canyons, of which the cliff-like sides were the façades of tall buildings. Even if Bryant had remembered accurately and completely the New York of his childhood, the city would have seemed fantastically strange to him. The changes had been so swift and astounding that no human mind could possibly keep track of them. But he recognized the elevated road, and cried out with a kind of childish glee, as if he had come across an old friend.

At a station of the elevated road Collender left them, and Bryant noticed that over the suave, easy-going cosmopolitan cousin of San Sebastián and London a change had come. He had changed suddenly into an American, a man for whom there is only one important crumb of time and that the present moment.

"Got to get to the office," Collender explained hurriedly. "Work piled up. Partners sore. Been away too long. Give driver good tip. Won't be home to dinner. Better take Bryant to a good show!"

HE SWUNG away with a speed and length of stride which were brand-new in Bryant's experience of him.

"In America," Kittywinks explained, "it's the early bird that catches the worm." A moment later she said: "Isn't it wonderful?"

And Bryant answered: "Wonderful! Wonderful!"

And it was wonderful.

The streets became richer and more crowded and more brilliant. And then much richer and much more brilliant and less crowded. They were on their way up Park Avenue.

It was not through architecture that Collender had made his great fortune, but through an inspired vision of that avenue's destiny. Upon a corner of it he had built himself a beautiful house.

"Here we are," said Kittywinks. "Me for a hot tub."

But before she had the tub, she telephoned to an agency and ordered two

Piquante — Vivacious — Chic

MRS GIFFORD PINCHOT II

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"The Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing is the best I have found anywhere. The dainty Cleansing Tissues are the perfect way to remove cold cream. The perfumed Freshener tones and firms the skin, and the delicious Vanishing Cream keeps your skin like velvet. In all the world nothing is finer or purer than Pond's four delightful preparations!"

WOMEN OF ELEGANCE in every land follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

DURING THE DAY—First, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils penetrate every pore. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are softer, more absorbent—a saving of laundry and towels.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, tone and firm, preserve youthful contours.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

Beautiful MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT II, *nee Janine Voisin of Paris, is the bride of the young scientist-sportsman of this famous American family. A radiant "October blonde," her golden hair and brown eyes contrast with her fair skin. Imagine this lovely coloring set off by this Russian evening coat of crimson velvet richly embroidered in gold!*

(left) *On her Florida honeymoon, this young Parisian discovered the delights of deep-sea fishing.*

•

(right) *Pond's four delightful preparations—famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream, and fragrant Skin Freshener to banish oiliness.*

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tickets for a revue, and telephoned to some friends, and asked them for supper after the show.

"I've brought a live bullfighter home with me," she explained, "and he's a peach, even if he is my cousin."

Also she telephoned to her father at his office. "Everything o.k.?" she asked.

"Perfect mess of things to do quick," he answered. "Got to go to California day after tomorrow. Good chance for Bryant to see the country. Cheerio."

Dearest Mother (so Bryant wrote to Perfección, in the knowledge that Mosca would read the letter to her), I write with my arm around your waist and my cheek against yours.

By this time you have had the letter telling about our arrival in New York, and I would have written on the train to tell about our trip to California if I had not kept putting the matter off, so that there would be more to tell.

We waked one morning to find ourselves among mountains set with sparkling trees and leaping rivers. Nearly all day we ran steadily downhill until we came to rich levels of fruit trees, and pastures set at intervals with such oak trees as are to be seen between Avila and Segovia.

And then we came at last to the far Pacific Ocean and the beautiful city of San Francisco. It is built upon steep hills that overlook a vast harbor which resembles that of Vigo in Galicia as one *duro* resembles another.

We have rooms high up in the St. Francis Hotel. There are vast views of the city and of the harbor; but I choose oftenest to look straight down on a little green park, where tired people stretch themselves on the grass and sleep.

By these people, doing just what they please, without interference, I am reminded of Spain and of the Spaniards and of us gypsies.

I had imagined that among Americans there was more freedom than among Spaniards; but that is not true. Here nearly everything is regulated by law. And there are so many laws that no living person knows all of them. This has been a disappointment. And at times I have a great longing to be a little boy again, going somewhere or other in our old wagon, scampering over the hills with Mosca and Cuchillo, and sleeping among the thick stars.

Sometimes I think that it is a pity that we became prosperous. If I had not been picked up by the roots like a cabbage and brought over here, I could have been content with so little. I was a true Spaniard. But that is all changed.

My cousin, the Señor Collender, is not contented. None of his friends are contented, though many of them are conceited and self-satisfied. Something is driving them all and they do not know what or where.

Another day. We have been staying with some rich people in a beautiful country called San Mateo. For the first time in my life I played tennis. It was great fun and I did not do too badly. And we danced all night.

There were some beautiful friendly girls at the dance, but I prefer my own little cousin. You might think at first that she was gay and lacking in heart; but she keeps her brain busy with thoughts of what will give pleasure to others. That is why she has friends everywhere.

California was once a province of Spain, and Monterey was the capital. There are still many Spaniards here, and it is sweet to hear Spanish spoken. The conquering race has kept the names which the Spaniards gave to cities and mountains, and imitates the homes which they built, and apes a little some of their manners and customs. It seems that when California was Spanish there was a golden age on earth.

He finished the letter another day with a whole paragraph of loving messages to Domingo, Mosca, Estrella, Concepción, Bastante, Cuchillo and Astron, and then, having done his duty, he surrendered to the crowds of young people who were coming in by every train for the Christmas holidays.

With these young people Bryant became popular at once. He was good at games, and he rode and danced, thanks to his gypsy training, much better than any of them. In addition, he was modest, natural, kind and full of enthusiasm.

"Do you know, Father," said Kittywinks, "I think Bryant's caught on. I think that we've sold America to him."

"What makes you think that?"

"Last night at the grill that French boy who's stopping at the Carruthers' got outside of one too many drinks with gin in them, and said that Bryant was nothing but a miserable Spanish fortune hunter. Bryant said that anyone who married a girl for her money was a cur, and that anybody who called him a cur would either have to step out into the garden with him or apologize.

"Frenchy preferred to step out into the garden—give him that credit—and after a little while Bryant came back alone, looking a little like a cat who's just swallowed a canary."

"Did he beat him up badly?"

"I don't think so. I saw the French boy this morning, and there were no marks on his face. I have an idea that Bryant spanked him. He could, you know. He's made of steel and lightning."

"Tell me, Kit, is it the general notion that Bryant is a fortune hunter? Doesn't everybody know that he's a long-lost cousin, and that he's got some years of hard work ahead of him before he thinks of marrying anybody?"

"I don't see what difference it makes who has the money," said Kittywinks.

"It shouldn't make any difference," said her father, "but it does. Seriously, Kit, I've had the feeling lately that you and Bryant are almost too fond of each other. How about it?"

"Bryant's never said so."

"Have you?"

"Not to Bryant."

"But you say so to me?"

"If you really want to know, Father, he's the sweetest and best and cleanest boy in the whole world, and the most talented, and if I wasn't crazy about him, I'd be a freak. When he goes back to Spain, I'll just about die."

"What does he say about going back?"

"He thinks that he ought to go early in the spring."

"Is it to be bullfighting or painting?"

"Painting."

"Spain will lose a great matador."

"Bryant says not. He says he realized that time in San Sebastián that he could never be any good unless his blood was up. He says that only a Spaniard or a gypsy has enough nerve to fight cold and give a good show. You see, when Bryant jumped into the ring, he was so angry first with Cuchillo and then with the bull for hurting Cuchillo that it wasn't a fair test. He was carried away."

"There may be something in that. Anyway, I'm glad he's decided for art."

"But it would have been fun to have a famous bullfighter in the family. And he would look *too* beautiful in blue and gold."

The fact that he had been called a fortune hunter rankled in Bryant's heart. In Spain he had formed no ideas or ideals about the disparity of fortunes of two people who loved each other. It enraged him that people should think that he had designs upon his cousin, and something of the fine easy naturalness which had distinguished their relationship was lost. And it is probable that at this time Bryant stopped altogether being a boy and became a man.

He went often into brown studies during which he thought seriously about life and love and death and art, and making the world in which he lived a better place to live in. But just which part of the world he was going to live in he did not know.

It could not now be altogether Spain, he knew that, and he did not believe that it could be altogether America.

The people on the end of the pier began to wave handkerchiefs so that it looked as if a great flock of doves were taking flight. But Bryant was unable to note this effect, because his eyes had filled suddenly with tears. He would not have believed that it was possible to be so unhappy, to feel so abandoned, so forlorn, so lacking in courage.

All the way down in the taxi through the noisy streets, it was he who had preached the doctrine of patience and courage, and Kittywinks who had despaired.

But when all those who were not passengers had been herded ashore, it was Kittywinks who at the head of the gangplank had suddenly turned steadfast, and he who had felt that nothing again ever was going to be right in the world. To the last moment, she had looked brave and confident and smiling.

He did not remain on deck to see the last of New York, but went to his cabin and tried to think everything out from the most pessimistic point of view possible.

Within the year he might expect to hear of Kittywinks' engagement and marriage to somebody else. It was true that she was engaged to him at the moment. But all that he had seen of America had led him to believe that the engagements of pretty American girls meant absolutely nothing. How long would it be before he would be able to support a wife? Even if in record time he became a great artist, he might not even then be able to support a wife. Great artists sometimes starve.

He continued in such trains of thought through infinite ramifications.

Then his steamer trunk, not yet tucked away under the berth, slid slowly toward one end of the stateroom.

"Hum," he thought; "we've passed Sandy Hook. It will be lunch time in about five minutes. As Father Domingo would say, 'Upon that person who can still think jovially of his stomach no real disaster has fallen.'"

And he smoothed his hair, readjusted his necktie and to the sound of a banging gong reached the door of the main dining saloon.

Three days later, to a letter which was already long he added:

As I told you, my heart's darling, the despair and the doubt passed, and I determined that instead of being a tragic and pathetic figure with a broken heart, I would become a "go-getter."

So I set up my easel in front of everybody and upon a good sheet of white Michallet began to draw

"it is natural for me . . a skin specialist . . to be an advocate of yeast". . .

DR. PAUL GASTOU OF PARIS

Well-known dermatologist; Chief of the General Laboratory of the Hospitals of the Right Bank of the Seine; former Chief of Clinic of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. He has performed important medical missions for his government in Servia, Algeria, Western Africa and the Soudan. He says:

"That great skin specialist, Brocq, proved the value of yeast in skin troubles. So, it is natural for me to be an advocate of yeast. Yeast cleanses the intestine, checks the poisons. It is useful alike for the girl who wants to avoid pimples and for the man with an overworked digestive system."

AT the famous Hospital of St. Louis, in Paris, is Dr. Paul Gastou. A brilliant dermatologist, honored by medical societies throughout the world. What he says is a reflection of the highest opinion in his field.

. . .

The unhealthy complexion, like poor digestion, bad breath, headaches, "nerves," is usually a symptom of faulty elimination—of food wastes held too long in the body.

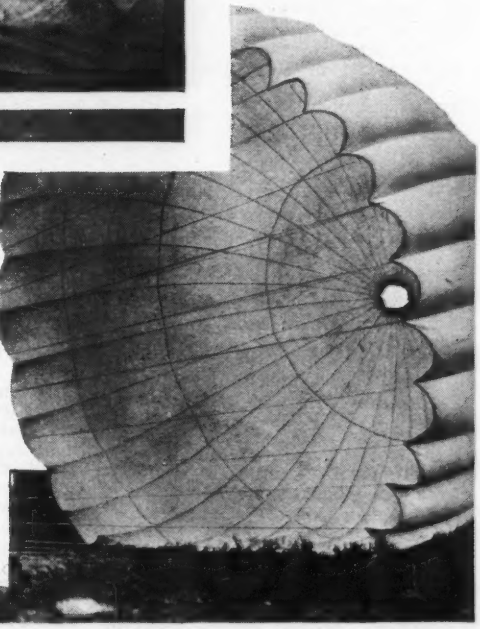
Fresh yeast—that great natural corrective food—floods your intestinal tract with millions of *active* yeast plants. Gently they stimulate sluggish intestines, purify your whole system. Constipation gradually gives way. Healthy digestion is restored. Pimples and boils disappear.

Here is the easy way to vigor and health—clear-skinned, abundant, fresh—which world-famous doctors advocate. Start today to discover what Fleischmann's Yeast will do for *you!*

"Long hours in a plane . . . a sluggish system . . . complexion troubles set in"

"I AM TRAINING for an endurance flight," writes Edna Campbell Ferguson of Oceanside, Long Island. "Long hours in a plane made my system sluggish. Complexion troubles set in . . . The wife of a doctor friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It corrected my sluggishness and cleared my skin."

(At left) *Miss Ferguson as she touched the ground after parachute jump*



(Left)

"I LEARNED TO SWIM when I was eight," writes Frank E. Wilk of Cleveland. "Later I took up football, baseball and boxing. During my athletic training I broke out with pimples and painful boils. My trainer, who has had a lifetime of experience, gave me Fleischmann's Yeast. I was soon completely rid of both pimples and boils."

(Right)

EAT 3 CAKES DAILY of Fleischmann's Yeast, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can drink pleasantly. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. For free booklet write Health Research Dept. K-80, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

EAT YEAST CAKES EVERY DAY
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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
BEFORE OR BETWEEN MEALS FOR HEALTH

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with charcoal, using only the point. I placed the easel so that the bows of the ship, the forward mast with its cargo boom, various ventilators and pieces of deck cargo made a fine arrangement.

Presently came a little old man with a beard. "May I watch you?" he said.

"Certainly," said I, and went on drawing.

I drew for more than two hours and all the time the little old man watched me. When he saw that I was going to stop he said: "That is going to be very fine. I should like to buy it when it is finished."

"I should be glad to sell it to you," said the go-getter.

"How much?" he asked.

"A hundred dollars," said the go-getter, and shuddered for fear he was going to be laughed at.

"Cheap enough," said the old man, and the go-getter drew a big sigh of wonder and relief.

"Got any others I could see?"

"A whole portfolio."

"When can I see 'em?"

"Now." And the go-getter showed his victim the way to his cabin and got out all the drawings that he had made in America and showed them to the little old man. And presently this one said:

"How much for the lot?"

And although the go-getter was sick with trepidation, he said in a bold voice: "A thousand dollars."

The little old man didn't even scream aloud. He simply reached into a little inner pocket and brought out a king's ransom with a rubber band around it. Then and there he paid me for everything, even for the one that was yet to be finished. Then he said:

"I'm betting on you. I'm Pat Shreedy and mostly I bet against this and that. That's my business. Art is my hobby."

Eleven hundred dollars, my darling! Five thousand five hundred pesetas!

Are you proud? Tell your father that at this rate he will not be able to keep us apart long. Tell him also that I love him . . .

IT WAS Easter Week and the bullfighting season was about to open. All the Del Antros had descended or were descending upon Astron in Seville, filling his house to overflowing. But there was room for Bryant. And there would be room for Estrella and her maid when they arrived from Paris.

Cuchillo met Bryant at the station in a fine automobile of American make and drove him triumphantly home, and never once stopped honking his horn.

"We are all together again, brother," Cuchillo explained, "except Estrella and Bastante. Bastante has gone back to that smithy in San Sebastián. Why he wants to be a blacksmith nobody knows, except that the master of the forge has a daughter. Estrella arrives tomorrow morning. She is a great lady now. They say that she can cover herself with diamonds from head to foot. She has a French maid and never writes letters, always telegraphs.

"Mother Perfección is half dead of excitement at your arrival. Astron and Concha have a new baby—another little matador. Mosca thinks that she is in love, but that will pass. Astron and I are both engaged for the whole week. I have lived down the episode at San Sebastián, and hope to do well.

"As for Father Domingo, he takes credit for everything. He so struts and puffs that it is a wonder he does not burst his chest open and break his legs.

"But are you hungry, brother, and thirsty, and do your feet tingle? Those who are assembled to greet you are going without food or drink or music until you arrive."

And then suddenly he asked: "And how is the little Señorita, brother?"

"She is well."

"Do you love her?"

"Yes, brother."

"That is well, brother. I am all cured of that; shame cured me. And besides, it could never have come to anything."

"With me," said Bryant, "it will simply have to come to something. But she is rich, brother, and I am poor."

"Brother," said Cuchillo, "I have dreamed two times that you bought a whole ticket in the Christmas lottery and drew the big prize."

"But you have only dreamed that twice," said Bryant.

"But if I dream it three times it will be a fact."

"BUT where will I dig up two thousand pesetas to buy a ticket?"

"Something tells me that you are laughing up your sleeve, brother. Something tells me you have money in your pocket. In fact I can smell it."

"You have smelled truth," said Bryant, "and I will keep back the price of the ticket in case you should dream for the third time."

Thus chatting and continually sounding the horn of the automobile, they arrived in front of Astron's house and, abandoning Bryant's luggage, rushed through the open archway into the thickly populated and floriferous patio.

All those who were in the patio saw Bryant at the same moment, but it seemed as if Perfección must have seen him first, for she was the first to get him in her arms and kiss his cheeks. And she kept this up until Domingo could not bear to be kept waiting any longer.

"It is this person's turn for kisses and embraces!" he cried.

When Domingo had satisfied himself that his adopted son was sound in wind and in his limbs and in his affections, he raised a hand for attention and made a speech.

"Señors," he said, "and Señoras, Muchachos and Señoritas—it has been observed by this person in holy places that the stone toes of holy images are sometimes worn away by too many kisses. But in the case of the rosy cheeks of beloved sons returning to old fathers after long absences in far countries, this is not true.

"Therefore, Señors and Muchachos, but more especially Señoras and most especially of all Señoritas, this person now turns over the further welcoming of this wanderer to you."

Thereupon Bryant was hugged and kissed by all present. Nobody wished to be left out. Pretty girls whom he had never seen before clasped him in slender arms that were like bands of iron, and kissed him ardently.

There was laughter and shouting, and beautiful crimson blushings and flashings of eyes. Guitars began to talk, and wine to pass.

A few strong voices struck up a gypsy song of welcome—a song which some said was as old as the hills, and which others said was older. Other voices joined in, the rich voices of women and the shrill piping voices of children. But above this strong, sweet, fiery, tuneful singing could be heard the voice of Domingo bawling to the servants: "Never mind the glasses! Bring more wine! . . ."

. . . I am staying on with Astron and his family for a few days, and then to work with Don Roberto. He is all for Galicia this season to paint Galician types and granite farmhouses and granite barns.

The great week of bullfighting is over, thank heaven. Astron and Cuchillo are covered with glory.

Estrella blew in from Paris and was a great show for a few days—diamonds and golden pearls to go with her gypsy skin, and exquisite French frocks and stockings and shoes.

She was very gay at first and danced for us and sang, and when she appeared the crowds went wild.

José de Granada is the new fighter—not so classic as my brother, but immensely brave and original. He shared honors with them, and it was obvious that Estrella was falling in love with him.

One day she gave me a marquise diamond in a ring. "That, little brother," she said, "is for your heart's darling."

She gave pearls and diamonds to all of us. You might have thought she was going into a convent.

"Why are you doing this, Estrella?" asked Domingo.

There were a lot of us in the patio and she might have felt embarrassed to answer. But she didn't.

"I am doing it," she said, "because José says that he will never marry a woman who has more than he has."

It seems that she is sick of glory and adulation, and longs to be a gypsy once more.

It is so also with Domingo and Perfección: they have bought a wagon and are moving north by slow stages. We are all scattered—Cuchillo to fight in Catalonia; Estrella to follow José from fight to fight, taking Mosca with her; Bastante in the north. Only Astron and Concha and their babies and I remain.

Astron is almost too good to be true. He is generous, just, kind and beautiful. He has never looked at any woman but Concha.

I am happy to be with them, but homesick to be with my darling.

Cuchillo has dreamed twice that I am to win the Christmas lottery; if he dreams it again I shall have to buy a ticket.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a great sum of money like that? It would mean you.

Tomorrow night I go to Madrid to remain two days, and thence with Don Roberto to Vigo.

Vigo is two hundred miles nearer to my darling than any other port in Europe. If the great Charles had made it his capital instead of Madrid, Spain, I think, might still be the greatest power on the continent.

Pearl of my life, which would you rather be—the greatest power on a continent or the proudest person and the sweetest?

While he was in Madrid Bryant found time to call on the American Ambassador.

That gentleman was in a somewhat reminiscent and sad frame of mind. His days in Spain were drawing to an end, and he was composing his mind to face the restlessness of American life.

"Every man who goes from one country to another," he told Bryant, "is an ambassador. When I leave Madrid I shall have no official position, but many Spaniards feel that I am going as an ambassador from their country to my own. I shall tell the truth about Spain and nobody will believe me."

The Ambassador rose and held out his

Will tooth paste buy an inner tube? *Why not?*

Intelligent people, delighted with the results of Listerine Tooth Paste and its price of 25c, use it and accomplish an approximate saving of $3 a year. $3 will buy many things—an inner tube is merely a suggestion.

Clean, white teeth
in a few brushings

SURVEYS show that Listerine Tooth Paste is a favorite not only in average American homes, but in those of the wealthy. This is not at all curious.

People are won to this modern dentifrice because it definitely improves the appearance of teeth and betters the health of the entire oral tract. The fact that it retails for 25 cents does not seem to be a factor.

You will be simply delighted to see how swiftly and how gently this tooth paste brightens teeth, —even grayish or yellowish ones. And how thoroughly it erases tiny deposits and discolorations. So little brushing is necessary, too!

• Moreover, it gives the mouth a delightful feeling of exhilaration such as you associate with antiseptic Listerine itself.

Listerine Tooth Paste represents our ideal of a tooth paste after a study of oral hygiene covering a period of nearly 40 years. That it is also the public's ideal is reflected in the fact that it now maintains a commanding position in the tooth paste field. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

hand. "Good luck to you, Bryant," he said, "and good-by. When you're in America look me up, and don't forget that I'm a good salesman."

"I won't forget," said Bryant, "and when you see my cousins, will you give them my love, and tell them that I had a beautiful time in America, and that I miss them terribly?"

"Both of them?"

"More especially Kittywinks," said Bryant, blushing.

But with Don Roberto, Bryant was franker. He told him the whole story.

"I don't know why she likes me," he said, "but nobody could help being in love with her. The Señor Collender was very kind and understanding. He didn't say yes and he didn't say no.

"'You go back to Don Roberto,' he said, 'and learn to paint. When you are able to make a good living—why, then, if you and Kit still feel the same way toward each other, it might be worth your while to take a chance on matrimony.' He promised that for every dollar I could put into the firm he'd put in a dollar."

"And what did the Señorita Kittywinks say to all this?"

"She said that she knew the advice was good because the idea of following it was so exceedingly painful, and I felt the same way."

CERTAIN families of gypsies were summering in Galicia, so models were easily had. And Bryant at last went seriously to work.

Don Roberto had a farmhouse which stood on a hill in the midst of vineyards and overlooked the vast harbor of Vigo. A big studio window had been let into the north end of the barn, and when easels and canvases and colors had been unpacked the business of painting and learning to paint became the inflexible center about which the lives and thoughts of the master and the pupil revolved.

Bryant no longer philandered with Art. He kept the hours of a day laborer, and worked with all his keen young intelligence. But it was not all painting.

"There has never been a great artist," said Don Roberto, "who could only draw and paint. A great artist is able to model clay, to carve wood, to etch, to make patterns and designs, to lay on gold leaf and mend the leak in his roof. He must be able to do all these things beautifully, and many others besides."

And so Bryant had many works going on at the same time: charcoal drawings of gypsies stripped to the buff, portraits in oil of gypsies, the model of a Galician fishing boat in soft buttery pine, a wire rat-trap on a design submitted by Don Roberto and landscapes in water color.

What Don Roberto preached he also practiced, and the tasks which he set himself were no less varied than Bryant's.

He carpentered, and designed costumes. He made scenes for a toy theater. He had an ivory billiard ball and every day carved upon it at least one tragic or comic mask.

Bryant's letter to Kittywinks was full of the gorgeous passages of life in Galicia, but not long after he wrote another letter in a different key.

Dear Heart:

My brother Cuchillo is dead.

He received his hurt in the old ring at Ronda. He was caught by a cowardly fool bull. Those are the dangerous ones. Doctor Segovia flew to Ronda by airplane and operated. But the hurt was too dreadful, and he lived only a few days.

A telegram came to me in the middle of the night, and I caught the early morning train to Madrid, and by incessant travel reached Ronda in time to see him and speak with him a little. Astron was there, too; but Domingo and Perfección, caravaning in the mountains, could not be reached by telegraph. But by now rumor will have reached them.

And I just can't bear to think about them at all.

It seems that Cuchillo had undertaken to be a whole afternoon's entertainment—to kill all six bulls himself.

He killed five magnificently—and the sixth killed him.

When I went into the little whitewashed room where he was lying, I thought that he was dead. But Astron, who hadn't slept for forty-eight hours, shook his head in answer to the expression on my face. Then he whispered that Cuchillo was still alive, but that he could not get well.

"He knows he is going to die," Astron said, "and regrets nothing and fears nothing. There is nothing that we can do but wait. And we must try to wait as bravely as he is waiting. It would distress him to see that you have tears in your eyes."

It began to get dark and then Cuchillo woke. At first he did not see me. He asked if any word had come from his father and mother. And when Astron said that no word had come, he said: "It is just as well, because it is easier to hear that a thing has happened than to see it happen. They are probably in some wild mountains . . . I have just had a dream about Buzo. And I will tell it to you so that you may tell it to him."

Then Astron said: "Turn your head a little and you will see Buzo. He has come all the way from Vigo."

Cuchillo smiled at me in such a way that my heart almost broke, and called me his darling little brotherkin, and held both my hands in his with surprising strength.

Then he said: "How I thank you for coming! How much! How eternally! But listen, rascal, you must buy that ticket after all, because for the third time in a dream I have seen you win the Christmas lottery. You will buy a ticket? A whole one? You promise?"

I promised.

Then he smiled and said: "People will wonder how you made your money, and you will tell them that when opportunity knocked at your door a wise brother that you once had told you to open it."

Then of a sudden he said: "I am tired, miserably tired," and dropped off into another sleep.

After a while Astron said: "I should buy that ticket if I were you."

"Of course I'll buy it. I've promised. But as for winning!"

"Don't be too sure. So many things that have been dreamed three times have come true!"

Then we talked a long time in hushed voices about famous deaths in the bull ring and about old days. But Astron seldom looked my way. He kept his eyes on Cuchillo.

It became pitch-dark. The nurse came in with candles. Cuchillo was still sleeping.

"Has he seen a priest?"

"Oh, yes. And his sins, of which he had very few, have been forgiven. He will enter into Paradise without question."

Half an hour later, Astron suddenly knelt by Cuchillo's bed and began to sob. I did the same.

I don't know at what precise moment Cuchillo's sleep changed from the one kind to the other.

On the way to the station, *aficionados* of the ring, old fighters, women in mantillas, children, took the horses from the hearse and carried Cuchillo on their shoulders.

I think that I shall never go back to Ronda; and yet it is so beautiful that even the imagination could not make a more beautiful city. Some people have seen ghosts and some have seen egrets and sea foam; but those who have not seen Ronda by moonlight have never seen anything that is really white . . .

Bryant wished to have an exhibition of his pictures in the late autumn, but Don Roberto vetoed the proposal. It was his decision to winter in Tangiers, and as Bryant had grave doubts of being able to buy a ticket for the Christmas lottery in the wonderful old pirate city, he left the money he had saved for that purpose with a friend in Madrid.

December was little more than middle-aged when Bryant received a letter from the friend. The letter gave the number of the ticket which had been bought, and wished him luck.

"So," said Don Roberto, "that is the way you young fellows save your money to get married! I have bought hundreds of lottery tickets and I am just as much poorer as the cost of those tickets."

"But you don't think I did it because I thought it was a sensible thing to do, do you? I did it because I promised Cuchillo that I would. And after all, lots of people win their money back."

"And what," said Don Roberto, "would you do if you won the big prize? You would be two or three times a millionaire in American dollars. Very likely you would think yourself a great man. You would give up painting portraits yourself, and you would have your own portrait painted by the most expensive masters. I myself shall hope for a commission. I vision you lolling in front of a bank, with a monstrous Havana cigar between your teeth, an incredible diamond on your hand, and above your ears nothing—absolutely nothing."

"It would be Spanish money," said Bryant, "which came to me because Spain is. I should spend it in Spain. I know a village with a Gothic castle restored in the best days of the Renaissance. The village is surrounded by an immense level region which would blossom like a garden if it had water.

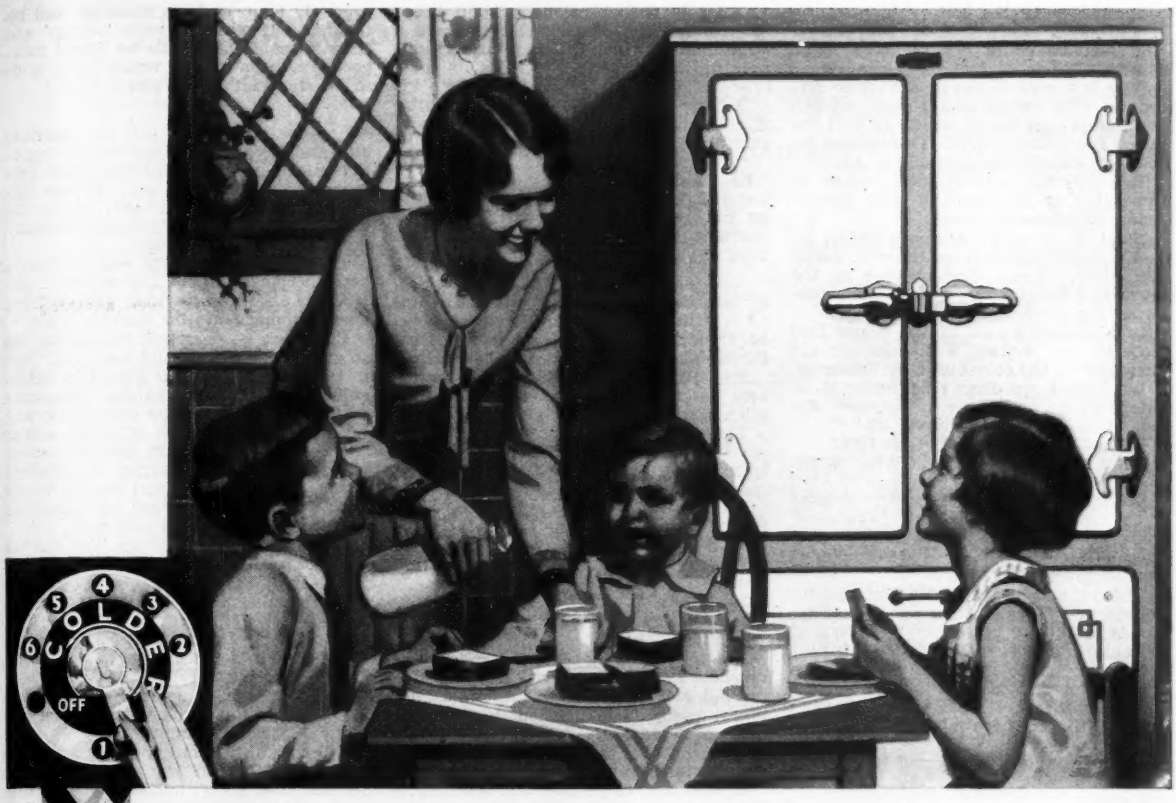
"I would buy that village and castle and bring the water that was needed from the mountains. And I would make my village the happiest and most beautiful in the world. And Kit and I would spend half the year there and the other half in America."

"Almost," said Don Roberto, "you make me hope that you will win the prize."

AND, sure enough, Bryant did win it. He will not soon forget, if ever, how one morning the newspaper with a list of the winning numbers was brought in, and how because he was busy laying in a background, he did not look at it.

He remembers that he painted till luncheon, washed his hands, ate his luncheon and was just going back to work when he happened to see the newspaper lying across a chair, picked it up, opened it and perceived that the entire front page was devoted to the lottery.

Then he perceived that the long procession of figures which had won the big prize had a familiar look, and he began to hunt about with a certain nervousness for the letter from the friend in Madrid. He had never committed his



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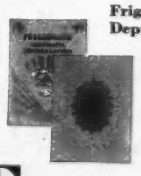

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own number in the lottery to memory. It was much too long to learn by heart. And now he could not find the letter from his friend.

Why in the devil was he always so disorderly with letters and papers, all but the letters and cables which he had received from Kittywinks? Orderliness, he told himself, is the brother of Art.

The winning number now looked so familiar that he began to feel that it really might be his own.

Then in a pocket through which he had already hunted three times he found the letter. Yes. The number in the letter and the famous one in the newspaper appeared to be the same.

In a shaded loggia of the house Don Roberto was writing a treatise on the chemistry of the colors used by Velasquez.

He looked up from his business of composition, and gave a startled exclamation. "Have you been hurt?"

Bryant could only shake his head.

"You look like a corpse. What is the matter?"

With a shaking finger Bryant pointed to the newspaper, and said: "I—me——"

"I—me—what? . . . You have won a prize?"

"*The* prize. Me."

Then the color rushed back into his cheeks, and he caught his beloved master in his arms and lifted him clean out of his chair, and began to dance with him, as gypsies dance when they are happy.

Don Roberto couldn't help laughing. But he said: "Let me alone. I haven't won anything: there is no reason why I should dance."

"You shall paint me," cried Bryant, "in front of a bank without anything above my ears."

"Behave yourself! Has Spain taught you nothing? Is the gaining of money a proper cause for high spirits, or the loss of it for depression?"

Bryant became sober. "No, Señor," he said; "of course not."

"Do you know what I would do," asked Don Roberto, "if I had just learned that I had won the Christmas lottery?"

"No, Señor."

"Then guess. Cudgel what you are pleased in moments of intolerable self-satisfaction to call your wits, and guess."

"I think that I can guess, Señor. I think that you would go ahead and finish your treatise on the chemistry of the pigments of Señor Velasquez."

"You have guessed correctly."

"Then," said Bryant, "I had better go and finish laying in my background."

He turned, a little hurt, and walked off. It wasn't so much fun to be a millionaire.

But Don Roberto called him back. "My son! A moment. Come here."

And he held Bryant in his arms and spoke gently.

"Perhaps what has happened is a great blessing. Perhaps it will be a great curse. That will be for you to decide. For a man to face either poverty or riches with dignity one thing only is necessary. He must play the man. But you, my talented little son, are only a child. You will wish to rush down to the city and send a cable to your cousin. This once the background may wait."

"I have thought," said Bryant, whose eyes had filled with tears, "that I should not tell my cousins until they come over in the spring. It would be fun to surprise them."

"But presently," said Don Roberto, "the name of the winner will be on everybody's lips."

"And yet," said Bryant, "I do not think that it will be printed in the American newspapers."

"That is probably true. Spain keeps most of her news to herself. Spain is a large family which neither boasts publicly of its virtues nor washes its dirty linen in public."

"I hope to heaven," said Bryant, "that Spain will never have cause to regret that she gave these millions to me."

"You have in you," said Don Roberto, "the makings of a great artist. If for any reason, financial or sentimental, you do not fulfill your promise, the whole world will regret it. And now, my son, back to your work, and go humbly."

Spring came to Madrid, and also came Bryant and Santiago with many works to their credit. And presently from Paris came Kittywinks and her father.

And Bryant met them at the station and he and Kittywinks flew into each other's arms.

The Señor Collender was in high spirits. He had received a number of letters from Santiago telling of Bryant's progress, and of the triumphs which he felt sure awaited his pupil. And the Señor Collender had made up his mind that her suitor's poverty should not be allowed to scotch his daughter's happiness.

He was in the kind of spirits which go with birthdays and Christmases and weddings.

It was evident that the Collenders had not heard of Bryant's good fortune. And he did not at once tell them. They might easily have guessed, if they had been in a guessing mood, that he had done something which appeared to have made him extremely popular.

It was not, of course, the winning of the big prize in the Christmas lottery that had made Bryant popular. It was his statement to a reporter of Blanco y Negro that the money would be invested in Spanish enterprises and that all the income would be spent in Spain.

Bryant's story was dug out of all its various hiding-places and printed. And he became a hero. The Spanish world was at the feet of the fortunate youth.

It is no disparagement to an excellent hostelry to state that in the lobby of the Ritz Hotel Collender smelled a rat.

A dozen persons, some of them notables, had pressed forward to shake hands with Bryant, and the moment the elevator had taken them upward, Collender said: "Young man, what have you done to make yourself conspicuous?"

"Perhaps," said Kittywinks, "he has had an exhibition of pictures and taken the world by storm."

"I have had some luck," said Bryant, "but no such luck as that."

The elevator came to a halt and the trio followed a boy and some small pieces of luggage to the sitting room which had been reserved for the Collenders.

Here, Kittywinks seized her cousin by the shoulders and shook him.

"Now tell!" she said.

"For you and me," said Bryant, "what I have to tell is good news. But it's bad news for your father. You remember, sir, that you promised that for every dollar I could contribute to Kitty's and my ménage you would add a dollar?"

"I so promised," Collender admitted, "and will so do."

"It will be quite a lot of dollars," said Bryant. "Poor Cuchillo dreamed three times that if I did so and so, such and such would happen. And I did and it did. I won the big prize in the Christmas lottery."

"Ouch!" said Collender simply.

And then he flopped down in a chair and roared with laughter. When he had quieted down he explained that there was one beautiful American word which precisely expressed his situation and his feelings. It was the word "stung," and then he said that while he would make good his promise, he would have to do so on the installment plan.

Because Kittywinks was an American girl and because she had everything to say about her own wedding, they were married on American soil. It was only temporarily American soil, being the garden of the rented American Embassy, but it served its purpose.

The new Ambassador was at first a little perplexed about the different stations of life from which the wedding guests stepped into his drawing-room.

But when he perceived that gentlemen so grand that they could wear their hats in the presence of their king, and carried golden keys to his palace, hobnobbed with gypsies in a happy democratic way, he drew a long breath of relief, and as the representative of the greatest democracy in the world, learned an excellent lesson in democracy; and having danced with Spain's first duchess, he sought out Perfección and danced with her.

Among the older women she was the most beautiful.

The most beautiful among the younger women were Estrella and Mosca, and the happiest was Kittywinks.

But one of the men was as happy as she. And he wasn't Bryant.

Bryant was happy; but he was frightened. How could he hope always to do the right thing at the right time and make Kittywinks happy?

The man in whom happiness amounted to bliss; the man who had no regrets for the past, no criticisms of the present, and no anxieties concerning the future, and who contained in addition a vast amount of sherry, was of course Domingo.

He danced like an old wood-god and sang bewitching songs.

He wore a shirt of fine linen, infinitely frilled, and gold rings in his ears. He uttered immeasurable boasts and enormous philosophies.

There was a breakfast, American fashion, at which speeches were made, and healths drunk. The last speaker was Domingo and his was the last toast.

He seemed of a sudden to be deeply moved out of his hilarity. He said: "As all men know, this person's son, Cuchillo, came recently to a brave death and went out of this life. He and little Buzo of the Cave, who came upon the Spanish shore like a piece of driftwood, were blood brothers in the gypsy fashion.

"Cuchillo dreamed three times, the third time upon his deathbed, that his brother would win the great prize in the lottery of last Christmas.

"So Buzo bought a ticket and won.

"It should be known that he has so divided the great prize that his gypsy father and mother and his gypsy brothers and sisters will never again go about without shoes, unless they wish to, or mistake chickens for rabbits, or know the pinch of hunger.

"And though abstemious by nature, this person cannot now refrain from drinking a toast.

"The occasion to this person resembles a light and happy dream. But it is not a dream. It is something better.

"It is a dream come true.

"But it is not the coming-true of a usual dream dreamed by a usual person. It is better still than that.

"This person drinks therefore to a little son who has never caused him any unhappiness, and to a gypsy's dream-come-true."

After this Domingo drank still more of the King's sherry, and wept.

THE END

The Song of Songs *by P. G. Wodehouse* (*Continued from page 40*)

brainier than one could have believed possible—sheer intellect shining from every feature—and I could see at once that the engine had been turning over.

"Speak, Jeeves," I said.

"Very good, sir."

"You have brooded?"

"Yes, sir."

"With what success?"

"I have a plan, sir, which I fancy may produce satisfactory results."

"Let's have it," said Aunt Dahlia.

"In affairs of this description, madam, the first essential is to study the psychology of the individual."

"The what?"

"The psychology, madam."

"He means the psychology," I said.

"Oh, ah," said Aunt Dahlia.

"And by psychology, Jeeves," I went on, to help the thing along, "you imply——?"

"The natures and dispositions of the principals in the matter, sir."

"You mean, what they're like?"

"Precisely, sir."

"Does he talk like this when you're alone, Bertie?" asked Aunt Dahlia.

"Sometimes. Occasionally. And on the other hand, sometimes not. Proceed, Jeeves."

"Well, sir, if I may say so, the thing that struck me most forcibly about Miss Bellinger when she was under my observation was that hers was a somewhat imperious nature. I could envisage Miss Bellinger applauding success. I could not so easily see her pitying and sympathizing with failure.

"Possibly you will recall, sir, her attitude when Mr. Glossop endeavored to light her cigaret with his automatic lighter? I thought I detected a certain impatience at his inability to produce the necessary flame."

"True, Jeeves. She ticked him off."

"Precisely, sir."

"Let me get this straight," said Aunt Dahlia. "You think if he goes on trying to light her cigaret with his automatic lighter long enough, she will eventually get fed up and hand him the mitten?"

"I merely mentioned the episode, madam, as an indication of Miss Bellinger's somewhat ruthless nature."

"Ruthless," I said, "is right. The Bellinger is hard-boiled. Those eyes. That chin. I could read them. A vicious specimen, if ever there was one."

"Precisely, sir. I think, therefore, that, should Miss Bellinger be a witness of Mr. Glossop's appearing to disadvantage in public, she would cease to entertain affection for him. In the event, for instance, of his failing to entertain the audience on Tuesday with his singing——"

I saw daylight.

"By Jove, Jeeves! You mean if he gets the bird, all will be off?"

"I shall be greatly surprised if such is not the case, sir."

I shook my head.

"We cannot leave this thing to chance, Jeeves. Young Tuppy, singing 'Sonny Boy,' is the likeliest prospect for the bird that I can think of—but no . . . You see for yourself that we must do more than simply trust to luck."

"We need not trust to luck, sir. I would suggest that you approach your friend Mr. Bingham and volunteer your services at his forthcoming entertainment. It could readily be arranged to have you sing immediately before Mr. Glossop. I fancy, sir, that if Mr. Glossop were to sing 'Sonny Boy' directly after you had sung 'Sonny Boy,' the audience would respond satisfactorily. By the time Mr. Glossop began to sing, they would have lost their taste for that particular song and would express their feelings warmly."

"Jeeves," said Aunt Dahlia, "you're a marvel!"

"Thank you, madam."

"Jeeves," I said, "you're an ass!"

"What do you mean, he's an ass?" said Aunt Dahlia hotly. "I think it's the greatest scheme I ever heard."

"Me sing 'Sonny Boy' at Beefy Bingham's clean, bright entertainment? I can see myself!"

"You sing it daily in your bath, sir. Mr. Wooster," said Jeeves, turning to Aunt Dahlia, "has a pleasant, light baritone."

"I bet he has," said Aunt Dahlia.

I checked the man with one of my looks.

"Between singing 'Sonny Boy' in one's bath, Jeeves, and singing it before a hall full of assorted blood-orange merchants and their young, there is a substantial difference."

"Bertie," said Aunt Dahlia, "you'll sing, and like it!"

"I will not."

"Bertie!"

"Nothing will induce——"

"Bertie," said Aunt Dahlia firmly, "you will sing 'Sonny Boy' on Tuesday, the third *prox.*, or may an aunt's curse——"

"I won't!"

"Think of Angela!"

"Dash Angela!"

"Bertie!"

"No, I mean, hang it all!"

"You won't?"

"No, I won't."

"That is your last word, is it?"

"It is. Once and for all, Aunt Dahlia, nothing will induce me to let out so much as a single note."

And so that afternoon I sent a prepaid wire to Beefy Bingham, offering my services in the cause, and by nightfall the thing was fixed up. I was billed to perform next but one after the intermission. Following me, came Tuppy. And immediately after him, Miss Cora Bellinger, the well-known operatic soprano.

How these things happen, I couldn't say. The chivalry of the Woosters, I suppose.

"Jeeves," I said that evening, and I said it coldly, "I shall be glad if you will pop round to the nearest music shop and procure me a copy of 'Sonny Boy.' It will now be necessary for me to learn both verse and refrain. Of the trouble and nervous strain which this will involve, I say nothing."

"Very good, sir."

"But this I do say——"

"I had better be starting immediately, sir, or the shop will be closed."

"Ha!" I said.

And I meant it to sting.

ALTHOUGH I had steeled myself to the ordeal before me and had set out full of the calm, quiet courage which makes men do desperate deeds with proud, set faces, I must admit that there was a moment, just after I had entered the Oddfellows' Hall at Bermondsey East and run an eye over the assembled pleasure seekers, when it needed all the bulldog pluck of the Woosters to keep me from calling it a day and taking a cab back to civilization.

The clean, bright entertainment was in full swing when I arrived, and somebody who looked as if he might be the local undertaker was reciting "Gunga Din." And the audience, though not actually chiyiking in the full technical sense of the term, had a grim look which I didn't like at all.

As I scanned the multitude, it seemed to me that they were for the nonce suspending judgment. Did you ever tap on the door of one of those New York speakeasy places and see the grille snap back and a Face appear? There is one long, silent moment when its eyes are fixed on yours and all your past life seems to rise up before you. Then you say that you are a friend of Mr. Zinzinheimer and he told you they would treat you right if you mentioned his name, and the strain relaxes.

WELL, these costermongers and whelk-stallers appeared to me to be looking just like that Face. Start something, they seemed to say, and they would know what to do about it. And I couldn't help feeling that my singing "Sonny Boy" would come, in their opinion, under the head of starting something.

"A nice, full house, sir," said a voice at my elbow.

It was Jeeves, watching the proceedings with an indulgent eye.

"You here, Jeeves?" I said coldly.

"Yes, sir. I have been present since the commencement."

"Oh?" I said. "Any casualties yet?"

"Sir?"

"You know what I mean, Jeeves," I said sternly, "and don't pretend you don't. Anybody got the bird yet?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"I shall be the first, you think?"

"No, sir, I see no reason to expect such a misfortune. I anticipate that you will be well received."

A sudden thought struck me. "And you think everything will go according to plan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I don't," I said. "I've spotted a flaw in your beastly scheme."

"A flaw, sir?"

"Yes. Do you suppose for a moment that when Mr. Glossop hears me singing that dashed song, he'll come calmly on a minute after me and sing it, too? Use your intelligence, Jeeves. He will perceive the chasm in his path and pause in time. He will back out and refuse to go on at all."

"Mr. Glossop will not hear you sing, sir. At my advice, he has stepped across the road to the Jug and Bottle, an establishment immediately opposite the hall, and he intends to remain there until it is time for him to appear on the platform."

"Oh!" I said.

"If I might suggest it, sir, there is another house named the Goat and Grapes only a short distance down the street. I think it might be a judicious move——"

"If I were to put a bit of custom in their way?"

"It would ease the nervous strain of waiting, sir."

I had not been feeling any too pleased with the man for having let me in for this ghastly binge, but at these words, I'm bound to say my austerity softened a trifle. He was undoubtedly right.

He had studied the psychology of the individual, if you see what I mean, and it had not led him astray. A quiet ten minutes at the Goat and Grapes was exactly what my system required. To buzz off there and inhale a couple of swift whisky-and-sodas was with Bertram Wooster the work of a moment.

The treatment worked like magic.

What they had put into the stuff, besides vitriol, I could not have said; but it completely altered my outlook on life. That curious, gulpy feeling passed. I was no longer conscious of the sagging sensation at the knees. The limbs ceased to quiver gently, the tongue became loosened in its socket, and the backbone stiffened.

Pausing merely to order and swallow another of the same, I bade the barmaid a cheery good night, nodded affably to one or two fellows in the bar whose faces I liked, and came prancing back to the hall, ready for anything.

And shortly afterwards I was on the platform with about a million bulging eyes goggling up at me. There was a rummy sort of buzzing in my ears, and then through the buzzing I heard the sound of a piano starting to tinkle; and, commending my soul to God, I took a good long breath and charged in.

WELL, it was a close thing. If ever my grandchildren cluster about my knee and want to know what I did in the Great War, I shall say, "Never mind about the Great War. Ask me about the time I sang 'Sonny Boy' at the Oddfellows' Hall at Bermondsey East."

The whole incident is a bit blurred, but I seem to recollect a kind of murmur as I hit the refrain. I thought at the time it was an attempt on the part of the many-headed to join in the chorus, and at the moment it rather encouraged me.

I passed the thing over the larynx with all the vim at my disposal, hit the high note, and off gracefully into the wings. I didn't come on again to take a bow. I just receded and oiled round to where Jeeves awaited me among the standees at the back.

"Well, Jeeves," I said, anchoring myself at his side and brushing the honest perspiration from the brow. "They didn't rush the platform."

"No, sir."

"But you can spread it about that that's the last time I perform outside my bath. My swan song, Jeeves. Anybody who wants to hear me in future must present himself at the bathroom door and shove his ear against the keyhole. I may be wrong, but it seemed to me that towards the end they were hotting up a trifle. The bird was hovering in the air. I could hear the beating of its wings."

"I did detect a certain restlessness, sir, in the audience. I fancy they had lost their taste for that particular melody. I should have informed you earlier, sir, that the song had already been sung twice before you arrived."

"What!"

"Yes, sir. Once by a lady and once by a gentleman. It is a very popular song, sir."

I gaped at the man. That, with this knowledge, he could calmly have allowed the young master to step straight into the jaws of death, so to speak, paralyzed me. It seemed to show that the old feudal spirit had passed away altogether. I was about to give him my views on the matter in no uncertain fashion, when I was stopped by the spectacle of young Tuppy lurching onto the platform.

Young Tuppy had the unmistakable air of a man who has recently been round to the Jug and Bottle. A few cheery cries of welcome, presumably from some of his backgammon-playing pals who felt that blood was thicker than water, had the effect of causing the genial smile on his face to widen till it nearly met at the back.

He was plainly feeling about as good as a man can feel and still remain on his feet. He waved a kindly hand to his supporters and bowed in a regal sort of manner, rather like an eastern monarch acknowledging the plaudits of the mob.

Then the female at the piano struck up the opening bars of "Sonny Boy," and Tuppy swelled like a balloon, clasped his hands together, rolled his eyes up at the ceiling in a manner denoting Soul, and began.

I think the populace was too stunned for the moment to take immediate steps. It may seem incredible, but I give you my word that young Tuppy got right through the verse without so much as a murmur. Then they seemed to pull themselves together.

A costermonger, roused, is a terrible thing. I had never seen the proletariat really stirred before, and I'm bound to say it rather awed me. I mean, it gave you some idea of what it must have been like during the French Revolution.

From every corner of the hall there proceeded simultaneously the sort of noise you hear at one of those East End boxing places when the referee disqualifies the popular favorite and makes the quick dash for life. And then they passed beyond mere words and began to introduce the vegetable motif.

I don't know why, but somehow I had got it into my head that the first thing thrown at Tuppy would be a potato. One gets these fancies. It was, however, as a matter of fact, a banana, and I sa- - in an instant that the choice had been made by wiser heads than mine. These blokes who have grown up from childhood in the knowledge of how to treat a dramatic entertainment that doesn't please them are aware by a sort of instinct just what to do for the best, and the moment I saw that banana splash on Tuppy's shirt front I realized how infinitely more effective and artistic it was than any potato could have been.

Not that the potato school of thought had not also its supporters. As the proceedings warmed up, I noticed several intelligent-looking fellows who threw nothing else.

The effect on young Tuppy was rather remarkable. His eyes bulged and his hair seemed to stand up, and yet his mouth went on opening and shutting, and you could see that in a dazed, automatic way he was still singing "Sonny Boy."

Then, coming out of his trance, he began to pull for the shore with some rapidity. The last seen of him, he was beating a tomato to the exit by a short head.

Presently the tumult and the shouting died. I turned to Jeeves.

"Painful, Jeeves," I said. "But what would you?"

"Yes, sir."

"The surgeon's knife, what?"

"Precisely, sir."

"Well, with this happening beneath her eyes, I think that we may definitely consider the Glossop-Bellinger romance off."

"Yes, sir."

At this point old Beefy Bingham came out upon the platform.

I supposed that he was about to rebuke his flock for the recent expression of feeling. But such was not the case. No doubt he was accustomed by now to the wholesome give-and-take of these clean, bright entertainments and had ceased to think it worth while to make any comment when there was a certain liveliness.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said old Beefy. "The next item on the program was to have been songs by Miss Cora Bellinger, the well-known operatic soprano. I have just received a telephone message from Miss Bellinger, saying that her car has broken down. She is, however, on her way here in a cab and will arrive shortly. Meanwhile, our friend Mr. Enoch Simpson will recite 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.'"

I clutched at Jeeves. "Jeeves! You heard?"

"Yes, sir."

"She wasn't here!"

"No, sir."

"She saw nothing of Tuppy's Waterloo."

"No, sir."

"The whole bally scheme has blown a fuse."

"Yes, sir."

"Come, Jeeves," I said, and those standing by wondered, no doubt, what had caused that clean-cut face to grow so pale and set. "I have been subjected to a nervous strain unparalleled since the days of the early martyrs. I have lost pounds in weight and permanently injured my entire system. I have gone through an ordeal which will make me wake up screaming in the night for months to come. And all for nothing. Let us go."

"If you have no objection, sir, I would like to witness the remainder of the entertainment."

"Suit yourself, Jeeves," I said moodily. "Personally, my heart is dead and I am going to look in at the Goat and Grapes for another of their cyanide specials and then home."

It must have been about half past ten, and I was in the old sitting room somberly sucking down a more or less final restorative, when the front doorbell rang, and there on the mat was young Tuppy. He looked like a man who has passed through some great experience and stood face to face with his soul. He had the beginnings of a black eye.

"Oh, hullo, Bertie," said young Tuppy.

He came in and hovered about the mantelpiece, as if he were looking for things to fiddle with and break.

"I've just been singing at Beefy Bingham's entertainment," he said after a pause. "You weren't there, by any chance?"

"Oh, no," I said. "How did you go?"

"Like a breeze," said young Tuppy. "Held them spellbound."

"Knocked 'em, eh?"

"Cold," said young Tuppy. "Not a dry eye."

AND this, mark you, a man who had had a good upbringing and had, no doubt, spent years at his mother's knee being taught to tell the truth.

"I suppose Miss Bellinger is pleased?" I said.

"Oh, yes. Delighted."

"So now everything's all right?"

"Oh, quite." Tuppy paused. "On the other hand, Bertie——"

"Yes?"

"Well, I've been thinking things over. Somehow, I don't believe Miss Bellinger is the mate for me, after all."

"What!"

"No, I don't."

"What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I don't know. These things sort of flash on you. I respect Miss Bellinger, Bertie. I admire her. But—er—well, I can't help feeling now that a sweet, gentle girl—er—like your cousin Angela, Bertie—would—er—in fact—— Well, what I came round for was to ask if you would phone Angela and find out how she reacts to the idea of coming out with me tonight to the Berkeley for a bit of supper and a spot of dancing."

"Go ahead. There's the phone."

"No; I'd rather you asked her, Bertie. What with one thing and another, if you paved the way—— You see, there's just a chance that she may be—I mean,

"Pink Tooth Brush"?

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DON'T think that merely cleaning your teeth once or twice a day can keep them free from danger. Quite the contrary . . . it won't, and it doesn't.

For, as any dentist will tell you, one sure way to wreck the health of your teeth is to let your gums become tender, soft, unsound. And if you sometimes see a tinge of "pink" upon your morning tooth brush, it's proof before your eyes that your gums are weakening . . . that your teeth are in peril.

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Gum troubles start in the dining room. Modern soft foods rob gums of work. Circulation grows languid. Tissues become tender and inflamed. Resistance to infection is lowered. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea often get their start in just this way.

But it's all so unnecessary. For with Ipana Tooth Paste and a light massage you can offset the damage done to your gums by your diet.

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Your dentist will gladly explain why massage is so good for your gums . . . how it stirs the flagging circulation, firms and invigorates the dormant tissues. And he will show you how to perform it with the brush, easily and quickly, as you clean your teeth with Ipana.

For Ipana's content of ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by gum specialists, has a stimulating action upon the gums which augments the mechanical effects of massage.

Start with Ipana today

So whether your tooth brush "shows pink" or not, start now with Ipana. Its use is a precaution and a protection against the ever-present danger of gingival disorders.

Send the coupon if you would like the 10-day sample. It will quickly prove how gleaming white Ipana leaves your teeth . . . how refreshed it leaves your mouth.

But the better way is to start at once with a full-size tube from the drug store. For that lasts over a month and makes a fairer test of Ipana's power to tone and strengthen your gums.

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Beeman's is mild . . . delicious . . . smooth . . . It's so good, that you'll want to hurry through a meal for the after-dinner stick . . . Buy a whole box today, so you'll always have it the minute you want it.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

you know how misunderstandings occur—and—well, what I'm driving at, Bertie, old man, is that I'd rather you surged round and did a bit of paving, if you don't mind."

I went to the phone and called up Angela.

"She says come right round," I said.

"Tell her," said Tuppy in a devout sort of voice, "that I will be with her in something under a couple of ticks."

He had barely biffed, when I heard a click in the keyhole and a soft padding in the passage without.

"Jeeves," I called.

"Sir," said Jeeves, manifesting himself.

"Jeeves, a remarkably rummy thing has happened. Mr. Glossop has just been here. He tells me all is off between him and Miss Bellinger."

"Yes, sir."

"You don't seem surprised."

"No, sir. I confess I had anticipated some such eventuality."

"Eh? What gave you that idea?"

"It came to me, sir, when I observed Miss Bellinger strike Mr. Glossop in the eye."

"Strike him!"

"Yes, sir."

"In the eye?"

"The right eye, sir."

I clutched the brow. "What on earth made her do that?"

"I fancy she was a little upset, sir, at the reception accorded her singing."

"Great Scott! Don't tell me she got the bird, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"But why? She's got a red-hot voice."

"Yes, sir. But I think the audience resented her choice of a song."

"Jeeves!" Reason was beginning to do a bit of tottering on its throne. "You aren't going to stand there and tell me that Miss Bellinger sang 'Sonny Boy,' too!"

"Yes, sir. And—mistakenly, in my opinion—brought a large doll onto the platform to sing it to. The audience affected to mistake it for a ventriloquist's dummy, and there was some little disturbance."

"But Jeeves, what a coincidence!"

"Not altogether, sir. I ventured to take the liberty of accosting Miss Bellinger on her arrival at the hall and recalling myself to her recollection. I then said that Mr. Glossop had asked me to request her that as a particular favor to him—the song being a favorite of his—she would sing 'Sonny Boy.'

"And when she found that you and Mr. Glossop had also sung the song immediately before her, I rather fancy that she supposed that she had been made the victim of a practical pleasantry by Mr. Glossop. Will there be anything further, sir?"

"No, thanks."

"Good night, sir."

"Good night, Jeeves," I said reverently.

When I began to Find Myself (*Cont. from page 35*)

effort was not without some success I very soon learned that making fun of people in a public way was not a good method to secure friends, or likely to lead to much advancement, and I have scrupulously avoided it. After all it is the serious things of life that are of real consequence.

In the latter part of my course my scholarship had improved so that I was graduated *cum laude*.

After my course was done I went home to do a summer's work on the farm which was to be my last. I had decided to enter the law and expected to attend a law school, but one of my classmates wrote me late in the summer that there was an opportunity to go into the office of Hammond and Field at Northampton, so I applied to them and was accepted.

After I had been there a few days a most courteous letter came from Honorable William P. Dillingham requesting me to call on him at Montpelier and indicating he would take me into his office. He recalled the circumstance when I found him in the Senate after I became Vice President.

But I had already reverted to Massachusetts where my family had lived for one hundred and fifty years before their advent into Vermont. Had his letter reached me sooner probably it would have changed the whole course of my life.

Northampton was the county seat and a quiet but substantial town with pleasant surroundings and fine old traditions reaching back beyond Jonathan Edwards. It was just recovering from the depression of 1893, preparing to eliminate its grade crossings and starting some new industries that would add to the business it secured from Smith College, which was a growing institution with many hundreds of students.

The senior member of the law firm was John C. Hammond who was considered the leader of the Hampshire Bar. He was a lawyer of great learning and wide business experience, with a remarkable ability in the preparation of pleadings and an insight that soon brought him to the crucial point of a case.

He was massive and strong rather than elegant and placed great stress on accuracy. He presented a cause in court with ability and skill.

The junior member was Henry P. Field, an able lawyer and a man of engaging personality and polish who I found was an Alderman. That appeared to me at the time to be close to the Almighty in importance. I shall always remember with a great deal of gratitude the kindness of these two men to me.

That I was now engaged in the serious enterprise of life I so fully realized that I went to the barber shop and divested myself of the college fashion of long hair. Office hours were from eight to about six o'clock, during which I spent my time in reading Kent's Commentaries and in helping prepare writs, deeds, wills and other documents.

My evenings I gave to some of the masters of English composition. I read the speeches of Lord Erskine, of Webster, and Choate. The essays of Macaulay interested me much and the writings of Carlyle and John Fiske I found very stimulating.

Some of the orations of Cicero I translated, being especially attached to the defense of his friend the poet Archias because in it he dwelt on the value and consolation of good literature. I read much in Milton and Shakespeare and found delight in the shorter poems of Kipling, Field and Riley.

My first Christmas was made more merry by getting notice that the Sons of the American Revolution had awarded me the prize of a gold medal worth about one hundred and fifty dollars for writing the best essay on, "The Principles Fought for in the American Revolution," in a competition open to the seniors of all the colleges of the nation. The notice came one day and it was announced

in the next morning papers, where Judge Field saw it before I had a chance to tell him. So when he came to the office he asked me about it.

I had not had time to send the news home. And then I had a little vanity in wishing my father to learn of it first from the press, which he did. He had questioned some whether I was really making anything of my education, in pretense I now think, not because he doubted it but wished to impress me with the desirability of demonstrating it.

But my main effort in those days was to learn the law. The Superior Court had three civil and two criminal terms each year in Northampton. Whenever it was sitting I spent all my time in the Court room. In this way I became familiar with the practical side of trial work.

I soon came to see that the counsel who knew the law were the ones who held the attention of the Judge, took the Jury with them, and won their cases. They were prepared.

The office where I was had a very large general practice which covered every field and took them into all the Courts of the Commonwealth but little into the Federal Courts. I assisted in the preparation of cases and went to Court with the members of the firm to watch all their trial work and help keep a record of testimony for use in the arguments. It was all a work of absorbing interest to me.

The books in the office soon appeared too ponderous for my study so I bought a supply of students' text books and law cases on the principal subjects necessary for my preparation for the bar. These enabled me to gain a more rapid acquaintance with the main legal principles because I did not have to read through so much unimportant detail as was contained in the usual treatise prepared for a lawyer's library which was usually a collection of all the authorities, while what I wanted was the main elements of the law. I was soon conversant with contracts, torts, evidence, and real property, with some knowledge of Massachusetts pleading, and had a considerable acquaintance with the practical side of statute law.

I do not feel that any one ever really masters the law, but it is not difficult to master the approaches to the law, so that given a certain state of facts it is possible to know how to marshal practically all the legal decisions which apply to them. I think counsel are mistaken in the facts of their case about as often as they are mistaken in the law.

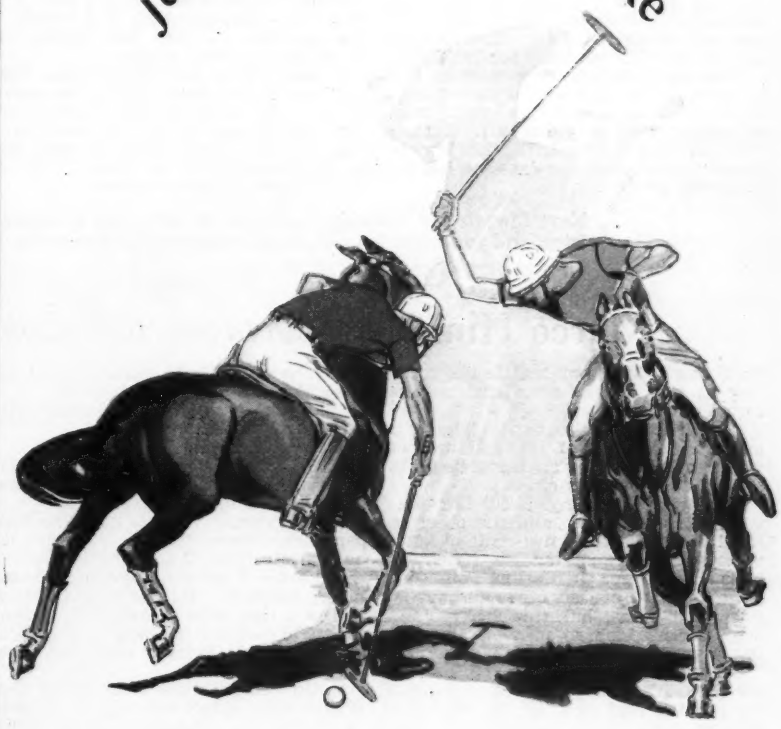
All my waking hours were so fully employed that I found little time for play. My college was but eight miles distant, yet I did not have any desire to go back to the intercollegiate games, though I was accustomed to attend the alumni dinner at commencement.

There was a canoe club which I joined on the Connecticut, about a mile over the meadow from the town where I often went on Sunday afternoons. I was full of the joy of doing something in the world.

Another reason why I discarded all outside enterprises and kept strictly to my work and my books was because I was keeping my monthly expenditures within thirty dollars which was furnished me by my father. He would gladly have provided me more had I needed it but I thought that was enough and was determined to live within it, which I did. Not much was left for any unnecessary pleasantries of life.

Soon after I entered the office Mr. Hammond was elected District Attorney and Mr. Field became Mayor of the City,

what a whale of a difference just a few seconds make



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so that I saw something of the working of the city government and the administration of the criminal law.

The first summer I was in Northampton came the famous free silver campaign of 1896. When Mr. Bryan was nominated he had the support of most of the local Democrats of the City but lost much of it before November. One of them sent a long communication to a county paper endorsing him. This I answered in one of the city papers.

When I was home that summer I took part in a small neighborhood debate in which I supported the gold standard. The study I put on this subject well repaid me. Of course Northampton went handsomely for McKinley.

With the exception of a week or two at home in the summer of 1896 I kept on in this way with my work from September 1895 to June 1897. I then felt sufficiently versed in the law to warrant my taking the examination for admission to the bar.

It was conducted by a County Committee of which Mr. Hammond was a member, but as I was his student he left the other two, Judge William G. Bassett and Judge William P. Strickland, to act on my petition. I was pronounced qualified by them and just before July 4, 1897 I was duly admitted to practice before the Courts of Massachusetts.

My preparation had taken about twenty months. Only after I was finally in possession of my certificate did I notify my father. He had expected that my studies would take another year and I wanted to surprise him if I succeeded and not disappoint him if I failed. I did not fail. I was just twenty-five years old and very happy.

It was a little over eleven years from the time I left home for the Academy in the late winter of 1886 until I was admitted to the bar in the early summer of 1897. They had been years full of experience for me in which I had advanced from a child to a man.

Wherever I went I had found good people, men and women, and young folks of my own age, who had won my respect and affection. From the hearthstone of my father's fireside to the Court room at Northampton they had all been kind and helpful to me. Their memory will always be one of my most cherished possessions.

My formal period of education was passed, though my studies are still pursued. I was devoted to the law, its reasonableness appealed to my mind as the best method of securing justice between man and man.

I fully expected to become the kind of country lawyer I saw all about me, spending my life in the profession, with perhaps a final place on the Bench. But it was decreed to be otherwise. Some Power that I little suspected in my student days took me in charge and carried me on from the obscure neighborhood at Plymouth Notch to the occupancy of the White House.

Next Month Mr. Coolidge tells you of his early struggles in the law and politics, and you meet Mrs. Coolidge before she became the First Lady of the Land

Marco Himself *by Octavus Roy Cohen* *(Continued from page 81)*

huskiest guy in the place. He takes one look at this Farrell wren and waltzes across the room.

"How about a little dance?" he asks in that social way of his, and without waiting for her to say anything, he grabs her up and fox-trots off.

I'm saying two things about Lou—one is that he can dance and the other is, How! In one of these five-cents-a-dance palaces he's a wow, but his style is a trifle intimate for the Carling Polo Club. At that most of the other dressed-up folks just grins, but this hefty Vann baby doesn't look so pleased, although he's a good scout and don't say nothing.

Lou Larsen, he's having the time of his life. It's a way he's got—taking it for granted that he's the Big Romance of any girl's life. He flits from one femme to another and hugs 'em around the floor with lots of enthusiasm.

And his line! I trailed him once to a sort of sun-parlor where he was sitting it out with Betty Farrell. He was talking eagerly about Mister Lou Larsen, the Battling Blond.

"Baby," he was saying when I got within hearing distance, "this classy stuff is just what I eat. I don't know how I happened to get born in any other spear. And I'm a regular guy, too—not a stuffed shirt like most of these eggs. I pack a wallop and I know something about life."

"I'm sure you're wonderful, Mr. Larsen," she chirps.

"You said it that time, dainty," he comes back. "I always did think I was wasting my time fighting for a living."

"It must be an exciting life, though."

"Fighting?" He snaps his fingers. "Nothing to it, sugarfoots. I look 'em in the eye, lead with my left and sock 'em on the button with a right cross. Then there ain't nothing to do but wait for Babe—he's my manager—to collect the winner's end. I'll take you to one of my fights some day. It'll give you a real thrill to see me in action."

She says that she's sure it will, and that she bets he looks fine in fighting clothes.

"Oh! I'm built all right," he answers modestly. And then—after a moment's pause, this gentleman cracks: "I'll bet you strip pretty good yourself."

He's a swift worker, that boy. Later that night I follow him out on the porch where he takes Betty Farrell, and I get close just in time to hear him say:

"How about slipping us a little kiss, nifty?"

"Some other time," she says.

"Gosh, female," he answers, "you may be passing up a great chance. Some other time I might not want it."

I'm wondering what is going to happen next when this here Vann lad heaves into view. I can tell that he has heard some of the conversation and ain't happy about it. But he smiles at Lou and says that Miss Magruder is waiting for the dance she has booked with him.

So Lou gives Betty a wink and walks off.

It ain't exaggerating none to say that Walter Vann didn't look happy. In fact, looking at the poundage he was carrying, it began to seem to me as though my lad had stepped into something which he had better step out of quick, and I told him so that night.

Did he worry? He just laughs.

"Ain't it wonderful," he says, "the way they fall for me, Babe? I must have real class, eh?"

"You poor idiot," I says. "This dame ain't fell for you. She takes the same kind of interest in you that she would in a three-legged horse."

"Have it your way, old-timer. But I'm telling you that Farrell frail is cuckoo about me. And she ain't so bad herself."

There are lots of dances at the club, mostly in the afternoons after the polo practice, because Lou admits to everybody he is fond of dancing. The town was all nuts about how the team was getting on and Lou was considerable of a hero as well as being a freak.

Everything would of been jake if it hadn't been I was worried about Walter Vann. Like I told you, he was about two hundred pounds of muscle, and acted like he knew how to handle it. And he didn't lose his head, because the once or twice I heard him talking he was saying that Betty was to blame and not a poor simp like Lou Larsen, who didn't have sense enough to know he was a curio.

I guess Betty was getting two thrills out of it: for one thing she was showing Mr. Vann her independence, and for the second, she was sort of grabbing off the pet freak of the party when all the girls was anxious to inspect Lou and see what made them funny words come out of his mouth. As for that cucumber, I never seen a guy enjoy himself so much, and only for me being afraid of this Vann gimp I wouldn't have minded the poor sap enjoying himself.

Well, we finally come to the day of the big game with Sand Harbor. That morning Nichols Magruder, president of the club, comes to me and talks confidential.

"Babe," he says, "I just want to hand you an extra hundred as a bonus because I know you haven't had a very good time. And now about a couple of other strictly personal matters." He hesitates for a minute, kind of embarrassed. "Of course you understand, Babe, that while we like Lou very much—we only require his services through the game today, and——"

"You mean we ought to move on? Mr. Magruder, nothing you can say could make me happier than that. As a matter of fact I got my boy all dated up to get knocked out in Atlanta next week, and they was even foolish enough to send me two railroad tickets in advance. The sooner I can get that feller back to his customary horizontal position in the ring, the better off I and he will both be."

"That's great. And now, Babe, there is one more ticklish problem that maybe you can help us with."

"I'm the best tickler in the world, mister. Shoot!"

"It's about this afternoon and tonight. I'm speaking frankly and hoping that your feelings won't be hurt——"

"For one hundred a week plus a bonus, Mr. Magruder," I says, "you could hurt worse than my feelings and never get a yell outa me."

"Good. We're not worried about the game this afternoon because Lou is a fine-looking chap and a great player and he really cuts a great appearance in polo costume. But tonight, Babe, we are having a big dance in honor of the Sand Harbor team and their friends. Now we are all frightened that the Sand Harbor folks will meet Lou at that dance and suspect that we rather stretched our interpretation of amateurism by having him on the team—and that would never do."

"If you don't want Lou at that dance, Mr. Magruder," I says, "and you will

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slip me one small bottle of chloroform, I think I can fix things."

He shakes his head. "It isn't quite that bad. But I want you to know what we're planning, so that you can keep your eagle eye on the situation and step in when needed. It's this way: we wouldn't hurt Lou's feelings for anything in the world, and so he must come to the dance. But we also know that it would be fatal for him to meet the Sand Harbor folks. We understand Lou, and like him, but they——"

"They would understand him just about as well, eh?"

Then I go with Lou to the polo field, and I'm willing to state that it got me. I guess perhaps there is something to this game after all.

There was temporary stands flung up all around that field and a big crowd had come from Sand Harbor, and of course everybody was out from Carling. There was a lot of good-natured kidding, but it was plain to see that Sand Harbor, which had been playing polo for three years, knew they had a walkaway, and was looking down on the poor Carling boobs who dared to challenge them.

The teams ride out, shake hands, take their positions on opposite sides of the center line, facing each other—and the referee makes the throw-in. Then the excitement starts.

Our Number Two gets the first full swipe at the ball. He wallops it down the field toward the Sand Harbor goal and everybody starts pelting for it. Lou comes sweeping in and follows the ball. Their Number Four also goes after it.

Lou yells to Carling's Number Three to take the ball and then he deliberately crowds his horse over against Sand Harbor's Number Four and just naturally shoves that egg out of the way. I expect to see him get put out of the game for it, but instead of that they cheer.

Of course it all comes so swift I can't hardly follow it, but there is a yell from Lou, as he shouts to one of his men to take the ball down. This Number Three has a clear run for the goal. He makes one short shot and then wham! he pokes it right through the goal posts and Sand Harbor has been scored on so quick they don't know whether they are coming or going, if either.

But what happens right after that ain't so funny. Sand Harbor wakes up to the fact that this is going to be a game and not a walkaway and they start putting out. Sweet mama! And how!

I ain't never handed Lou any special breaks, but I'll slip him a compliment here and now: he sure did ride up and down that field like a crazy man. Me, I didn't hardly know much about the game even then except that the idea was to poke the ball through the other guy's goal, but it looked to me that Lou was easy the best player on that field and I guess Sand Harbor thought so, too, because they seemed to bend all their efforts to riding Lou out of every play.

And them tactics worked queer because while it didn't give Lou much of a chance to shine, it left the field open lots of times for his team-mates and they would sweep down on the goal and shove the pill through.

It was a game for the whole eight periods of seven-and-a-half minutes each. Before it was over I felt like next week's wash and only the yelling of the Carling crowd told me for sure that we had won. Ten to seven the score was, and for a little while I'm awful proud of my boy. And I kept right on being proud until Mr. Magruder comes over and brings me back to earth by suggesting that I yank Lou away before the Sand Harbor fellers can get to him.

I do it. Don't ask me how. But finally I get him to the hotel, where he throws himself on the bed and sighs.

"Boy!" he says. "Didn't I slaughter them?"

"You sure did, Lou," I says. "Single-handed, too—with nobody but three swell players to help you."

"Help me?" He gives a laugh. "Where do you get that stuff, Babe? All they did was get in my way. I'm asking you—ain't I a darb?"

"Sure," I says; "you're all seven wonders of the world. And I've got you booked for a fight in Atlanta next week and I'll fix things so you can carry a polo mallet in the ring with you, because then you might have a chance against this guy I have matched you with."

Lou don't answer quick, and I can see by the look of pain on his face that he is trying to think.

"Babe," he says finally, "I don't think I will accept that fight in Atlanta. In fact, Babe," he says, "I am quitting the ring profession."

"Quitting?" I yells. "Why?"

He sits up on the bed and looks me straight in the right eye. "Because," he says, "it is vulgar."

For a minute I can't answer, and then I begin to say things which nobody ought to remark about a friend's parents.

"Clam yourself," he tells me in his best polo manner. "There is also other reasons why I think I will quit fighting."

"You've quit fighting inside of two rounds every time you ever clumb in a ring," I shrieks. "And suppose you tell me what other wrinkle your so-called brain has got in it, that you refuse to be my meal ticket any more, after all I have done for you—only taking fifty percent for same."

"I think," says Lou, "that I will get married."

That floors me and I become sarcastical. "Who would marry a dumb brute like you?" I asks.

That doesn't flatten him a bit. He just waves his hand.

"Oh, most anybody would, Babe," he says, "if I gave 'em a chance. These society dames is all nuts about me, but I've decided that I will let Betty Farrell have the honor of becoming Mrs. Larsen."

"Oh, you have, have you? And what does she say?"

"She ain't said nothing yet, because I only just made up my mind to marry her."

With that I dash for the great open spaces where a guy can froth like a man.

When I come back Lou is nearly dressed, and I got to admit that he looks like a million dollars. For a minute I get a terrible thought. Suppose this Farrell chick had fell for him! Funnier things have happened—though not many.

I climb into my open-face outfit and remain silent. We start for the polo club together, I and Lou—and I talk friendly to him on the way because I want to be able to help these folks keep their amateur record clean by seeing that Lou stays parked outside where Sand Harbor can't hear him talk.

Well, I see right away that they have everything framed fine, because when we reach the clubhouse, Betty Farrell is standing on the steps and she sweeps right up to us, looking as pretty as a peach in one of these here buffoon evening dresses and she says: "Oh! Mr. Larsen, I have been waiting for you. I have so much I want to tell you about the superb game you played this afternoon. Let's go off to the summerhouse where we can be alone."

Lou flings me a wise grin. "Sugar," he says, "you ain't got even half as much to say to me as I have to you."

Off they go together and I look around the veranda and there I see this two-hundred-pound Vann bird staring after them with a look in his eyes. I make up my mind then and there that if he ever gets real peeved at Lou, my boy will not ever play no more polo.

Well, I report to Mr. Magruder that I am on the job, and then I drift into the garden and walk towards the summerhouse.

I don't get close enough to hear what is being said, but anybody could tell that Lou and the frail are getting along swell. They are sitting close to each other and he is doing at least all of the talking, but she seems right interested.

I watch them youngsters for a long time without hearing a word until all of a sudden the Farrell dame says:

"Stop!"

Right away I get scared, but what is the use—because whatever Lou was doing that she wanted him to stop, I guess he went right ahead. The next second I hear her scream and when I get another flash of them, he has got her in his arms and she is trying to fight out of the clinch. I get ready to rush to her assistance, but before I can move a human tractor goes rumbling by and I don't do nothing but stand still and watch what Mr. Walter Vann is going to do.

When he reaches that summerhouse, Lou Larsen is just about to plant a kiss on the lady's lips, which lips is turning loose some first-class yells. I see Mr. Vann leap in between 'em and I see one hand go to Lou Larsen's collar, and then I see Lou go spinning across the summerhouse.

But Mr. Vann does not pay any attention to my boy. He turns to the girl and says something to her. Not to Lou, mind you; he says it to Betty. I don't hear what it is, but it must of been plenty, because something else happens right away which is a large eyeful.

All of a sudden I see Lou Larsen jump forward. He grabs that large bird by the arm and swings him around. And then, so help me Jonah! my boy Lou Larsen, the battling blond, socks that big bozo right flush on the button.

Sweet suffering tomatoes! I never seen a punch like that before or since. Mr. Vann goes down like a truck had kissed him. He lays there for about fifteen seconds and then staggers up. But he never gets all the way up, because the minute he is on his feet, Lou feints with his left and socko! hangs another one right on that spot which makes the birdies sing.

This time Mr. Vann goes down for keeps, and more things start happening. The Carling crowd reaches the summerhouse and start asking questions, and I walk forward in time to hear Lou say that he'll lick the whole gang of them just for the fun of it—and then my boy happens to look down at some romance which is transpiring right at his feet.

Sweet mama! Betty Farrell is sitting down on the ground, and some way she has got Mr. Vann's head in her lap and she is kissing him and telling him he was right and she is sorry and won't he please forgive her for being such a fool, and the first sign he gives that he has recovered conscientiousness is when he reaches up one arm and slips it around her neck and gives her back one of them kisses she has been donating to him.

Mr. Magruder asks me please to get Lou away from there, and I take Lou by the arm and tell him to beat it before the sheriff comes.

ANONYMOUS– but it changed her entire life

Go back a few years in this New York woman's life.

Think of her, not as she is today, a beautiful woman, married to an adoring man, and playing the charming hostess in her great Park Avenue home, but as she was before that anonymous letter came with its horrible accusation.

True, she was lovely and charming then. But women avoided her. Men seldom called more than once. In the very years of her prime, she found herself hopelessly out of things—and utterly unable to account for it.

Then, one morning she received that bleak white envelope with its anonymous enclosure—a national advertisement across which was written in a bold masculine hand, "Wake up."

Amazed and humiliated, she read it again and again. Finally the shocking truth came home. That advertisement was true. It applied to her. It had applied to her for years. That hint, brutal as it was, put her on the right track.

* * *

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

★ * * *

Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

LISTERINE

Meet the morning in a *bullish* frame of mind!

ANY morning you arise feeling dull, listless and "bearish", get down your bottle of Sal Hepatica and whisk a spoonful or so into a glass of water. (Use the cap, it's very convenient.) Drink the sparkling mixture!

It cleanses the system promptly. It can and will improve your morning disposition! Women find this dependable combination has no superior for clearing the complexion. Men drink it because it keeps them "in the pink".

Constipation . . . colds . . . headaches . . . rheumatism . . . acidosis . . . digestive disorders . . . all the common complaints that begin in a logy intestinal tract are banished, thoroughly yet gently, by Sal Hepatica. More than any other kind of laxative it cleans the blood stream of poisons. It combats acidity. It promptly clears the system of wastes!

Physicians, our own and the European, endorse the great advantages of this saline method. Every season, the spas of the Continent are thronged with wealthy men and women who seek relief from a long list of ills by drinking the sparkling waters. For salines move the waste matter promptly and directly fight all acid conditions. The same natural salines are found in Sal Hepatica —ready and convenient for you to use!

From your doctor, learn more about the actual "why" and "how" of the saline way to health. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . And the next time your morning begins with a "bearish" complex, drop a spoonful in your before-breakfast glass of water and drink your own health!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30c, 60c, and $1.20*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. E-99, 71 West St., New York.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Things was working out swell. If it hadn't been for the heavy love going on between Betty and Mr. Vann, I don't believe Lou ever would of left, but that seemed to bring him to, and he walked off with me real quiet.

Well, we start down the road towards the town, and in a way I am sorry for Lou, even though I know he is lucky, and I finally tell him so.

"Sure, I'm lucky," he admits. Then he shakes his head like something is bothering him. "Did you see her kissing him, Babe?"

"Yeah," I says, "I seen that."

"And can you imagine any girl loving that bird more than me?"

"It is kind of hard to understand," I says. "But never you mind, Lou. I seen something tonight I never thought you had. Holy mackerel! Kid, where did you get that knock-out punch?"

"Oh," says Lou, "I always could punch when I wanted to. And tonight I sure wanted."

"You must of," I says. "But my gosh, Lou, what made you sock him that way? He hadn't said a word to you."

"I know it," says Lou. "But he insulted me just the same. He called me something terrible."

"What did he call you?" I asks.

"Plenty," answers Lou bitterly. "He grabs her away from me and says to her: 'There, Betty, I told you this would happen if you insisted on coming out here with your phenomenon!' "

I was dazed. "Lou," I says, "I guess I am dumber than I thought. Tell me, Lou —what is a phenomenon?"

He gives me a puzzled frown. "I don't know," he answers. Then his face brightens triumphantly. "But that guy Vann will never know that I don't!"

Ride, Rope and Dog

(*Continued from page 49*)

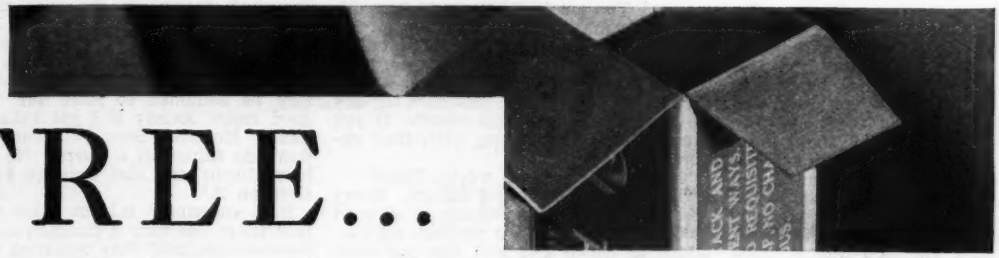
purchasing town clothes. He would invest in a good ready-made suit of a hard-wearing fabric that would, when pressed, still look neat when Bart's third suit was already beginning to shine. When Bart took a lady friend to a legitimate show at three dollars a seat, Tom took his lady friend to a neighborhood movie at thirty cents a seat.

Bart liked to play poker and after the contestants had been paid off at a rodeo he always had designs on their wealth. As he was not a brilliant poker player, he discovered, when they cast up their accounts after their second season, that he owed the firm nineteen hundred dollars. Tom liked to play poker, too, but he hated to lose money; so he never bluffed and never made a bet his hand didn't justify. As a result the firm owed him twenty-two hundred dollars when they cast up their accounts.

However, as pals and partners they got along swimmingly, for both were tolerant, good-natured and generous, for even if Tom was thrifty he was not meanly so—and he was generous of soul. Both were instinctively kind, exhibiting always a spirit of gay sportsmanship.

The wisdom of Tom's ukase against bulldogging was proved abundantly, for during the first seven years they were on the circuit the accidents that befell them were minor; they were never carried off the field and never spent a day in hospital. Nevertheless, every little while Bart would have a great longing to enter the bulldogging lists and would broach the subject to his partner, who always gave him the same answer.

"Bulldoggin's the most spectacular



FREE...

Where shall we send your 10-day supply of this amazing formula?

OF the people having pride enough to brush their teeth, ten million have mailed a coupon like the one at the right. That is one reason so many fascinating smiles reveal unbelievably white teeth.

One reason, too, why dentists have noted a declining tendency of many patients towards serious tooth and gum diseases.

Please send your name and address. Your supply of Pepsodent will be mailed you at once.

What happens to teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dangerous coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—film invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea and similar serious disorders.

How the new way removes film

Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now science produces a special film-removing agent. First it acts to curdle film so that light brushing easily removes it.

When film is gone teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay and pyorrhea is scientifically combated. And the danger of many ills that appear in later life may be immeasurably lessened.

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

Try this way—Free

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon to nearest address for free 10-day tube. Do not delay. It will work wonders in gaining dazzling smiles.

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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . Toronto 2, Ont., Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . London, S. E. 1, Eng.
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Only one tube to a family 3250

stunt at a rodeo, Bart. There's the short fast race after the steer passes the startin' line; you take after him; you're alongside him, goin' like the devil; in full flight you slide off your horse over onto the steer's withers an' down his neck; you grab him by the horns; he maybe swings you clear off the ground an' out in front of him; he tries to get his head down to hook you; until you get his head up he's shovin' you into the earth; it's a battle—a one-hundred-and-seventy-pound man ag'in' a thousand-pound steer—an' you flop him or stick a pennant on his horns. An' the crowd goes wild.

"Bart, it's that itch for the cheers that's afflictin' you. Have I got to remind you ag'in that cheers don't buy no oats for a cow horse?"

And Bart would say: "All right, old long-head, seein' as how you object."

THE eighth year they were out Tom contracted influenza at the Calgary Stampede. So he rode no bucking horses or steers, but despite this fact, he roped daily and won first money, while a newcomer beat Bart out for second money.

Then Tom went to hospital with double pneumonia and Bart moved on to Pendleton, where there came upon him again the old itch to enter for the bulldogging.

The conservative Tom not being present to combat this yearning, he yielded to it, missed his first steer completely, slid headfirst over the animal's head between the wide-flung horns, got trampled on, and had four ribs broken and the wind knocked out of him.

For the first time in his life he was carried off the field and had a free ride in an ambulance, before he had earned a dollar! He was in hospital two months and missed the rodeos at Billings, Cheyenne and Cedar Rapids. Meanwhile Tom had recovered in time to participate at Cheyenne and Cedar Rapids, nor did Bart catch up with him until the opening of the Madison Square Garden show in New York.

Tom greeted the sinner as casually as if nothing untoward had occurred. Tactfully, he did not even refer to Bart's accident. All he said was, "Hello, partner. Glad to see your sinful face ag'in," and shook hands.

Bart waited half an hour for the tongue-thrashing he expected and knew he deserved, and when it seemed his penance was not forthcoming he demanded it. "Tom," he charged, "you're too nasty nice to suit me. I've put the skids under our earnin's this year an' you ain't even mentioned it."

"I figger you've had your lesson, Bart. In blood an' pain you've proved I'm right, so I can't see no sense in rubbin' it in. I reckon you're cured now."

"But ain't you mad at me, Tom?"

"Some," Tom admitted, "but not enough to disrupt our partnership—this time. I've earned close to four thousand dollars workin' alone, an' you get your half of it just the same. But the next time you cause the firm a loss you pay for it in blood, pain *an'* cash."

Thoughtfully he rolled a cigaret, and resumed: "Seein' as how you advance yourself as a subject for conversation, Bart, I reckon I've got to give you a mite of sound advice. For eight years me an' you've been partners, averagin' six thousand a year net per each. How much you got left out o' your winnin's?"

"Danged if I know," Bart p mitted. "You keep the books, don't y..."

"I do. An' for every charge ag'in' your account I got a dead check with your indorsement to prove you got the money. You got $7,352.80 to your credit. The rest you've done wasted."

"Cricky," Bart murmured, "is that all?"

"You don't have to take my word for it, Bart. I've had a certified public accountant check the books from the day we started, an' here's his report. If you can find anythin' wrong with that report I'll eat it."

"How much are you worth, Tom?"

"About sixty thousand dollars. Every year I invested my surplus in a good stock, which pays five percent regular, added to which I've had two one-hundred-percent stock dividends an' I'm ripe for a third. You remember I picked on you to do that but you couldn't see the sense to it."

"Shut up," Bart ordered savagely.

"*Seguro.* What you do with your money ain't none o' my business, provided I get my half o' what you win. Well, you all ready to do your stuff at the Garden?"

Bart said he was and the incident was closed.

They had their usual run of good luck at the Garden show and the day it closed Bart came to Tom in a tremendous state of excitement. "Tom, old hoss," he burbled, "I've just heard of a way to make a lot o' easy money."

"Yeah?" Thus the doubting Thomas. "Unload it."

"Seein' as how I've been crowned the champeen roper o' the world, Tom—not that I'm braggin', because you've been the champeen roper several times yourself—a sport just meets me an' offers to bet me all the money I got I can't rope an' hog-tie a llama inside o' two minutes. Which he says a llama is a meek critter."

"I wouldn't know a llama if I met him in a high ball," Tom replied, "but I'm layin' you even money this unknown sport's right. If he wasn't he wouldn't offer to make you the bet. Lay off'n him. He knows what he knows."

"Listen, *amigo.* I can rope a jack rabbit if he stays in range o' my twine. There ain't no critter livin' that it's possible to rope an' hog-tie that I can't rope an' hog-tie. Lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses an' hippopotamuses is all I bar, an' I'm goin' to take this sport on if it's the last act o' my sinful career. I told him about you an' he says if you got any money you care to lose he'll bet 'em as high as a hound's back. Come on in, Tom, the water's fine. Why, this sucker must be crazy to think a llama can beat our time."

"Interduce me to this llama," the cautious Thomas replied. "Then I'll make up my mind."

"Which he's a native of the Andy Mountains, Tom, an' belongs to the camel family. The natives in Peru use him for a pack horse, an' his wool's known as vicuna. He weighs mebbe three hundred to three hundred an' fifty pound an' stands about four feet high at the shoulders. He's meek an' mild an' he's got a two-foot neck that's just made to put a rope on."

"Sounds like a llama ought to be duck soup for us, Bart. Where can we look at one? I'm danged if I go to Peru to win a bet unless my travelin' expenses is guaranteed."

"There's some of 'em in a circus that's holed up for the winter out to Bridgeport, Connecticut, Tom."

"Then let's mosey along out to Bridgeport, Bart." So they went to Bridgeport and looked at llamas and after one look Bart commenced to snicker.

"Like ropin' a day-old calf," he declared. "I'm goin' to hunt this sport up an' bet my entire roll. Tom, you give me my wad. I reckon I got close to nine thousand dollars in the sock now an' mighty soon I'll have eighteen. In fact, I dunno but maybe this sport gives me odds. You goin' to git in on this, Tom?"

"I'm liable to," Tom admitted. "I'd sure be ashamed to show my face in good ropin' society if I got licked by a llama. However, Bart, you know me. I don't do things in a hurry. No matter how allurin' the idee appears I always sleep on it."

Bart sneeringly informed his partner that there was such a thing as being too conservative, and they returned to New York. Scarcely had they reached their hotel when Tom announced he was going over to New Jersey to visit some of his mother's kinsfolk and might stay all night; so, leaving Bart to arrange his private llama-roping contest with the unknown sport, Tom took the next train back to Bridgeport. He went at once to the circus and sought the owner.

"I want to buy your best llama," he announced.

"Five hundred dollars," the circus man replied tersely, and Tom counted out the money, hired a light truck, loaded his llama into it and returned to New York, where he housed the strange creature in the riding academy where he and Bart stabled their horses.

At ten o'clock that night, when the riding academy was deserted save for the night watchman, Mr. Crosby repaired there, turned the llama into the riding ring, saddled and mounted his best roping horse and spoke thus to the night watchman:

"Here's twenty bucks. It's for keepin' your mouth shut an' never mentionin' to a human what you're about to see. Here's a stop watch. Now, I'm goin' to lay a spare reata from the wall out into the ring; then I'm goin' to haze this here critter around the ring once to git him goin' at top speed; as the brute crosses the reata the second time you snap the watch on him.

"I'm goin' to rope him, throw him an' hog-tie him, an' the second I have him tied I'll jump clear of his carcass an' throw up both hands. You time me. Know how to handle a stop watch?"

The night watchman said he did, so Mr. Crosby got out his reata, shook out a medium-sized loop, struck the llama smartly across the rump and started him trotting around the ring. The llama was running his best as he crossed the reata the second time—and four feet from the line Tom Crosby made his cast.

He was using a twenty-seven-foot reata. Out in front of the llama and seemingly a few feet to his right the loop sped, only to coil inward and settle over the llama's neck as Tom sent a faint ripple down the rope, even as it hung in mid-air.

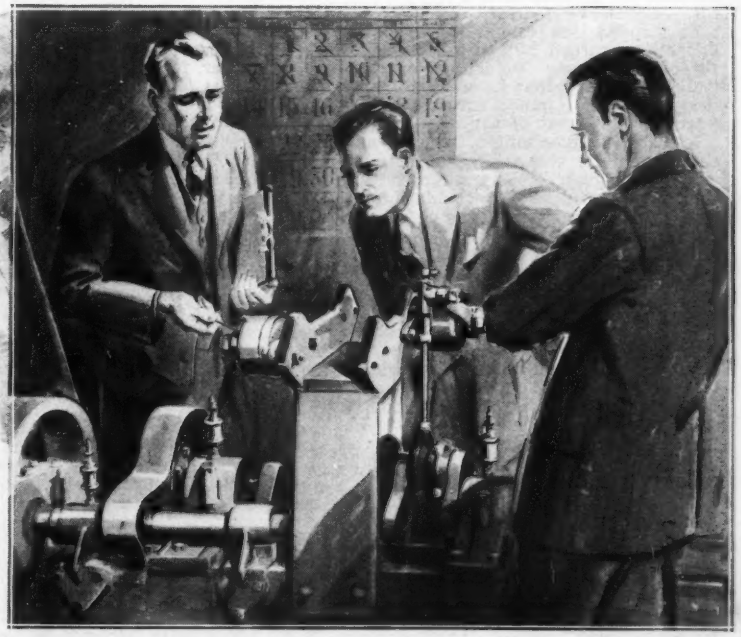
A JERK and the loop was snug around the llama's swanlike neck, snugged down close to his withers; then Mr. Crosby flipped the reata across the creature's back, snagged him with the bight of it across both hams, tied hard and fast to his pommel and sent his horse forward in a sudden leap.

Even as the llama went down Mr. Crosby shot out of his saddle, reaching for the tie-rope in his belt as he sprang upon the llama, now outstretched upon its side. His left knee sought the neck to prevent the animal from rising by the simple expedient of keeping its head down; his right knee caressed the animal's ribs, pressing upon them with all his weight; he reached swiftly down to grasp the front legs and slip the loop of his short tie-rope over both.

With the loop snugged over them his next move would have been to grasp

Years of punishment

jammed into HOURS *and* MINUTES



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The "break down" test machine compares the life of shock absorbers by packing years of terrific driving punishment into hours and minutes. The unusually long life of Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers on the "break down" machine is confirmed by their accomplishments over the years on millions of automobiles.

Some of their mechanical features which have made them *the world's standard of comparison* are...

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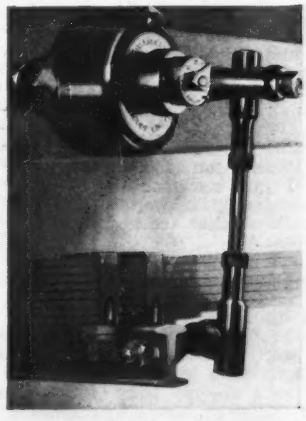
4. The easy adjustment for accurately adapting their resistance to your individual car.

The long life and performance of Houdailles is not a guess.

In the great automobile plants terrific break down machines literally jam years of punishment into hours and minutes while automotive engineering authorities study shock absorber performance.

Your Car Dealer can supply Houdailles at the new lower prices.. $40, $50, $75 and $100, plus installation. Slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.



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one hind leg, draw it up to the two captured front legs, make two swift turns around it, then a half hitch—and the deed would be done.

But something happened. The llama's long slim neck curved upward like a snake striking; the slim small head struck Mr. Crosby a resounding thwack on the left jaw and simultaneously the llama commenced to struggle and kick with all four feet.

The Crosby knee slipped off the llama's neck; before it could be got back again the llama made a prodigious heave and Mr. Crosby fell across him, his head between those furious hoofs that scraped the tanbark. Then the llama rose, turned him in a somersault, faced the horse (which, admirably trained assistant that he was, still held the reata taut), pulled furiously backward—*and slid out of the loop.*

Mr. Crosby, discomfited, amazed and shocked to the very depths of his artistry, rose groggily and surveyed the ruin of his hopes. He couldn't quite understand how it had happened; he only knew that it had.

"No time," the timekeeper shouted.

"That's because this danged llama ain't got horns," Mr. Crosby panted. "If he had horns the rope wouldn't have slipped off his neck, an' I'd have grabbed him again an' flanked him. Besides, his head's only a half-portion, considerin' the size of his body. Yes, sir, his head's more or less like a snake's—no jawbones to speak of—an' when he pins down his ears an' stretches out his chin, the critter's most all neck an' if he pulls hard enough the loop just naturally slides down his neck an' over his head."

He gathered up his rope, rested a few minutes and tried again. Once more his loop settled with beautiful precision over the llama's neck; and again the beast slid out of the loop.

"Who says a llama ain't got brains, for all his little noodle?" the timekeeper yelled. He was a human being and his sympathies were all with the llama.

Mr. Crosby muttered something under his breath and shook out his loop again.

A third time Mr. Crosby made his cast and a bitter curse heralded the fact that the llama was holding still another trump, for as the loop swished softly over in front of him he dropped his long neck until his nose touched the tanbark and the loop dropped harmlessly off him.

"The neck won't do," Tom Crosby decided.

On his fourth try he succeeded in flopping the llama, only to have the creature bound up under him like a rubber ball and toss him over backward. Gallantly Mr. Crosby returned to the attack, only to meet with another defeat. The timekeeper's raucous laughter strafed his nerves.

"Five trys an' still no time," he shouted, "but if you think I can't fool a llama, you're crazy. I ain't been nominated the champeen roper o' the world three times not to have another ace up the sleeve o' my kimono."

"I suppose you're going to grab him by the hind legs this time," his timekeeper suggested.

Tom Crosby shook his head. "That's only done when you're draggin' calves up to the brandin' fire," he exclaimed. "If I rope him by both hind legs—an' that's the easiest thing I do—my pony holds him stretched thataway, an' it's a cinch he can't get up under me nohow, but at the same time I can't draw his forelegs far enough to the rear, nor his hind legs far enough to the front, to make my tie. If I tell my pony to come in an' slack up on my rope, right off this cussed llama kicks me to death. He's just too much llama for me to hold without help from the horse."

Again he picked up his reata, coiled it, mounted his horse, shook out a larger loop than any he had previously employed, rode up to his Nemesis and again smacked the brute smartly with the rope. The llama trotted off and when at last he broke into a fast run, Tom Crosby, to employ his own picturesque metaphor, reached into the sleeve of his kimono and played his remaining ace.

Straight out in front of the galloping llama his loop hurtled easily; in mid-air a mysterious ripple ran down the reata, the loop turned, as if in obedience to its master, formed a figure eight and settled. Straight into the upper half of that fatal numeral the llama ran his head; into the lower half both his front legs were thrust—and with a savage jerk Tom Crosby drew the loop taut.

"Now back out o' that one, you hairy cuter," he yelled joyously, and tossed the slack of his reata over the llama's back and around his haunches, tying hard and fast to his pommel. Then the rowels sank home in his mount's flanks and sent the horse forward in a swift bound.

Instantly the llama turned a somersault, and came down with a terrific thud on his back, just as Tom Crosby left his saddle like a bird in flight. His horse slid to a halt in a welter of flying tanbark, in front of the llama, turned, braced his front feet and held!

Already the llama was securely trussed. Caught with that figure-eight loop around neck and forelegs and with the reata under him and held taut across his flanks, his frantic efforts to rise were easily checked by Crosby's knee on his neck. A swift swoop over the fallen animal and both front fetlocks were caught securely in the loop of the tie-rope; for greater security Mr. Crosby added a half hitch, then reached for a hind leg.

With a powerful jerk he drew it forward until it touched the tethered forelegs, then he made three swift turns around it with his tie-rope, secured them with a half hitch, sprang erect and threw both arms upward and outward.

For a moment he stood thus, then tugged at the tie-rope and rolled the trussed animal over, after the fashion of a judge at a rodeo. The tie held!

"Fourteen and two-fifths seconds or I'm a kangaroo," the timekeeper shouted. "Man, you're an artist. Where under the canopy did you learn that figure-eight throw?"

"I learned that one," Mr. Crosby murmured modestly, "down in San Benito County, California, where I was raised. That throw is close to what you call a lost art. It was developed as a matter o' professional skill—a stunt—by a few old-timers, all Spanish-Californians. It ain't a practical stunt, but if a feller ever takes the notion to use it on a critter it sure works like a charm. It's the only loop to use on a llama."

He untied the disillusioned llama, which got up and scampered away.

After returning his live stock to their box stalls, Mr. Crosby returned to the hotel and found Bart awaiting him in feverish excitement.

"The sport that wants to bet me any amount o' money I can't make time on a llama has telephoned twice," he complained. "He says he's goin' out of town tomorrow night an' if I aim to take him up I got to move fast. I told him I thought mebbe you might be interested in takin' some of his easy money away from him an' he says you're cordially invited. Have you thunk it over, Tom?"

Mr. Crosby nodded. "We'll take him on, Bart. I might as well confess I ain't been over to Jersey; neither have I got any kin folk this far East. I been back to Bridgeport an' bought a husky llama from that circus feller. Me an' the said llama tangled—an' I roped an' hog-tied him in fourteen an' two-fifths seconds."

Mr. Eaton made a dive for his partner, clasped him in his strong arms and strove mightily to beat in Mr. Crosby's vertebræ. "Good old Chief Never-Looks-Before-He-Leaps," he exulted. "Always a-figgerin' on savin' your fool partner, eh? Well, here's where I get back a lot o' that dough I been spendin' foolishly." And he went to the telephone and called his sporting friend.

"Hey," he yelled excitedly, "me an' my partner'll take you up on that llama-ropin' bet. We been out to a circus in Bridgeport to look at llamas an' after one look we decide you're crazy. So we acquire the huskiest llama in captivity an' bring him to New York. We got him up at the ridin' academy where we stable our ropin' hosses, an' I reckon we'll have room enough in the ridin' ring to show you what two world's champeen ropers can do when there's real money in sight.

"I got nine thousand dollars that says I can rope an' hog-tie said llama inside one minute. You was willin' to give me three minutes, but I'm a sport. I'll just take one minute—for good measure, although, barrin' accidents, fifteen seconds probably'll be all I'll need." He turned from the telephone. "How much you willin' to bet, Tom?"

"About forty thousand, I reckon," the conservative one replied, and Mr. Eaton fell limply against the wall.

"I got to hock my oil stock at some bank to raise the ready money," Mr. Crosby went on, "unless this innercent is willin' to bet cash ag'in' my oil stock at the closin' market price today on the Stock Exchange. If he'll do that I'll bet him all I got in the world."

This information Mr. Eaton conveyed to the enemy, who accepted instantly and agreed to bet cash against the equivalent in value of Mr. Crosby's stock. It was agreed that the contest should be staged the following morning at eleven o'clock, the cautious Mr. Crosby insisting that the banks must open first, thus permitting his victim to arrive on the ground with cash. He trusted no stranger or his check!

"Who is this sucker?" Tom demanded, when Bart hung up the phone.

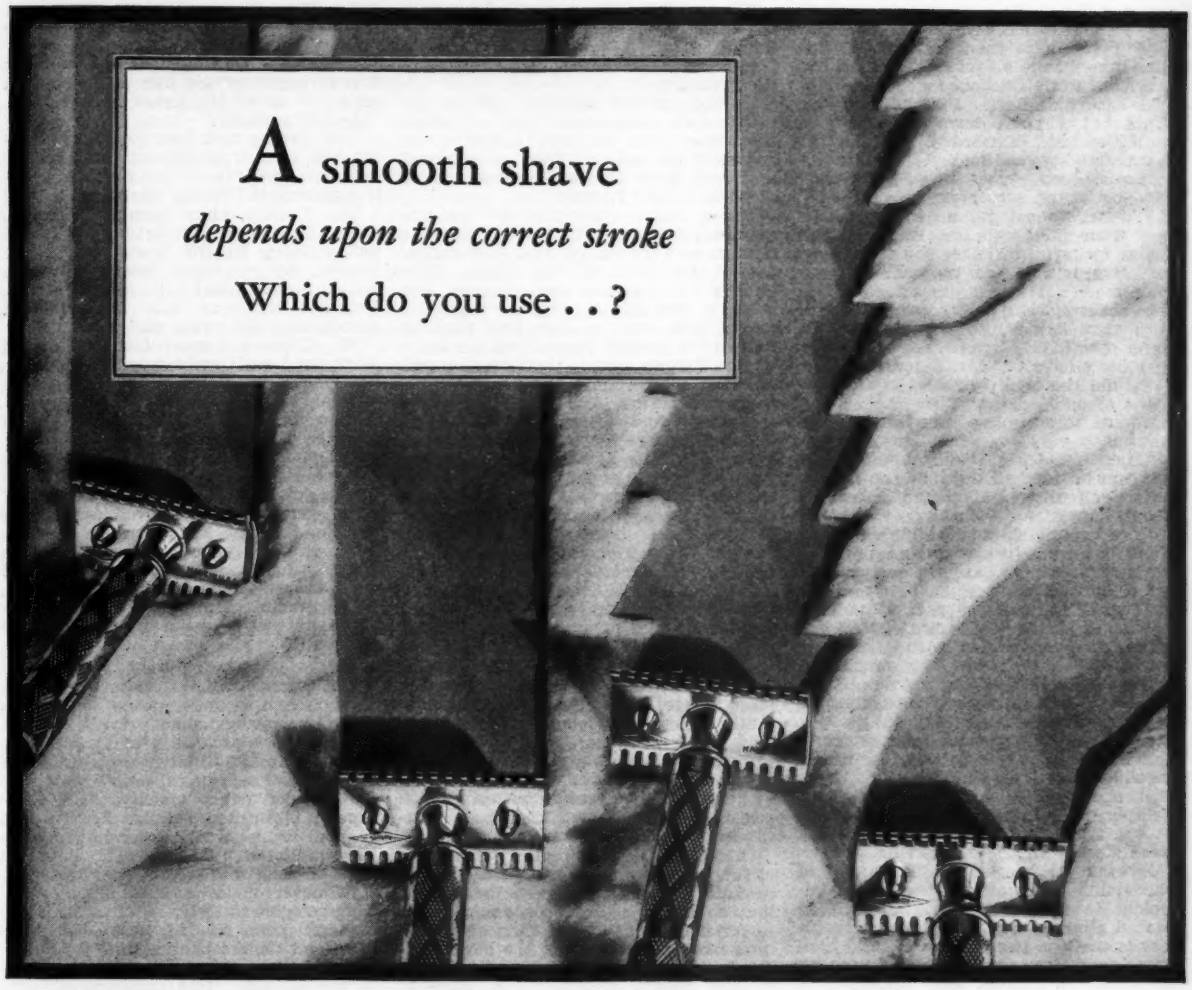
Bart produced a card. "The Honorable Cecil Scott-Enderly," he said. "He's one o' them younger sons of a noble English family an' thirty year ago the old man hove him out o' the nest on account the Honorable Cecil keeps the family embarrassed with his cuttin'-up. The duke gives him a bank roll an' tells him that's his an' it's all he's ever goin' to get an' to conserve it. So Cecil lights out for the Argentine, where he gets a job on a cattle ranch. Bein' too far from civilization to do much cuttin'-up, he reforms an' learns the business, an' when he's learned it he goes in for himself.

"I reckon he's got more money than some folks have hay an', bein' from South America, I reckon he's tolerable familiar with llamas an' knows from experience how hard they are to rope."

"I'll bet a pretty he never seen no Argentine puncher put his twine on one an' hog-tie him."

"That's what he says, Tom. He's fairer'n blazes about this deal, an' warns me it can't be done; that he's seen the best ropers in the Argentine try it an' fail."

"I never hearn tell of a champeen



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roper o' the world from the Argentine," Mr. Crosby replied with fine scorn.

"Did you have much of a fuss with this here llama o' your'n?" Mr. Eaton queried, faintly cautious.

"I sure did, Bart. I roped him five times but I don't have myself timed until the last. I'm tellin' you, Bart, it takes a mighty good man to do the trick."

"I'm as good a man as you are, Gunga Din—better, on occasions."

"You don't get no argyment out o' me," Tom interposed. "A long time ago I give up tryin' to teach you to be conservative, but bein' a born fool, I'll try once more. If I was you I'd go out to the academy early tomorrow mornin', turn that llama into the ring an' do some practicin'."

"I don't have to," Mr. Eaton defended. "You did the trick in fourteen an' two-fifths seconds, didn't you? Well, I got a minute to do it in—three minutes if I want it."

"Then," said Mr. Crosby kindly, "if I was you I'd take all the time the Honorable Cecil allows. You can never tell about llamas."

"You got me skinned at high finance, Tom, but when it comes to ropin' you ain't. It's been nip an' tuck between us for eight year."

"Yeah?" There was a faint note of passion in Mr. Crosby's voice. "Well, you wait until you tangle with the llama tomorrow an' we'll see how much you know about ropin'. Between me an' this pet llama o' mine we're sure goin' to teach you how to take a joke."

At the appointed hour next morning, the Honorable Cecil Scott-Enderly, immaculately arrayed in morning clothes and accompanied by some half-dozen gentlemen of the leisure class, appeared at the riding academy. Tom and Bart were already in the riding ring.

By mutual consent the manager of the riding academy was elected stakeholder and timekeeper; Bart Eaton placed nine thousand dollars cash in his hands and the Honorable Cecil did likewise; then Tom Crosby handed over his oil-stock certificates, duly indorsed in blank, and against them the Honorable Cecil solemnly placed a certificate of deposit, in his own favor and indorsed by him in blank.

"I say, you American chaps," he announced, "aren't we quite ready for the fray? Eh, what? Bring on the silly llama and let joy be unconfined. Whose money do I win first?"

"Bart Eaton's," Tom Crosby answered.

And when, a minute later, a swipe led in the llama, Mr. Eaton grinned, uncoiled his reata, shook out his loop and with a yell drove straight at his prey . . .

"SORRY, old fruit," the Honorable Cecil Scott-Enderly murmured five minutes later, as the stakeholder handed him eighteen thousand dollars in cash, "but it is as I feared. Your experience with llamas has been limited. I'll say this for you, however, Mr. Eaton. You made a dashed sporty contest of it."

"I'm kicked, clawed an' butted to death," Mr. Eaton gasped. "I never did see such a critter in all my born days." He tried to carry off his defeat in a gallant manner, but his white face betrayed him. "You was sporty, Cecil, givin' me five tries instead o' one. I ain't got no kick comin'. Tom, take your lickin'."

"All the labor of a lifetime gone into Cecil's pocket," Tom Crosby murmured witheringly. "But you would gamble, Bart—an' now look where gamblin's led you! For eight years I been tryin' to get you to act conservative, to play safe an' invest your money in sound enterprises——"

"Shut up," Mr. Eaton growled savagely, "or I'll kill you—if that flame-anointed llama don't."

"Gimme your twine," Mr. Crosby ordered coldly.

He rode to the opposite wall of the riding hall, dismounted and stretched the reata from the wall out into the center of the arena. Then he mounted and rode back to the Honorable Cecil and the latter's friends.

"In a rodeo performance," he announced, "time starts the minute the steer crosses the startin' line after comin' out o' the chute on the jump. This llama's like me—he's conservative. I'm goin' to haze him around the ring once to get him goin', so the first time he crosses the startin' line—which the same is Mr. Eaton's reata—that don't count. But the second time around you snap the watch on me. I'm goin' to show you a sample o' how we rope jack rabbits an' antelopes where I come from."

He hazed the llama once around the ring; then just as the harassed animal crossed Bart's reata the second time, Mr. Crosby's reata, with the loop describing a figure eight, snaffled him by neck and forelegs. The Honorable Cecil and his friends had a kaleidoscopic vision of horse, man and llama in a shower of tanbark; then Tom was standing over the llama, both arms held skyward.

The Honorable Cecil and his friends, accompanied by Bart Eaton, came over and inspected the tie. It withstood the most severe tests (Bart Eaton saw to that); unless somebody should cast him loose that llama certainly was doomed to lie where he was and starve to death.

The Honorable Cecil tapped Mr. Crosby gently on the shoulder with a weapon composed of stock certificates and thousand-dollar bills.

"I dub thee the champion llama roper of the world and of all time, Mr. Crosby," he admitted. "I would have bet a million dollars it couldn't be done, really, under five minutes, and then only by a man more powerful than the most powerful llama. I would have bet two million dollars it couldn't be done in eleven and a quarter seconds—and that's your time, old bean, if my stop watch doesn't lie. And I still trust it, eh, what? Charming. Delightful. Permit me to shake your hand, my dear fellow. If you will come to the Argentine with me you'll make a great fortune."

"Thanks just the same," Mr. Crosby murmured, "but I never gamble. Speculative enterprises never appealed to me."

"My word! There was a chance you might have missed your cast, really."

"Yes, but I had another reata ready under my left leg; I wouldn't have lost more'n four seconds. I've missed my steer more'n once, but never twice in succession."

"How perfectly remarkable! Of course you've had experience with llamas?"

"Yes, sir, I have. I bought this one yesterday to practice on, an' he certainly made a monkey out o' me until I got onto his art. I urged Bart to give himself a try-out last night, but Bart—well, Bart he's sort o' radical in spots, like this here llama."

"Is there anything at which you Americans cannot excel?" the Honorable Cecil demanded.

"Well, cricket, mebbe," Mr. Crosby admitted modestly.

He cast the llama loose and faced Bart Eaton. "Too bad you never learned that figure-eight throw, partner," he said kindly. "I'd have taught you if we'd had time, but it's a stunt you've got to learn early in life an' practice a lot. An' it ain't used in our profession." He sighed. "Well, Bart, we got a llama on our hands an' a llama is somethin' we don't need any more'n we need a tail. What'll we do with the critter?"

"Telephone the manager o' the Bronx Zoo to come an' git him an' then let's git out o' here," Mr. Eaton cried sharply. "Me, I'm sufferin'."

Tom Crosby took him by the arm and led him off a little distance. "Partner," he murmured, "that's the first conservative statement I've ever heard you make."

Mr. Eaton's chin trembled slightly. "Good Lord, Tom, I'm flat broke. I ain't got a thing in the world except my clothes, my two ropin' hosses, my outfit an' an unpaid hotel bill. Added to that, I'm two thousand mile from fifty a month as a top cowhand."

Mr. Crosby's honest features burned bricky red with embarrassment. "Why, you're still my partner, Bart," he murmured. "I knew what was goin' to happen to you, but I let it happen to learn you the value o' bein' conservative an' savin' your money. Me, I wouldn't have let you risk your wad if I didn't know I was goin' to win it back for you an' then some. We got over a hundred thousand in the kitty now an' we'll be good on the rodeo circuit until we're thirty. Just two years more an' then we'll lease a little headquarters ranch, get a grazin' permit in the Forest Reserve an' settle down to a nice little cow-outfit of our own."

BART stared at him, torn between affection and wounded pride. "You can teach me things about ropin' I never heard of, *amigo*," he ground out, "but when it comes to playin' a man's part I got just as much proud flesh as the next one. I don't take charity. Our partnership is finished, because if you'd been a good partner you'd never have let me be humiliated by a dog-gone llama in front o' a lot o' dog-gone 'ristocrats."

"I never make a kind offer twice," Tom retorted bitterly. "But to show you I didn't mean no dirt, here's your nine thousand dollars back ag'in."

Bart struck the proffered roll of bills to the tanbark. Tom picked it up.

"An' I'll not make that offer twice," he asserted, "but to show you I ain't quite heartless I'll give you my llama. You might sell him for a good price."

"You take your blamed llama an' go to——"

"Offer withdrawn, Bart. Want to sell your ropin' hosses?"

"I got to," Mr. Eaton admitted bravely. "I got to have a road-stake to git back to the range. There's always a job waitin' for me on the Flyin' V."

"What are them hosses worth?" Mr. Crosby's voice was choked.

"Cheap at a thousand."

"Here's your thousand."

"Thanks. Well, so long, Tom. Good luck to you."

He turned, without proffering his hand, and strode away. When Tom got back to their hotel he discovered Bart had paid his half of their bill, and departed.

"You can lead a mule to water but you can't make him drink," Mr. Crosby apostrophized the chandelier. "It's a fool's job tryin' to be your brother's keeper an' a fool an' his money is soon parted. It's a wise man who knows when he's licked. I'm licked. Two years more to go on the circuit an' then I'm through. But—I got to go it alone. Oh, Lord!"

And then—there being nothing further to do about it—Tom Crosby sat down and wept. The next day he loaded his four roping horses into a box car, rode with them free on a driver's ticket and returned to California. But before leaving, he sold his llama back to the circus for two hundred and fifty dollars!

Flat on My Back *by Lorna Moon* (*Continued from page 93*)

everyone's strength. The difference between me and people on the hoof is that I can take my limited strength and expend it just as I please, without criticism.

Which of my friends can do that? True, their strength is greater than mine, but greater too are the demands upon it, and they may not shirk. So at the end of a year, they find that exactly nothing remains to them as fruit of their energies except the memory of social duties reluctantly performed, while I, having a fraction of their energy, have written a book.

But this is *not* because I am "a brave and gallant girl," as my friends believe, but simply because I have an asset which they have not. I have hours and hours of solitude in which to dream over what I shall write.

And this ability to be alone is another gift that T. B. brings. At first it is a terrible thing to let go your hold on the world and fall back upon yourself. The loneliness terrifies. But if you weather this, there grows up in you a reconciliation to solitude which later becomes a love of solitude, a *need* for solitude.

And this is the writer's asset, for writing is the lonely art. A musician may practice just as well with an admiring audience in the background; a painter or a sculptor can enjoy conversation while busily shaping his work; and an actor needs an audience to inspire his best efforts. But the writer must be alone; must be able to be alone.

Learning early to be alone, while it cannot make genius where no genius is, *does* develop it more intensely and at an earlier age. I do not think that Keats at twenty-five would have left behind him the work he did, had not tuberculosis forced solitude upon him. Nor do I believe that Shelley at twenty-eight would have done the bulk of work he did, but for his fight with this disease.

The Brontë sisters all died of tuberculosis when they were young, but it did not keep them from making their names immortal. Anne Brontë died at twenty-nine; Emily had written "Wüthering Heights" and many poems and stories before she died at thirty years of age; Charlotte with "The Professor," "Jane Eyre," "Shirley" and "Villette" to her credit died at thirty-nine. But the names are so many: Jane Austen, Robert Louis Stevenson, Chehov, Stephen Collins Foster, Edgar Allan Poe, Herman Melville, Katherine Mansfield.

And also, these years of solitude have made of me a strong person. Strong because I do not lean upon the world but rely upon myself. Oh, I love my friends and I love love, but I could open my hand and let them all go at any time and not be shattered, for I have learned to be happy alone.

These years have made me a thoughtful, introspective person, so that I am mentally mature beyond my years. My art is mature beyond my years. Whatever you are, is intensified in T. B. Doctors have propounded many theories about this. Some say that the intense creative force of a sufferer from T. B. is simply the endangered life force trying to establish immortality for itself before it is snuffed out. Others say the toxins of T. B. excite the brain.

I do not know. I have no theories beyond this: that solitude is the cradle of genius. I *do* think that everything about T. B. tends to make me a better writer.

I do not say that it is a better thing to write than to live (whatever that means) but I *do* say that, whether writing is important or not, T. B. is not a hindrance to it but a help. And on these grounds I say that no one has any right to be sorry for me, and that, if there is any "being sorry for" to be done, I have as much grounds for being sorry for my friends as they have for being sorry for me, since I have a disease which helps me to do the thing which I most want to do.

Oh, believe me, I miss very little of life or love or beauty. I miss the beauty of the out-of-doors, you say? But I do not. My many windows open upon gentle hills that catch the reflection of the setting sun. And at night the moon comes up, a shining silver plate, from behind the blue shoulder of a hill.

From other windows I look down on glittering Hollywood far below, with its crisscross of phantom searchlights waving like pale arms across the sky. I watch a humming bird busy with its day's work among the irises and foxgloves.

Which of you racing madly through the streets in your automobiles to get from here to there—which of you sees more? Do you daily see pale yellow turn to orange, to lavender, to deep purple, to dark blue, upon a hillside? Do you watch pale lavender tulips in a green vase as they adjust themselves gracefully, relaxing on their long stems and dropping their heads backward like slender dancers?

Perhaps you do not even know that flowers rearrange themselves after you have rammed them into a vase of water. But they *do*, as soon as your back is turned. It takes them hours to do it, but they make themselves comfortable and graceful at last. Oh, no, I do not miss much of nature; I see amazing and beautiful things from my bed.

But all these advantages of mine will never prevent my friends from grieving about me. And as for *me*, I shall continue to give them heart failure and gray hairs. For when I am on my feet again, they will continue to wail: "You'll be sick again if you race around."

And when I am in bed, they will cry: "Why *won't* you take this seriously? You *see* where you've landed yourself again!"

And the fun of all this is that, without a doubt, I shall outlive them all. And will toddle off to my last "cure" at the age of eighty-two, chortling a little in my narrow box as I am carried past the aging tombstones of all my friends who were sorry for me.

Talkie *by Adela Rogers St. Johns* (*Continued from page 54*)

Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and Will Hays and the bishop all hear me. Here I was a perfectly good star, with my pictures making money and my fan mail getting bigger every month. I've spent ten years—ever since I was sixteen—learning to be a good silent actress. Now I have to be Jeritza and Sarah Bernhardt's golden voice, too. Or else in two months I'll be trying to live on my income."

Anna, Judy's maid, interpolated a soothing, "Now, Miss Judy——"

"I don't care," said Judy. "I say d-darn the talkies."

"Hey, hey, that's blasphemy, arson and high treason," said a voice in the doorway.

Judith looked up, still crying. It takes a very pretty girl to look pretty with real tears running down over a mask of sticky grease paint. Judith wasn't pretty enough for that. In fact, she wasn't exactly pretty at any time.

She was—just Judy. But when you find a girl who is not very pretty and still is a motion-picture star making money at the box office and getting twenty-three thousand fan letters a month, she is an exceedingly dangerous woman. Obviously, she has brains and something more enticing and more durable than prettiness.

Judith James was all of that, besides being rated by the studio at large as a "peach of a kid." Every director on the lot swore by her and she was the pet of the publicity department.

The young man who stood in the doorway of her dressing room at that moment was, in fact, the head of the publicity department. His name was Ralph Forrest.

"What's wrong, darling?" he asked.

"Talkies," said Judy. "Oh, Ralph, what am I going to do? Who invented these talkies, anyhow? I'd like five minutes alone with him in a dark alley. I can't even talk to suit them and now I'm supposed to sing. Sing *songs*. If I can't talk, how can I sing?"

"Of course you can sing," he said. "I've heard you. And very good, too."

"That," said Judy, "was just singing. This is—*singing*. What do I know about putting over a song? This time next month I'll probably be slinging hash for a living. Ralph——"

But just then Ralph remembered that he had left a distinguished young man outside on the steps.

"Can I bring Lou Berger in a minute?" he said. "He just got here from New York. He's going to write the songs for Ganna Hanson's next one. He's a marvel. You know—he wrote 'Other Girls' and 'The Flower Song' and——"

"I know," said Judy, "but look at me. I'm not fit to meet my own shadow."

"Aw, Judy!"

"Oh, well," said Miss James, "what's the difference?"

So Mr. Lou Berger, of New York, came in and was duly presented to Miss Judith James, of Hollywood.

Now New York had left its unmistakable stamp upon Lou Berger. In fact, you might say it had left a layer of stamps. The outer one was smooth and glossy and elegant, dazzlingly bright like the lights of Broadway. A slightly bored but jovial superiority that went well with his reputation as the best of the latest crop of song writers.

Under that was a layer that was really hard—a layer consisting mostly of fear of life and distrust of people. That had originated during the lean days when he battled for success and missed it time after time on tough breaks and double crosses. But still deeper, so deep that it was impossible to see it or even imagine it, was the wistful, hungry, lonesome kid, with all the artistry and sentimentality of his race.

Judy James certainly didn't see that inner man—then. If she had—but she didn't. You can hardly blame her, for she looked upon a young man with wise eyes and a skeptical smile.

These song writers, anyway! Hollywood was overrun with them. Hollywood was

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Hollywood, it seemed to Judith James, was all gummed up with things that had sprung out of the talkies. So she looked with cold eyes upon Mr. Lou Berger, the famous song writer.

"I'm certainly glad to meet you, Miss James," said Lou Berger. "You're a girl I've always wanted to meet. You should have gone on the stage."

"I've done pretty well in the movies," said Judy. "How do you like it out here, Mr. Berger?"

"I guess I'm going to like it all right, even if it isn't New York. But they've piled up so much work for me I don't expect to have much time to enjoy myself. Every company in Hollywood wants me to work for it and even turning out tunes the way I do, I won't be able to keep up. I guess they realize now that the song makes the picture."

"Maybe," said Judith James. "Myself, there are things I'd rather do than look at three hundred feet of somebody proving what the dentist does for humanity."

"I'll tell you something," said Lou, "and believe me, I know what I'm talking about. There isn't any reason for looking ugly when you sing. It's all a matter of knowing how it's done. The way I sing a song, you would think I looked like some leading man, which"—for the first time she rather liked his smile—"I don't. You got to know how to handle your mouth. Anyway, when I'm singing, the way I put over a song, you couldn't remember how I look."

Judy opened her mouth to say something. From the glint in her eyes it was probably as well that she didn't. Judy was a sweet kid but she could take care of herself, verbally and otherwise.

Judith James had started pictures with something like fifty percent less looks and talent than most girls who were still just leading women. More than that, while she believed in getting all the fun she could while she could, Judy had her name in electric lights because she had brains and used them, watched her step, worked hard and never missed a trick. That was why she decided at this particular moment that silence was—or might be—golden.

So Mr. Berger proceeded uninterrupted:

"Voices, even, don't matter so much. I haven't got any voice. Say, I've heard people could hit all the high *C's* in the orchestra and all I'd do would be pat my hands together and say, 'That's high *C.*' You know. Then along comes somebody that—well, they just know how to sing a song and they've got a song to sing, and I get all choky and feel funny in my knees. That's all. It's just knowing how and having feeling."

He looked full at Judy. There could be no question that she was now giving him her undivided attention.

"Take this piece of Ganna Hanson's," continued Mr. Berger. "I don't know the story and I don't know whether Ganna Hanson can sing or not. I don't care. I've got a couple of numbers in my head that hit me crossing that desert in New Mexico that are sure fire. One of them I call 'Desert Dawns.' When I get through teaching her how to sing them, there won't be anything to it. This is my game."

"I thought Miss Hanson was still in Sweden," said Judy James.

"She is," said Ralph Forrest, from the doorway, "but she'll be back next week."

Judy James turned around and looked again into Lou Berger's dark, hard eyes.

"I wish I could hear you play that song, Mr. Berger," she said softly. "I'd give anything to hear you sing 'Other Girls.' I—I've always loved that song."

Lou Berger took up his hat. "Come along, lady," he said. "I've got a little office over here with a piano in it and I'll play it for you. You haven't really heard 'Other Girls' unless you've heard me do it."

"If you'll let me get this hot make-up off," said Judy, "I'll be right over."

The office of Mr. Lou Berger registered the change that had come to motion pictures. There had been red velvet drapes and Italian mirrors in directors' offices for some time. But the mahogany grand piano was a new departure.

Judy James curled up in one corner of the davenport and dropped her chin on her bare arm. Her face had come alive and was glittering with an interest which was the essence of subtle flattery.

Lou Berger sat down on the piano bench and began to play.

He could play. His fingers seemed to pull at the keys and give them a little throb that reminded her of the harp she used to hear in the convent at High Mass.

"Gee," she said, "that's a knock-out."

"Yeh, that's a real number," said Lou. "Here's the one I got for Hanson—'Desert Dawns.'"

The refrain filled the little room with tom-toms. Judy listened. He could sing. The hard-boiled little devil could write songs. This was his game, all right.

"Do that again," said Judy.

Two hours later, Lou Berger said, "You'll think I'm the original guy that goes on whether you ask him to or not."

"I asked you," said Judy, getting up slowly. "I—it *is* late. I hope I haven't kept you."

"Nobody ever keeps me if I don't want to be kept," said Lou Berger. "When I got things to do, I go do 'em. You can't dally around these days."

"Why—why don't you come home with me to dinner?" said Judy James prettily. "I live out in the Malibu—that's our loveliest beach, you know—and it's nice and cool. After—Miss Hanson gets back I'll probably never see you. I promise I won't ask you to play any more."

"I don't mind playing," said Lou Berger grandly. "I got a dinner engagement, but it's not business. Lead the way, lady, I'm yours for tonight."

"That wouldn't be a bad title for a song," said Judy James.

"You got a bean on you, lady," said Lou Berger. "Just a minute till I jot that down."

On the way to the beach he whistled softly and Judy James, counting the notes, smiled to herself.

Seven golden evenings, driving straight into the burning sun as it settled lazily into the purple Pacific. Seven little dinners in the cool patio of Judy's Spanish bungalow, where the waving candle flames touched hanging ferns and brilliant flowers to magic. Seven moonlight nights on the little balcony above the white sands, with the silver sheet of the sea glimmering and whispering below them. Seven times Judy, all smiles and dark eyes and soft words.

The Malibu supported Judy valiantly with all its beauties.

"You got me, Judy," said Lou Berger. "I had an idea all women were poison. But you—Judy, do you think you could ever love me? I never knew there was anybody like you. I—I thought I could write lyrics, but this one's got me stopped. I can't say what I want to. Only—Judy, dear!"

When he had kissed her, she dropped her head on his shoulder.

"I love you, Judy," said the man, almost bitterly, as though he yielded up some long-guarded treasure. "What about it?"

The pause that refreshes

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

EACH busy day tends down hill from that top-of-the-morning feeling with which you begin. Don't whip yourself as the day begins to wear. Pause and refresh yourself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola, and be off to a fresh start. ▼ ▼ ▼ The wholesome refreshment of Coca-Cola has made it the one great drink of the millions. A perfect blend of many flavors, it has a flavor all its own—delicious to taste and, more than that, with a cool after-sense of refreshment. ▼ ▼ ▼ It is ready, cold and tingling, at fountains and refreshment stands around the corner from anywhere.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

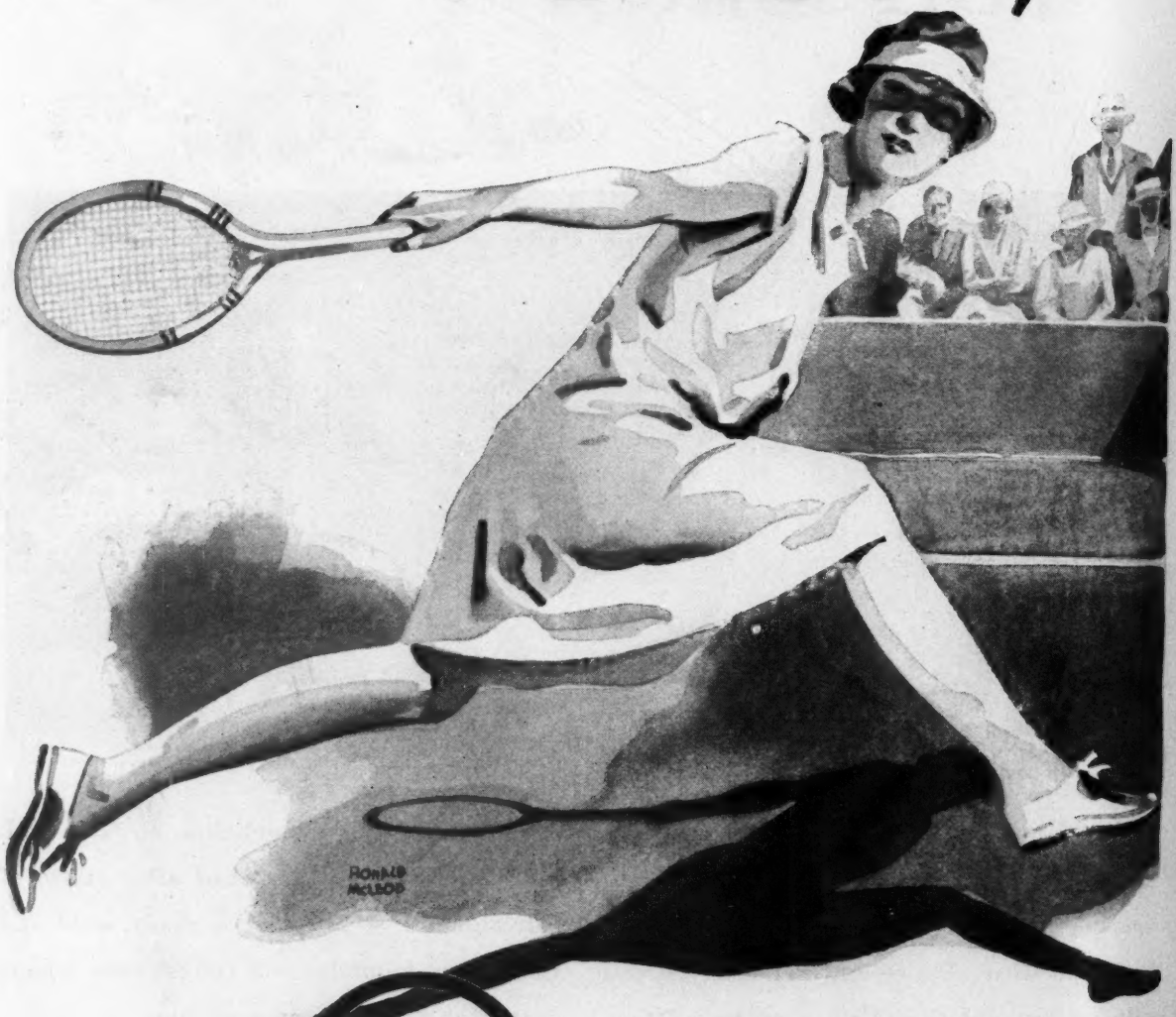
IT HAD TO BE GOOD

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

TO GET WHERE IT IS

...on the court it's

FLASH!

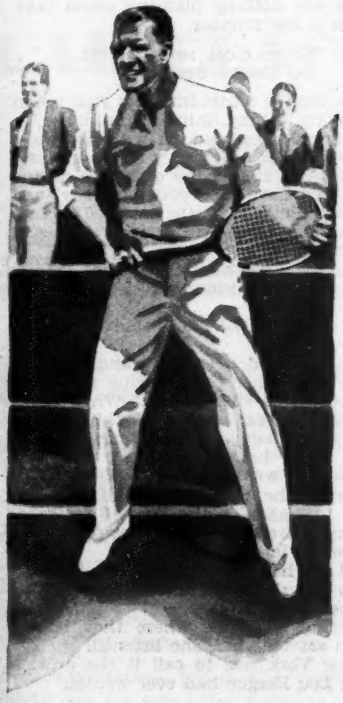


Chesterfield

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos,

© 1929. LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

...in a cigarette it's TASTE



A MAN once had four reasons for not buying a certain article. The first reason was no money—so the other reasons didn't matter.

• • •

Likewise, *any* two reasons will do in choosing a cigarette, if taste is *one!*

• • •

In other words, taste is what really counts—and taste certainly comes first in Chesterfield. Every tobacco type, every tobacco quality, is chosen for the *taste* it can add . . . Turkish for aroma, Virginia for satisfying character and mildness, Burley for "rounding out" the blend.

• • •

The tobaccos in Chesterfield are not only blended, but "cross-blended." This extra step, developed by our own scientists, produces a natural flavor and aroma in Chesterfield, with a freedom from irritation and harshness, that ordinary blending cannot approach.

• • •

Good taste—could any *ten* other reasons equal that?

TASTE ***above everything***

field

. . . . not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

MILD... and yet THEY SATISFY

"Maybe some day——" said a soft voice against his coat sleeve.

"Judy!"

"——maybe some day I'll say sure," said Judy.

The throb of his heart must have dulled Lou Berger's sensitive ears so that he did not hear the triumph and shame that fought each other in Judy's voice and made it almost ugly.

Then:

"What's all this about Berger?" said Mr. Stephen Stecker, president, to young Harry Lutz, head of production. "These song writers."

Lutz shrugged. "He says he won't work with Hanson. He wants to write songs for Judy James."

"He won't work with *Hanson?*" Mr. Stecker seemed unable to credit so monstrous a thought. "But all the men——"

"He says he hates Swedes," Mr. Lutz repeated. "He says she don't inspire him. He says her feet are too big."

"Well, then, I guess fifty million people must be wrong," said Mr. Stecker violently. "She inspires them to pay plenty of money into the box office. He's a fool."

"The truth is," said Harry Lutz, "he's cuckoo about Judy. He's supposed to be pretty hard-boiled, but Judy took him into camp like he was just back from six months' location in Sing Sing. He says she inspires him. He says he's got some songs for her that will make all the other theme songs sound like hymns. He says he can't write 'em for anybody but Judy. He says——"

"He says—he says!" shouted Mr. Stecker. "Has he got a contract to write for us or hasn't he? What of it, if Judy James hasn't got good songs? It doesn't matter. I don't think she'll make the grade in the talkies. But Hanson—she's our big bet. You tell him *I* said he was to work with Hanson."

"I already told him that," said Lutz. "He won't do it. He says it's only for pictures—his contract—and he'll go back to New York and write a new musical show. He says Judy James is the best bet in talking pictures. He says he can make her great. I think he'll go unless you let him do what he wants to."

Mr. Stecker sat in heavy silence. "These talkies," he said. "There wasn't enough trouble making pictures without we had to wish all this on ourselves!"

"He says Judy James, with his songs and the way he can handle her, will be the sensation of talking pictures," quoted Mr. Lutz imperturbably.

Two months later, coming out of the projection room where they had just seen *and* heard the latest sound production starring Judith James, Mr. Stecker looked at Mr. Lutz and spoke reverently.

"Song writer or no song writer," he said, "he was right. I never thought she had it in her. That 'Desert Dawns.' I liked that. Tell everybody to get busy on Judy James—publicity, stories, everything. How are she and that song writer getting along? I heard they were engaged."

"The papers printed something," said Mr. Lutz, "but you can't tell in this business. They had me engaged last week and I been married seven years to the same woman. Personally, I don't think so. He can write songs, but it don't look to me like Judy has fallen for him."

Judy was glad when it was over. Breaking the bad news had been more difficult than she had expected. Lou had been so good to her. And he was sort of amusing to have around.

She had stalled it off as long as she could, but when he demanded an answer, there was just one course for her. She didn't love him. Of course she didn't love him. She tried to salve her conscience with the fact that she had never told him that she did.

"You let me think you did," Lou had said, when she mentioned this in her own defense. "You let me kiss you."

Well, she wasn't going to worry about Lou Berger. Perhaps she hadn't been exactly on the level, but he had been fair game. A man like that should know how to take care of himself. Anyway he'd soon forget all about her. Probably she was worrying about nothing.

Only—he had looked so hurt, sad and hurt, when she told him it was all over.

"Just a summer flirtation, eh?" he had said, too quietly.

Judy had laughed. But the laugh had died under Lou's blazing eyes.

It *was* all over, in spite of what Lou had said at the train. She had gone down to see him off when he left for New York.

"You may think it's over," said Lou Berger, "but you're wrong. I'm not going to let you forget me, ever. You wait."

Sitting in Duffy Gordon's softly lighted drawing room, Judith James was thinking of those last words.

The Gordons were giving a dinner party. A number of important people in the picture industry were there, enjoying themselves. It was the hour after dinner, before people settled down to bridge or went out into the playroom to see a picture run.

Judy watched them moving about, but her thoughts were wandering. She hoped she hadn't really hurt Lou. She hadn't meant that. She hoped it wouldn't take her long to get rid of this guilty feeling and to stop missing him.

Then Duffy turned on the radio.

There was a buzz and then the clipped voice of the announcer.

"This is the National Broadcasting Company, New York City, presenting its regular Tuesday-night concert. We have a real treat for you this evening. Mr. Lou Berger, the famous song writer, is going to sing you his latest number. This is the first time it has been presented anywhere. Stand by, everybody."

Judy stiffened. The room fell into silence. Everyone turned toward the radio.

Softly the piano rippled, all rhythm in the left hand, all melody in the right. The voice, throbbing and a little husky, drifted across three thousand miles and filled the room with plaintive sweetness.

"Outside your window the breezes are blowing,
Out in your patio the flowers are growing,
The sky is as blue as ever,
The sun shines bright each day,
Doesn't it seem any different, dear,
Since I went away?
Judy—Judy——"

The girl gasped. Her heart was beating so hard that it made her sick.

Into the silence the voice sang, a haunting, lovely, delicate melody of the kind for which Lou Berger was famous.

"Why can't I forget you, Judy?
My heart won't let me, Judy.
The flowers *I* know,
Are the flowers that grow
In Memory.
Each day is a heartache without you,
Each long night I dream about you,
And so, for me,
All the sunshine must be
In my Memory."

"Gosh, what a song!" said Duffy Gordon. "What a melody!"

Garna Hanson blew an insolent little ring of smoke. "The tune, she is very pretty, eh?" she said, in her broken English. "The words seem trivial."

"I thought the words were great," said Bobby Gunton, who had been Judith James' leading man in her last picture. "Judy sure does inspire song writers."

"I think it's a beautiful tribute, Judy," said Mrs. Gordon, and came to put an arm around the girl's quivering shoulders.

"How about a little bridge?" said Judy James. "I'm learning contract and I need practice."

That was that.

"Malibu Beach" didn't come out until two weeks later. By that time the whole world was singing, playing and whistling "Judy." It seemed to Judith James that she never moved without hearing that plaintive plea: "Why can't I forget you, Judy?"

Forget? Well, she wasn't forgetting him.

Then they added "Malibu Beach." There was nothing plaintive about that. It was a hot number.

"Seven days, seven nights,
On Malibu Beach."

The kind of music that sets your pulses throbbing. Dizzy, intoxicating music.

Judith James went on with her work. For the first time she was grateful for talkies. Otherwise the orchestra on the set would have been playing "Judy" and "Malibu Beach" all the time. But they ran in her blood without any orchestra to play them.

Then she got a wire. It said: "Tune in tonight at nine o'clock on KFX." No signature.

"I certainly will not," said Judy furiously.

Tune in, indeed! She wandered restlessly about her pretty living room and glared at the silent radio. What in the world was he up to now? Another "Judy," probably. It was sheer persecution. But—he must love her an awful lot to keep writing such wonderful songs.

Maybe she had better find out about this. What was the use of trying to get away from it? She'd have to hear it sooner or later.

All she had to do was to turn the little knob and she'd at least know.

She turned it.

Sitting all alone where they had so often sat together, she listened.

New York was to call it the greatest song Lou Berger had ever written.

"You'll always be—my sweetheart.
You can say
Go away
Every day
But you'll always be—my sweetheart.
I'm just waiting for you to call
So I can sing the greatest song of all—
'Here comes the bride.'
But if you still say no
Wherever I go
You'll always be—my sweetheart."

"Oh, why am I crying?" said Judy to herself. "Oh, oh, why am I crying?"

Through the flutter and beat of the orchestra that had taken up the tender melody, the telephone bell rang sharply.

Judy James went to answer it.

"New York is calling you," said the impersonal voice of Central.

"Judy!"

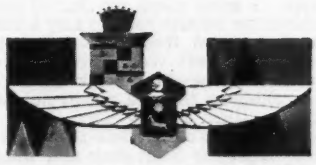
"Oh, Lou," said Judy, "I'm crying. I guess I'm lonesome. I didn't know you cared like that. If—if I've got to hear you sing all the rest of my life I'd rather it'd be here than over that darn radio."

"I'll be right over," said Lou Berger, "on the next mail plane."

The orchestra was still playing, "You'll always be—my sweetheart."

USED CAR ADVANTAGES *Offered By* CADILLAC-LA SALLE *Dealers*

IT IS rather significant that the Used Car business of Cadillac-La Salle dealers is more active than it has ever been in Cadillac history and the largest in volume.



Quick turn-overs in Used Cars mean the buyers have discovered advantages that cannot be ignored. Certainly when Used Cars move rapidly out of the showrooms into the hands of eager buyers there must be an important reason.

What are these Used Car advantages that are offered by Cadillac-La Salle dealers?

For one thing, the Cadillac-La Salle dealer has placed his Used Car department on an equality with his new car department,—

Which means not only that the cars are well conditioned and ready to deliver satisfactory service, but that the sale of a Used Car is surrounded with all the safeguards for the purchaser that a reputable dealer can provide.

It becomes a matter of accurate information concerning the status of the car — proper pricing — fair dealing.

Bear in mind also that there is a remarkably strong trend to new Cadillacs and La Salles. Buyers of new cars have discovered, for example, that it is practically as easy to buy a Cadillac-built La Salle as it is to purchase a car of lesser quality and prestige.

For only a little more a month (La Salle is priced as low as $2275 F. O. B. Detroit) they can enjoy what no other car — excepting Cadillac itself — can give them — the 8-cylinder superiority of the famous Cadillac-La Salle 90-degree, V-type power plant and invaluable features of handling-ease and safety exclusive to Cadillac-La Salle.

The market value of the cars they turn in is frequently sufficient for the down payment and they take care of the balance in easy monthly payments by employing the convenient banking service of the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.

And so, because of this widespread trend, Cadillac-La Salle dealers have an exceptional variety of good cars of standard makes among their Used Cars. As there have been no forced sales these trade-ins have been accepted at reasonable market prices.

There is no excess to pass on to the Used Car buyer. Values are exceptionally high.

Consequently the Cadillac-La Salle dealer is in an enviable preferred position for the sale of Used Cars, as well as new cars, and the public's recognition of this fact is the reason why these dealers are enjoying a remarkably active Used Car business.

CADILLAC-LA SALLE

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Division of General Motors

DETROIT, MICHIGAN OSHAWA, CANADA

Whatever your type—willowy Garbo, cuddly Gaynor, vivid Clara Bow, raven-haired Pola Negri...you will find an appropriate tint in one of these four fascinating Lanchere shades: Grenadine, Cabaret, Senorita, Bordeaux.

And once you have chosen the tint to suit your type you will be charmed with the easy way it spreads on and *stays* on for hours. This unusual adherent quality of Blue Rose Rouge is due to a *pure oil* ingredient specially selected for the skin—a desirable feature not to be found in ordinary rouges.

Ask for Lanchere Blue Rose Rouge at department and drug stores. It comes in slim silvery cases, 50c. Refills 25c. Send for free rouge chart. Write MARIE BONNARD, Lanchere Cosmetician, Box 1182, Chicago, for advice on make-up problems.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

CHICAGO *Wholesale Sole Distributers* NEW YORK

Special 60c Value for 25c

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Wholesale
Box 1182, Chicago.
☐ Please send me prepaid (25c enclosed) Lanchere Blue Rose Acquaintance Set containing: Bath Crystals, Face Powder and Soap. ☐ FREE Rouge Chart.

Name ----------

Street ----------

City ----------

Name of favorite dealer ----------

How's the Market?

(Continued from page 57)

even putting up any money for the stock."

"I've done pretty well myself, ma'am. I started six months ago with a bank roll of $200 and today my broker told me I have $962 worth of securities lying in his office. This stock racket is so soft I simply can't think of anything else."

"Neither can I."

Just then the phone rang and my wife answered it. "Yes," I heard her say. "Yes, Mr. Kurth, I'll give you the order right now. Buy ten shares of Amalgamated Sawdust at the opening in the morning. You say it is good for ten points by the end of the week? Fine. I'll make enough to buy another mink coat. Good-by."

A faint aroma began to tell me that the eggs I was in contact with were none too fresh. Velma was saying: "With call money only five percent we ought to be in for a real bull market."

I had heard enough. I fled from the vicinity of the venerable eggs. As I climbed over the back fence I heard the ash man yell: "My broker gave me a hot tip on Bumpover Railroad. They are going to declare a dividend of four hundred percent."

The truth was out. How blind I had been! People were playing the stock market all around me and I hadn't even suspected. It was high time that I got into the swim. The fact that I loathed commercialism was no reason why I couldn't corral a few thousand smackers along with the other dumb palookas who didn't know a column of figures from a column of concrete.

Above all things, I must not show my ignorance. I must glean my initial information from outside sources and when my own associates found out I was a member of the soft-Wall-Street-profits brigade, I would be able to talk the language as glibly as they. I would not be obligated to them in any way.

I got up at six o'clock, stole the morning paper from the front door and went over to the park, where I sat down and turned to the financial page. I intended to try to decipher the hieroglyphics all by myself. Two solid pages of names and figures smote me between the eyes. They made me dizzy. There was no explanation of the thing. Here is what I saw:

80	74½	6,900	Cal Packing (4)	77	74¾	75 — 2
29⅞	27	100	Cal Pet (1)	27	27	— 1
4	3	19,000	Calahan Zinc & Lead	3⅜	3	3⅜ + 1
136	121¼	31,000	Calumet and Arizona (6)	135⅞	126⅝	127 — 8
60	44	125,400	Calumet and Hecla (4)	59½	54⅝	54⅞ — 5
86½	78	25,800	Canada Dry G A (#4½)	82	78	80 + 1
61½	57	130	Canada Southern (3) *	57¼	57	57
265⅞	233½	45,600	Canadian Pacific (10)	254¾	240½	241½ —10
63	2⅝	300	Con Doughnut (.10)	44	44	47⅝ + 3⅛

I thought when I finished school I was through reading things I didn't like. Now I had to start all over again and memorize algebraic equations and trigonometrical formulas. No, it wasn't worth the money. I would stick to my simple salary and leave this complex method of making money to the people who had already mastered it.

Just then I noticed a bundle of rags lying in the grass near where I was sitting. As the bright morning sun cast its shafts of glorious radiance athwart this ill-assorted mess, I gradually detected the outline of a man. A large opening appeared in this pile of débris, from which emerged the fullest and sturdiest yawn I had ever heard; two ragged arms stretched towards the brilliant sky in a gesture of innocent joy, and a bum stood up.

The tramp looked at my puzzled face and then glanced at the page I was trying to read. "Listen, buddie," he said, "don't waste your time trying to understand that tripe. The more you know about the stock market the less money you'll make. Forget about statistics and financial reports. There are only three ways to buy stock—on a tip, on a hunch, or because you like the name."

"But," I came back, looking at his clothes dubiously, "if you know so much about the stock market, why aren't you rich?'

"That's just it," he said. "It's too late now. I haven't any money left to play with. I was the chief statistician in a conservative brokerage house that gave out scientific information about the stock market."

I thought of my wife, Velma, the ash man and my stenographer, and was convinced that the tramp was right. I closed my eyes, put my finger on the financial page and found that it pointed to something called "Whiffle Ramp and Carbohc." Then I looked over the various ads of brokerage houses and ran across the name of Hammerdinger, Blodgett and Yowse. This was as unintelligible as the name of the stock I had selected, so it suited my purpose. I wanted to make sure that in the transaction in which I was about to be involved nothing would make sense. I handed the bum a dime, went to the nearest drug store and called up Hammerdinger, Blodgett and Yowse.

"Buy me a hundred shares of Whiffle Ramp and Carbolic," I said in a steady voice, not wishing the young man at the other end to know that this was my maiden adventure in the mysterious realm of finance.

"At what price, sir?" he asked me politely.

"Oh, price doesn't matter," I said. "When I buy something I want it good. When I walk into a haberdashery to buy a necktie I pick out one I like and take it, no matter what it costs."

"All right, then. I'll buy it at the market."

"Sure," I told him; "I'm no bargain hunter. Buy me a hundred shares and be sure they are fresh." I gave him all the references he asked for and hung up feeling that my life had entered upon a new cycle.

I got into the subway and met three men I knew and they all said at once: "What do you think of the market?" Now, this was the first time that anyone had addressed me in such a complimentary tone. I am convinced the stock transaction I had just completed over the phone gave me a certain market-wise appearance. You can tell a fellow Wall Street disciple a mile off. One look at him and you ask: "How long is the boom going to last?"

The three friends seemed closer to me, now that I had just finished talking to Hammerdinger, Blodgett and Yowse. Each cupped an ear next to my quivering lips and waited for the precious words of prophecy. Without a moment's hesitation I whispered: "Buy Whiffle Ramp and Carbolic at the market."

"Thanks, old man," they breathed in unison. I got off at my station.

The next day I got a bill from my brokers (they were *my* brokers now that I had given them an order), and was somewhat surprised when I found it was for $1,633. Luckily I had that much in cash at the time. But I would have gone out and stolen the money to make good on the bill. Nothing could have thwarted me in my blind desire to plunge into the turbulent ocean of stock speculation. I mailed the check.

When I got to the office I did not wait for the inmates to recognize that brotherly look I had acquired through my first purchase. I sauntered from desk to desk whispering casually: "Buy Whiffle Ramp and Carbolic." No one questioned my sudden transformation. They were all too busy writing down the tip.

The next day Hammerdinger, Blodgett and Yowse called me up and told me my stock had gone up nine points. "This is Kurth," the voice on the other end of the wire said. "Shall I sell your stock?" "No," I answered, having forgotten the name of the stock and stalling for time. "How are things?" I asked, filling in a silence that threatened to expose my ignorance. "Things are a bit mixed down here," came back Kurth. "Call money is seven percent, the rediscount rate is up to five, and bank acceptances are stationary. Motors are a bit shaky. Rubber is flexible. Steel is firm, rails are flat, and oils are smooth. The Federal Reserve has issued another warning."

"Thanks," was all I could say as I hung up. The information was as clear to me as a report of the Chinese revolution. But I remembered the statistician who finished up as a bum in the park, and gloried in my dumbness. In five days my stock went up twenty-two points and I sold out. In round figures I had made a profit of $2,200 without the slightest inkling of what I was doing. All my friends had followed my advice and made substantial hauls, and were waiting for my next prophecy.

This time I did not guess so wildly. Everybody I met had "something good." The air was literally filled with tips. I took particular pains not to listen to stock brokers, big business men, retired merchants, financiers or lawyers.

I especially avoided men who occupied responsible positions in concerns whose stock was listed on the Big Exchange or the Curb. At one dinner alone I met the president of the General Pickle and Broccoli Company, the chairman of the board of directors of the Electric Gammit and Widge Company, the vice-president of the Missouri, Iowa and Rhode Island Towel Company of Newark, and the president of the Dunklebacher Chain of Glass Eye Stores.

In this era of the destruction of precedent the still small voice of my subconscious brain whispered to me a warning to have nothing to do with these men. They were the last people in the world to know anything about the future of their stocks, just as the husband is the last person in the world to discover that his wife has been sneaking away from the washtub and having one nut sundae after another in a mad orgy of love with the soda clerk on the corner.

I listened to no one and waited. A few days later my nine-year-old son came home and said his little friend Dickie Bliss told him that a plumber in Perth Amboy told Mrs. Mencke's cook, who in turn told the chauffeur of a man who lived in the next block, who was overheard by Dickie's father talking about it in the subway, that Great Northern Fish Cake was good for ten points in the next fortnight.

Longer-Lasting Shave Spares Embarrassment

Here's a new way to shave closer —to get a shave that lasts longer.

It's a satisfaction . . . to realize in the evening that your morning shave has lasted. How to get a close shave has been solved for you by Colgate chemists with small-bubble lather, the kind that can get down to the roots of the beard . . . and moisten it properly for a close shave. So why run any risk of an unshaven appearance?

Compare with ordinary lather

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist . . . easier to cut and pliable . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . then your razor can do its best work.

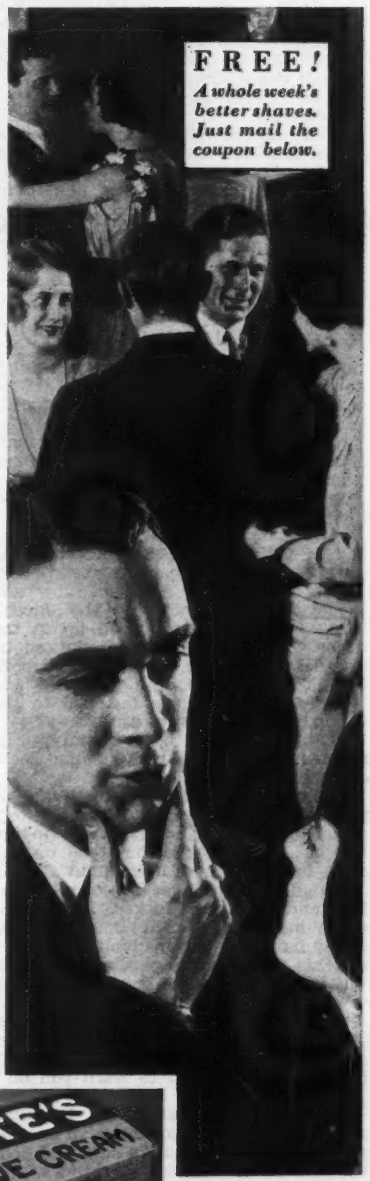
Better grooming—the utmost in shaving comfort. A world of critical men, after various experiments with big bubble lathers, have found that Colgate's is supreme. You, too, will agree. Let us help you in deciding—note our offer below.

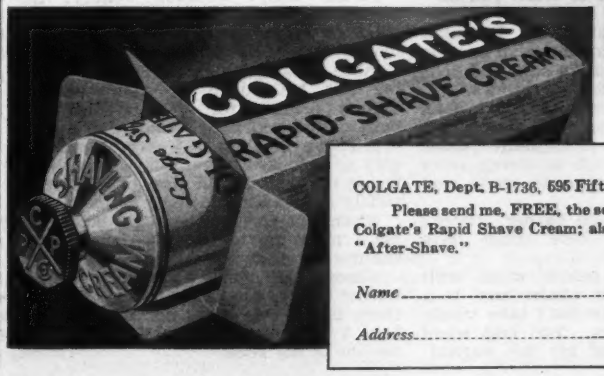
COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.





COLGATE, Dept. B-1736, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name _____

Address _____

The only thing about the tip that brought the slightest doubt to my mind was the exact length of a fortnight. I called up Mr. Kurth the next day and bought two hundred shares at 181½. In two weeks I sold out at a profit of exactly ten points, which facts not only bore out my judgment but gave me a definite idea as to the geometric length of a fortnight.

Although I told no one at all about this transaction, it somehow got around that I had an uncanny discernment of financial values. When I walked into a restaurant a girl would poke her escort with her elbow and say: "There's the guy who cleaned up a fortune in Whiffle Ramp and Carbolic and Great Northern Fish Cake." My new aura of glory, strangely, did not cause me any great surprise. I had seen fictitious heroes built up overnight before.

I remembered William Jennings Bryan. Bryan lived for years on his presidential defeats. He didn't even have to win once to fool the public. So my new-found distinction as a Wall Street oracle was just another natural event in the course of human gullibility.

I made money on the next fourteen stocks I bought. I was a crap-shooting fool. I was hot. I couldn't lose. I picked them at random and I never took less than ten points profit. But one day I slipped. I bought a stock that was recommended by a man who made a close study of that particular business. I felt I was making a great mistake. But even the most pious of us err at times. I heeded the well-modulated, unfaltering voice of cold figures and lost.

Unlike the girl who went down and down and down, I recovered my virtue immediately by buying heavily in a stock that was brought to my attention by a perfect stranger. The name of the stock fell from his lips as he lay in a drunken stupor in the far corner of a speakeasy. I more than recouped my loss and forever turned my back on so-called good old-fashioned common sense.

When people refer to me as a financial genius I do not deny it, because I do not wish to spoil their fun. There are always two or three gentlemen in the reception room outside my office waiting to ask me what I think will be the next action by the Federal Reserve Bank. I simply shake my head and say, "Yes," and they go away satisfied. Sometimes I say, "Of course," and they bow out with the most thankful of gestures. So far I have not discovered what the functions of the Federal Reserve Bank are, unless they reserve seats at successful Broadway musical shows for the directors.

Bank acceptances, as far as I am concerned, may be acceptances of invitations to sit on the bank of some shaded stream with the daughter of the Maharaja of Zowie. Call money may be the salary earned by the scrambled-voice gentleman in the depot who calls off the trains. And bears and bulls and margins are still to me what they have always been, just two different kinds of animals, and the space on the left-hand side of an Eighth Grade composition on bees.

But at least I have memorized all these terms and can work them into my conversation if my listeners require them. This account is purely a personal affair and I wish to state emphatically that I am not advising anyone to practice my system. But I will say just as emphatically that if there is any system at all to beat Wall Street, mine is the best.

Devils! *by Joan Lowell* *(Continued from page 58)*

riding in a canoe with a wreath of flowers about his neck. It would have been grotesque but for a certain dignity and power that clothed the man.

He sat there, a king, with his mass of tawny hair and bushy copper-colored whiskers.

"Ahoy there! Captain Jeffery pays his respects to you."

"Ahoy yourself!" Father barked back at him, with a gleam of I-told-you-so in his eye. "What ship you wrecked from?"

The canoes were alongside now and the natives scrambled up the Jacob's ladder. The big man stood up in the canoe. For the first time I noticed he was a maimed lion. One leg had been cut off midway between the knee and the hip. A rough peg fastened to the stump served as a substitute.

"Throw me a rope, captain," he boomed. "You see, part of me keel's chipped."

The men dropped over a piece of halyard, and catching hold, Captain Jeffery came up hand over hand. Swinging himself over the side, he stood on the deck, towering above every man aboard.

Standing close, I got a better look at him, and the more I looked the more he made me think of the lion, with his tawny hair, his shirt made of tapa cloth, and his frayed dungarees. But most it was his eyes with the stare of the man who is king and knows it.

"Greetin's, skipper," spoke up Captain Jeffery to Father. "You had a narrow shave in that white squall. I seen it comin' and I wanted to warn you off."

"Thank you, sir," answered Father.

"This ship is a beauty, sir. It makes my old bones feel young again to feel the swayin' of the sea under a ship and hear the hum of the wind in the ratlines."

"How long you been marooned here, sir?" questioned Father.

"Marooned, you say, captain?" came back Jeffery. "It's nigh on eleven years now since I come here to trade and lost my ship."

"But surely," went on Father, "there's been ships passing here could have taken you off."

"We don't do no tradin' much with white ships. A sperm whaler hove to a year or so ago, but we don't take kindly to white sailin' ships. You had sense enough to understand my fire warnin', and courtesy enough to set flares to thank me before you sailed away, so when you come back again I had to shove off and bring you some fresh grub. An old skipper's love for ships kinda gets him inside like, and I was hungry to plant my foot on one again."

"Got your things with you now?" asked Father. "I'll drop you at Suva if you want me to."

"No, sir, and thank you, sir, but I'm not leavin' Ono Lavue. I'm skipper on that there island."

The native woman who had come out in the canoe with him climbed over the side. She was the queen. Her bearing, her walk, the way the natives stood back for her, proclaimed it.

Also, she had white blood. Her skin was burnt orange, her hair coal-black, and her eyes showed the same untamed, savage force that made Jeffery so fascinating. She and Jeffery made a pair worthy of each other. When she came up he looked at her and it seemed to me his eyes softened.

"It's Loa-Lea, my wife," he said.

The way he said it showed he meant wife in white man fashion. Loa-Lea and Father made native salutations. Then she squatted on the deck at Jeffery's feet and stared up at him.

"Don't be afraid, Loa-Lea. I'm not goin' away beyond the horizon."

She smiled contentedly, and Jeffery went on speaking to Father. "She's afraid of sailin' ships—they mean trouble to her," he said in explanation.

Father didn't question Jeffery; he seemed to sense that the man would tell what he wanted to, and not one word more. "Have a smoke, Jeffery—real Yankee tobacco," offered Father, holding out his pouch to him. Jeffery eagerly reached for it, and filled the bowl of his teakwood hand-carved pipe.

The two of them sat down comfortably and smoked. The sailors were bartering noisily with the natives. I stared rudely at Loa-Lea and she at me.

When my curiosity got the better of me I piped up to Captain Jeffery: "Is she the queen on the island?"

"Queen? She's the whole crew of Ono Lavue! I'm supposed to be skipper there but we all takes our orders from her. I tried mutinyin' once—and it cost me one of my keels."

A cold shiver went down my back. How could he laugh about losing a leg?

A sailor came aft and struck two bells on the bell on the binnacle box and the man on lookout on the fo'c'sle head rang an echoing two bells forward.

Captain Jeffery looked up sharply. "Another hour and it'll be the dogwatch. It seems a lifetime since the John Gilpin rung out her watches."

And then Captain Jeffery told Father his story. To me it was the strangest tale that ever came out of the sea.

No, sir (he began); thank you, sir, for your offer to take me back to Suva. You see, it was there in the Bilge Water Saloon I made the bet that was to change me from skipper of the John Gilpin to one-legged king of Ono Lavue. Only of course when I made my bet I didn't expect nothin' like that. No wonder I won't never forgit that night.

I recall Windy Peterson was moppin' the perspiration from his forehead with a hairy paw as he threw down his fifth mug of coconut brandy.

Windy Peterson was the skipper of the pearl-tradin' schooner Dolphin. He was always blowin' and never sayin' anythin'. His voice blew out a little noisier than usual while I heard him explode:

"At Ono Lavue there's a store of fine pearls as could make the man that gets 'em a millionaire!"

"Yah," drawls the German barkeep. "Why ain't you tradin' there, Windy?"

Windy, he nearly swallows his Adam's apple as he gulps: "Why ain't I? Do you think I want my schooner to pile up on the reefs? No, thank you kindly. They's been too many ships as has anchored off that island as has never sailed away. They's somethin' queer about that island, and I values my carcass too much to find out what it is."

"What's the matter, Windy?" says I. "Afraid of gettin' your feet wet?"

Windy turns around and focuses his lamps on me. "Well, if it ain't Marlinespike Jeffery speakin' out o' turn—skipper o' the mud barge John Gilpin!"

I felt the wind under my spine. "'Mud barge,' says you? Why, my little barge could outsail yours with only half her sails set, and I'm the toughest skipper and the best navigator as ever paced a poop deck."

Then they busted out laughin'. I wasn't very popular with seafarers along the water front. In them days I liked bein' hated.

Well, Windy he goes on: "I notice you ain't stickin' your prow in at Ono Lavue to get them pearls, Jeffery. And yet to hear you tell it you ain't afeared of nothin'."

"Any time I make up my mind and desire to go there, I'll do it," I comes back at him. "It's only the likes of you as stays away as can't navigate a vessel there without runnin' up plum' on the land."

"What's navigatin' got to do with the devils as guard that island?" snorts Windy.

"Did you ever see any devils there, Windy? That is, when you're sober?" I asks him, half grinnin' to myself.

"Don't have to see 'em to know they're there. What else but devils could 'a' killed the crew of the Mary J. that time she anchored there?" Windy demands, indignant like. "What was it as made the skipper of the brig Southern Lights disappear with all his crew without sign of storm or bloodshed?"

"Wouldn't be surprised if it was a whale swallowed 'em same as Jonah was et," I remarks dryly.

"Yeah—you think so," says Windy, gettin' real sore. "If you know so much, how come the anchor hawsers of them ships was cut off clean through underneath the water—and always at night, so's the ships piled up on the beach, washed there on the mill race of boilin' currents over the reef?"

"Well, as one skipper to another, I should remark here that it was poor soundin's that caused them ships to go ashore. As for the cuttin' off of the anchor hawsers, I uses chain. I ain't tightwad enough to use rope."

Windy, he slams his mug down on the table. His face is purple.

"You're good, ain't you, Jeffery, to hear you tell it? Why don't you go to Ono Lavue and grab the store of pearls they won't give up to no white traders, if you're so clever?"

"Mebbe I will," I drawls back quiet like, to make him madder.

"When it snows on the equator you will," he blusters.

Right there I laughs out loud at him. No sailorman can stand bein' laughed at.

Windy, he lives up to his name. His words spouts in gusts like a white squall, only without as much force.

"I'll lay five hundred dollars in American silver against five hundred put up by you that you can't anchor off Ono Lavue, trade for pearls, get 'em and get away without a smash-up on the reef."

Then I knowed Windy was serious, 'cause it was a common sayin' around Suva that the eagles on all Windy's dollars was hoarse from screamin' on account of his squeezin' 'em so tight. So I aggravates him a bit for fear he might run out on me.

"Aw, it'd be a shame to take away your life's savin's from you, Windy!"

"Life's savin's!" he yells. "You think five hundred is my life's savin's? Why, I'd bet five hundred on my word any time, Marlinespike Jeffery."

"Sure you would, Windy; you'd bet a million any time, on your word—only I ain't takin' no I.O.U.'s. Put up the lucre so's I can see it ain't counterfeit."

Right then and there Windy goes pale around the gills but the crowd is laughin' at him and he can't quit.

"I'll put it up," he says, husky like.

"It's a bet," I says. "I been a-hoardin' up a wad of coin to learn just such a windbag as you that I'm the best navigator and the best trader as ever paced

Compare the *action* of this Penetrating Foam

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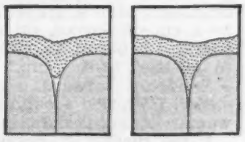

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

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a poop deck. Five hundred is cheap at the price to show you what a skipper can do oncet he sets his mind onto it. Barkeep here will hold the stakes and if I don't come back, you collects—and if I do, I collects."

Then we disappears to our ships and gets the lucre and returns to the Bilge Water Saloon towards sundown. We deposits the cash with the barkeep and Windy, much as he hates to do it, shakes fins with me, and the bet is on.

"I'll bring you back a half-dozen devils crated and cured, Windy," I promises him, "to say nothin' of a couple of ghosts from dead crews as has never come back from there, for good measure."

WELL, the middle of June found me under sail to win Windy's savin's. About twenty days out from Suva we get becalmed. I was pacin' the deck aft, swearin' between puffs on my pipe.

"Mate," I calls, "if some wind don't come up pretty soon, we'll have to get off and push. I got to make Ono Lavue."

With a whine in his voice he asks me, "Are you still set on goin' there, captain? It's bad luck for white sailors at Ono Lavue."

"I ain't afeared of nothin'," I says. "A whole tribe of savages can't stop me when I sets my mind to do somethin'. Get my sextant and I'll shoot our position—quit dribblin' over superstitions."

Well, the moon was a big silver ball in the sky the night I hove to right off here. I look over to the sleepy-lookin' island and because it seemed so peaceful like, I seen Windy Peterson's savin's already mine. Yeah, I even remember laughin' at how easy it was goin' to be.

I lowers my dinghy over the side and sculls in, just missin' bein' capsized by a big green comber. I don't see no welcomin' committee anywheres, so I takes it upon myself to find the villagers and pay my respects. I walks on until I comes to a big lagoon more than a quarter of a mile long and half as broad. It looked still and deep, and so far as I could tell in the moonlight there was no passage from it to the sea.

I was wonderin' which way to start walkin' around it when I got my first shock. Close to the shore in the bright moonlight I see the fin of a big shark, cuttin' through the water. A fifteen-foot shark in a lagoon cut off from the sea! It was enough to shiver a man.

Then while I was a-lookin' at it and wonderin', suddenly there come out of that lagoon the moan of a woman—a ghost moan.

I ain't scared easy, but I'll forfeit my grub if I didn't jump ten feet. A shark swimmin' and a ghost woman moanin' in a cut-off lagoon on a devil-haunted island. I began to think it was time to get back to the ship.

Suddenly I heard a noise like footsteps. I whirled around and there was a woman standin' right behind me.

I see plenty of women in my time, along the water fronts, but that girl standin' in front of me made me feel like shortenin' sail. She was around sixteen mebbe, which is full-blown for a native girl, but even in the moonlight the orange of her skin, the cut of her jib, and the way she looked at me made me know she was part white.

It was her eyes that got me most. Did you ever see a cat's eyes in the dark—two balls of fire; tiger eyes with no scare in 'em? That's what I saw starin' at me. I admit they made me nervous. But brave like, I steps toward her and says in dialect, "You're a beauty."

I might as well have saved my breath. That girl wasn't lookin' for compliments.

"You come on white ship?" she asks me in a low voice.

"I've come here to trade," I says.

"You go away!" she cries.

I couldn't tell whether she was orderin' me or askin' me a question, but I answer her, "Not until I've traded for the pearls as is stored up here."

"Go back!" she cries again, and I knew she was sendin' me away. But I wasn't goin'. Instead, I must leans up against a tree to have a chat with her.

I was contemplatin' how fine it was to be young and strong, and what a lovin' native wife she'd make me, once tamed, when without warnin' she springs at me. I must have dodged by instinct for she certainly moved too quick for me to know what I was doin'.

There was a flash and she was gone in the thicket, leavin' me pinned to that palm with a knife through the fleshy part of my arm.

It took me some time to get back to the ship. I was mad clean through. But the madder I got the more I wanted that woman. Devils, Windy Peterson had said, was livin' on the island. Well, I'd met one of 'em.

The next mornin' I was tellin' the mate about what happened. He was all for shovin' off afore any real trouble started. Whilst I was talkin' I notices a mass of natives gathered on the beach, just waitin' like for me to come ashore.

That night under the bright moon we saw an outrigger canoe put out to sea. It went 'way out beyond us, stood for an hour or so and then put back to shore.

Five nights that happened so regular you could 'a' struck ship's bells by it. Only each night the canoe was comin' closer and closer.

"Tryin' to git up nerve to come aboard and trade," says the mate.

"Mebbe and mebbe no," I answers him, for I'd recognized that girl bossin' the canoe.

That fifth night they come right up to the side. They looked to be loaded with stuff to trade, so I give the order to the crew to throw over the Jacob's ladder.

Leavin' three natives in the canoe, the girl come aboard alone, and faced me.

"Where's your knife?" I asks her.

"I come in friendship," she says, and holds up her arms, showin' she didn't have no weapons. "I make you a present to show I come in friendship." And blamed if she don't drop into my hand six pearls that makes my eyes pop.

Well, I wasn't goin' to let her beat me. "I accept your present," I says. "I give you a present to show I believe your friendship." And I give her back her knife.

Well, from that we went away like a schooner in a fair wind. I'd found out her name was Loa-Lea, and she was the daughter of the chief, when the smell of smoke caught my nose.

"Fire!" The man on watch yells it as I rushes to the side.

There was that canoe-load of stuff blazin' and the flames reachin' right up the side of the John Gilpin. The natives that had been in the canoe was gone.

That fire was red, but I seen redder. "Take command," I yells to the mate and starts for Loa-Lea. She goes over the side in as pretty a dive as I ever seen, and me right after her.

I made a grab at her throat and got my fist tangled in her long hair, oily and stringy like seaweed. She twisted and bit at my arm. We went down under the water together. She wrapped her arms and legs about me to drown me. Down, down we went. My lungs felt nigh on burstin', but I tore myself free and fought up to the air.

"What's your hurry?" says I. "If you come out to pay me a visit, you're goin' to stay awhile." So I gets a grip on her and tows her back—her fightin' all the time to get away.

When I gets her on deck I ties her to the spanker mast with her hands bound behind her. Such spirit as she showed! But the more she squirms the more I laughs.

Of course I feels pretty good because the fire hasn't amounted to nothin'. The crew jest shoves off the canoe with boat hooks, and lets her burn.

Well, I pretend to get calm like and sit down on the skylight and smoke my pipe. I smoke slow and hum between puffs, and pretend not to be lookin' at her.

When I emptied my pipe and stowed it in my pocket, I walk over to her and kiss her full on the lips. I done it just to aggravate her, but I knocked a hole through my own calkin' by doin' it. Her lips were so warm and soft.

I feels myself weakenin', so I begins cussin', and I takes her to the rail and boots her overboard. "And I treats you all that way," I calls after her.

Next mornin' I takes two sailors, my mate and the cook ashore with stuff to trade. And them natives meets me at the beach and trades with me. Loa-Lea, standin' by the chief, acts like she never seen me before. She gives me two black pearls and a fistful of bird-of-paradise feathers for a bolt of red calico—and for good measure she gives me a bundle of sweet dried fruits wrapped up in palm leaves. The chief tells me I'm welcome to roam at will on the island, but I'm suspicious like, so I takes my trades and shoves off, first tellin' him I'd come back the next day and bring him nails and rope to exchange for tortoise shell.

Well, every day for about a week I comes ashore and gets my fill of fresh fruit and dried fish, prepared for me by Loa-Lea. I was pretty cocky. I told myself, "It takes me to make a savage woman eat out of my hand."

I'd go for long swims with her in the surf, or lie on my back in the shade underneath the mango trees, a-listenin' to her singin'. Oncet I fell asleep, and woke up nearly smotherin' from the smell of sweet tropic flowers. She had covered me with a blanket of 'em, and you know what that means. That's a native girl's way of choosin' a mate.

Well, I just laps up all that attention, and in the meanwhile my ship is gatherin' grass and barnacles on her bottom. Every now and then I'd get an attack of seaman's conscience, but each time some more pearls would show up in the tradin' and I'd be satisfied.

IN MY sober senses I knowed they was holdin' out on me. Them pearls showin' up was no accident of tradin'. The size and purity of 'em was proof that the old chief had some crack pearl fishers, but all the time we was there we never seen a native divin'. When I wanted to know where the pearl beds were they would just forgit to understand.

The answer was Loa-Lea. Once I had her won, everythin' would be easy.

I won't never forgit the night she told me the story of her mother. We was lyin' on some ferns beside the lagoon in the moonlight. Little wisps of her hair blew over my cheek. I reached over to pull her closer to me. She didn't fight, but I could feel her heart thumpin'.

"I want you, Loa-Lea," I says.

"I want you," she croons back at me, "but——" Then she sits up sudden like, and her eyes is burnin'. "I want to be sure," she says. "I won't take you for my mate and then see you go away

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Twenty-five prizes, Nos. 11 to 35 inclusive—$100 each. Eight hundred prizes, Nos. 36 to 835 inclusive—$5 each. In the event of a tie for any prize, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of that prize.

CONTEST JUDGES

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B. C. FORBES, *editor*.....**Forbes**
DR. WALTER HOLLIS EDDY, *Prof. of Physiological Chemistry, Teachers College*.....**Columbia University**

94% OF THE TIME IT'S UNSAFE TO TRUST THE WEATHER

Study of U. S. Weather Bureau Reports shows average in United States of only 19 days a year when outside temperatures are safe for food preservation

TODAY we Americans spend 23 billion dollars a year for food—and waste a fifth of it.

United States Government authorities declare that *proper* year round refrigeration will reduce this waste to a startling degree. But it will do more than this. It will safeguard the health of your family. For food that is not *properly* preserved is a menace that invites danger and disease.

But what is *proper* refrigeration? A natural question. Government authorities answer: *Perishable foods, to be properly preserved, must be kept at an average temperature below 50 degrees.*

There is one safe way to retard the growth of micro-organisms that cause food spoilage. *Cold*, alone, will conquer bacteria and harmful mold without changing the wholesomeness of the food. If the temperature in your refrigerator creeps up even a few degrees above the danger point, food-destroying bacteria multiply astonishingly.

You know what happens in your home during hot Summer months—how quickly food spoils. But have you considered that in your kitchen *it is "Summer" the year around*—too warm for food preservation?

Thus, penny-wise home managers turn, at times, to back-porch or window-sill makeshifts for refrigeration. Dangerous. Costly. Only 19 days a year, on an average in the United States, does the outdoor temperature remain ideal for food preservation. Sometimes it's too warm; sometimes too cold.

Too cold? That may surprise you. Yet the United States Department of Agriculture has determined that a too-low temperature for perishable food is quite as dangerous as too high. Below 32 degrees some foods freeze; others undergo a definite chemical change. Such low temperatures destroy much of the delicate flavors and the vitamins which give food its greatest value. A sudden rise in temperature—perhaps even a few degrees—means that frozen food quickly spoils.

Thus the Government recommendation of adequate artificial refrigeration *the year around* is the only satisfactory answer to this problem. Our Government recommends artificial refrigeration at an average temperature below 50 degrees to properly preserve your foods, not only because of the marked economy, but because it is the surest, safest way to guard the health of your family.

To set the nation thinking on this vitally important topic of proper food preservation—to glean new ideas, new facts and figures concerning food preservation in guarding health and preventing economic waste, the National Food Preservation Council offers prizes to the value of $25,000 for the best essays in a National Idea Contest.

Turn to the center column. Read the complete list of well-worth-winning awards; study the simple rules and regulations. Then get the booklet, "How to Safeguard Your Family's Health," from the Local Food Preservation Council in your city (see announcements in your local paper), or write the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City, for a free copy.

But don't delay! It takes quick action to win. Begin at once!

Contest Rules

1. The contest is open to any resident of the United States, except persons or members of the families of persons connected with the refrigeration industry. 2. Essays must not be longer than 400 words, shall be written in English, and shall be on one side of the sheet only. 3. Each essay shall be headed "Why 50 Degrees Is the Danger Point." 4. The subject matter of each essay must be the value of and benefits of food preservation, either from the standpoint of health, sanitation or economic saving, or any combination of these three. Booklets summarizing information on this subject may be obtained from the Food Preservation Council in your city or members of the Local Council, or from the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City. 5. Essays will be judged 90 per cent on the originality of thought and evidence of study displayed, and 10 per cent on clearness of expression, neatness and order of construction. 6. Essays need not be typewritten, but judges shall have the right to reject entries that are illegible. 7. Essays may be submitted through the Local Council of the contestant's community, or may be sent direct to the National Food Preservation Council. 8. At the top of each page of each essay the sender's name and address shall be written. Each essay shall be enclosed in a sealed envelope, with the contestant's name and address typed or clearly written in ink on the outside of the envelope. If the essay is submitted through a Local Council, the name of the Local Council must also be written on the envelope. If the essay is sent direct to the National Council, the sealed envelope must be enclosed in a larger envelope, addressed to Contest Dept., National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 9. Essays will not be returned. Winning essays shall become the property of the National Food Preservation Council and shall be used in any way the council sees fit. 10. The contest closes at midnight Sept. 30, 1929. Essays bearing a postmark after midnight of Sept. 30, 1929, will not be considered.

NATIONAL FOOD PRESERVATION PROGRAM

SEPT. 1929

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in your white-winged ship beyond the horizon, and I wait and wait until I go to my mother and my spirit swims with hers in the lagoon."

"Then your father was a sailor who went away on a white-winged ship?"

"Yes," she says, and layin' there in the moonlight she tells me the story.

Seems as how a sailor off a sperm whalin' ship which had stopped there for water was fool enough to make love to the chief's wife. Long after the sailor had sailed away a young un was born. She called it Loa-Lea, which means "Voice of the Water." Every day when the sun set she held her young un toward the sea. She raised her eyes to the gold and purple clouds.

You see, she thought those clouds would take news of her baby to her sailor lover, wherever he was, naturally thinkin', native like, that as her heart followed him, so would the clouds. Her baby weren't more'n a year old when she couldn't stand it no longer.

There's that coral lagoon on the west side of the island, and the water in it's so deep that it's never been sounded. One night, weary of waitin' for the white-winged ship to return, she decided to go to her last anchorage, but she went a-cursin'. She said that no white man would ever again put foot on Ono Lavue but that her spirit would rise from the sea and destroy him, and then she flung herself with a shriek into the lagoon.

That night a great wind arose, sort of a tail end of a typhoon, the same kind of a blow I was warnin' you of with those signal fires. Its fury lashed the surf high up the stretch of sand, strandin' turtles on the coral, tearin' up the roots of coconut palms. All night long it wailed and howled and fought, tryin' to swallow the island.

The villagers took refuge in caves on the lee side of the island. Higher and higher the tide of the sea rose, whipped on by the wind until its waters joined with those of the lagoon.

The next mornin' the storm stopped suddenly. The natives, they come out of the caves and see all the damage. A group of 'em go to the lagoon, and there they see the fin of a shark a-skimmin' through the water. 'Course you and me know that that shark was spewed in there from the high tide, but the natives, they fell on their faces and wailed.

To them that white shark was the spirit of the dead woman. They was sure it was her soul in a shark, sort of a tombstone like of her hatred of white men. The shark, vicious in its captivity, lashed and circled, a-tryin' to find its way back to the sea.

And ever since then at specially high tides there's been a moanin' from the lagoon same as I heard the first night ashore. Of course caves that moan with the tides is well known to sailormen; I figured right away that some subterranean passage had been busted in by the sea, but to the natives that moanin' meant devils, so ever after that they was afraid to go near the lagoon.

That is, all of 'em except the chief. Each night, along about sunset, he took food and threw it to the shark. He done that every day for years, until Loa-Lea was big enough to realize that her mother was at the bottom of those blue waters, and that it was her job to keep the shark fed.

And so she growed up, a-hatin' everythin' except that killer shark.

"But haven't other men in white-winged ships come here?" I asks her.

"Yes," she admits, slow like.

"What happened to them?"

"They were evil men. They came to steal our pearls. The spirits of the storm took some." She pauses and her eyes turns toward the lagoon. "The spirit of my mother took some."

Lookin' where she was lookin', I seen that shark's fin cuttin' the water. It come to me what Windy Peterson said: "There's devils on that island."

"What's goin' to happen to me?" I says.

"You are goin' to leave me now, or you are goin' to stay with me always."

She says it simple like. It was—take your choice, sailorman. Stay here or sail your ship, but do one of them now.

I seen the point. "I ain't never goin' to leave you, Loa-Lea," I says.

She turns and looks at me like she is tryin' to look me through.

Lord, she was beautiful . . . When she looked at me that way my heart begun thumpin' so I couldn't get my breath. I knew I had to have her.

I just reaches right over and wraps her in my arms. And then I hears a voice that must 'a' been mine sayin' things that I didn't know I had it in me to say. And her heart is thumpin' as hard as mine and her eyes is soft.

There ain't nothin' on land or sea like them first hours when the one woman you loves, loves you as much.

It was the hush just before the jungle rouses when I waked. My head was restin' on Loa-Lea's breast.

Without thinkin' I turned my head toward the lagoon, and there was the fin of that shark still cuttin' the water. It brung me to. I remembered what I'd come to Ono Lavue for. I was king of that island now. There wasn't no doubt of that. Loa-Lea's mother had been the chief's wife, and I was Loa-Lea's mate.

"You never will leave me now?" she says.

"No, I won't never leave you," I answers truthful, because it's in my mind then to take her with me after I get them pearls.

I won't never forget that day. I was a king bein' shown my country. She took me proud like down to the village. The chief met us. Them natives seemed to know everythin'. They put on a marriage feast and dances.

And all the while the John Gilpin was ridin' at anchor offshore. And I knew the men must be wonderin'. Well, let 'em wonder. They'd wonder more when I come aboard with Loa-Lea and them pearls.

That was in my mind as I went around the island and let 'em show me things they had hid from white men. Along toward evenin' Loa-Lea took me alone to the lagoon.

She led me close up to the very spot where we'd rested the night before. There was the stump of a palm tree there with sprouts growin' up all around it. She pushed through, up close to the stump, pulled aside a piece of the bark. And there I seen what I'd come to Ono Lavue to get—that fortune in pearls. The inside of that stump was filled up with pearls. They must have been years in the gatherin' of 'em.

I drawed a long breath and pushed my bare arm right down into that hole . . . I was a-feelin' them pearls, a-runnin' my arm up to the shoulder in 'em; they was ticklin' me with the softest caressin' feelin'. I roll my fingers through 'em—and next to kissin' Loa-Lea's lips, it was the most intoxicatin' sensation I ever get in my life. With them pearls I'd win my bet from Windy Peterson; with them pearls I'd buy a bigger ship of my own, and I was fancyin' how shipshape Loa-Lea'd look in the fine riggin' I'd buy for her.

I sort of heard the moanin' in the caves comin' up louder and the rattlin' of the palm leaves overhead. I half heard the scream of little sea birds scuttlin' to safety, but I pay no attention. That roarin' sound I thought was my joy at findin' the mess of pearls.

I looks at Loa-Lea standin' near. She's starin' at me like she'd never seen me before. Her eyes is wild and her breast a-heavin'. Louder and louder comes the roarin' and moanin' of the waters, and louder and louder I feels my temples a-poundin'.

A man ain't right in his senses when riches and the woman he loves is his, all in the same twenty-four hours. Loa-Lea comes up to me and puts her warm arms around my neck. She puts her body betwixt me and the wind.

It may have been an hour or it may have been ten minutes I stand there, first a-wallowin' my hands through the pearls and then reachin' up for another kiss. Devils? Heaven it is, thinks I, when like a flash I come to my senses. The sudden quiet done it. The wind had quit, the leaves was still. It was like the earth and sea was scared to move.

I looked toward the sea. There was the John Gilpin ridin' easy on her anchors. But I knowed what that quiet meant, and I started as hard as I could run for the beach. But fast as I run I seen comin' faster a low black cloud and a wall of water.

That dumb mate and the crew must 'a' been took unawares. Prize fool I'd been to leave 'em alone on her.

There was a roar of wind, a smash as that wall of water hit her. For one flash I thought she was down. Then my old ship seemed to shiver, shake herself free, and she was ridin' in toward the reef with her anchor chains snapped off.

On toward the beach came the John Gilpin, liftin' high on green combers. The crew had lost control. The storm was drivin' her head-on to death.

I was at the beach now, and I start shovin' my dinghy down toward the water. Then I feel myself grabbed from behind. It was Loa-Lea tryin' to drag me back. I tore myself loose.

The dinghy was half in the water when Loa-Lea lifted a jagged rock and dashed it through the bottom of the boat. There was no time to argue. I smashed her in the face and ran for one of the outrigger canoes. I forgot everythin' but savin' my ship.

It takes three natives to get one of them outriggers launched, but I done it alone. Next I was layin' dazed on the beach with the outrigger smashed by a wave. I was like a madman then. I rushed to the surf and dived in but the sea threw me back. There I stood helpless, while my ship was poundin' to pieces before my eyes . . . On and on she came.

And then she struck. She stopped as sudden as if the Great Navigator's hand had plucked her. She was not more'n five hundred feet from the beach. I seen her back break, her stern rise high, hold for a second and then crumble under the seethin' water. I seen the cook dive overboard. In the riggin' was the mate a-holdin' on for life, and the men out on the jib boom. Great seas washed high up. The mate was not there when I looked again, and with my own eyes I watched the men on the jib snapped off in the jaw of the sea like flies.

Down went the John Gilpin, sinkin' until only her topmasts stuck up above the sea. I couldn't move—it was just like I was grown rooted to the spot. The wind kept on blowin' fiercer, and over it I could hear all the devils of Ono Lavue a-laughin'!

A fool always has to have someone to blame for his own mistakes. And I was a fool.

Loa-Lea! She had done it! She had kept me attracted so as I wouldn't notice the storm risin'; she had stove in my dinghy so I couldn't get back; she had knowed how to steer me on to forgetfulness with that hoard of death pearls! It was all a trick. Her soft ways, her singin', her pretended love for me—a-steerin' me on the wrong course until she got me and my ship wrecked. I kill her in my mind in that second.

From bein' a murderer in your mind is only a short step to bein' a murderer in fact. The storm had stopped almost as abrupt as it started when I found Loa-Lea beside the lagoon. When I come close she turned and looked at me. Then she dived into the water.

She wasn't goin' to escape that way. I didn't care what happened to me. I wanted the satisfaction of killin' her myself. So in I went after her. Next I felt the pain of a thousand needles in my leg. The water got red about me and I didn't know any more.

It was perhaps a week later that I remember first. I was in Loa-Lea's hut and she was nursin' me. One of my legs was gone, sacrificed to the spirit of Loa-Lea's mother. Only there wasn't any spirit of Loa-Lea's mother any more. Loa-Lea had ripped open the belly of that shark with her sharp knife when the spirit took a bite at my leg.

That was eleven years ago. There isn't much more to tell. I am king of that there island, and Loa-Lea's queen, and we've plenty to come after us.

Marlinespike Jeffery paused.

"Where's them pearls?" asked Father.

The old lion crinkled his face. "In the bottom of the lagoon," he said promptly. "You don't think I'd be fool enough to let them stay around, do you? No, sir! Pearls means white traders, and white traders means civilization, and civilization ain't fit for nobody—least of all a decent native. Tell that to Windy Peterson if you ever see him."

A sailor came aft and struck eight bells, and the man on the lookout echoed eight bells—the watch was changing. A soft blanket of velvet dusk was wrapping the island to leeward.

Father stirred uneasily. "It's bad business heaving off here after dark, sir."

"Yes, sir," answered Captain Jeffery.

"All hands on deck," ordered the mate. Father slowly unlashed the wheel. He was loath to drive off his guests.

Jeffery rose. "All ashore," he called in dialect to his men.

"I'm afraid I've let an old man's memory keep you too long, captain," apologized Jeffery. "It was the ship and the tobacco as made me loose-tongued."

Then they shook hands in grim but silent understanding of each other.

"Sure you don't want me to drop you at Suva, sir?"

Jeffery shook his head. "Good luck and fair winds to you, sir," he called in good-by. "I don't think I'll ever board another ship, sir. The pull is too strong within me. There ain't no place on a ship for a peg-legged skipper," he added, half to himself.

I stood at the stern rail and watched them pull towards shore. Loa-Lea crouched close to Captain Jeffery, clinging to him as if to prevent him from returning to our ship. Not once did she look back. Captain Jeffery craned his head around and stared after us as if his eyes were hypnotized by our ship . . .

It is true, the sea never forgives a sailor for deserting—not even if he be a king!

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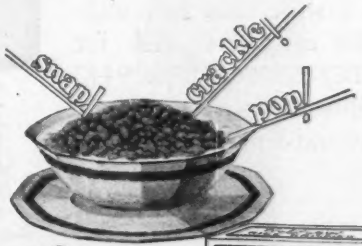

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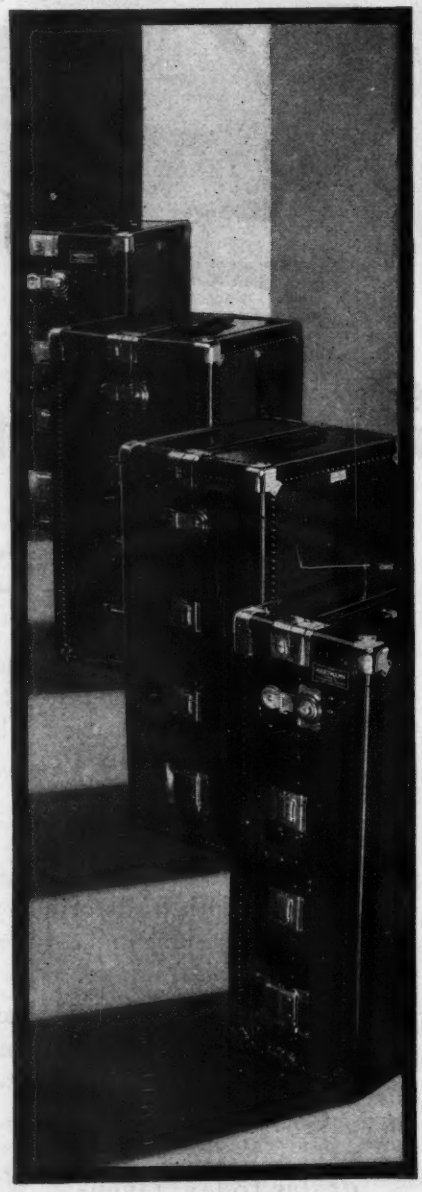

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TRUNKS

5 & 10

(*Continued from page 77*)

through the populace. The motor car that bore her was followed by a smaller one bearing fittings that were part of the pomp and circumstance of her arrival.

A bedcover of ermine with a heavy double fringe of black tails. A photograph of Avery framed in white jade, his young throat bare, his eyes unsmiling. Urns and vases and silver bowls.

The hospital, accustomed to the vagaries of the celebrated and important, grinned, the impersonal patter of the most highly personal environment in the world passing around from nurse to interne to doctor.

"The Five and Ten Mrs. Rarick! Newrich, but oh, how rich!"

"Hope she takes a fancy to the fine hand behind the ether," said the anæsthetist, "and endows my children's ward at Island Hospital."

"Hope she hears of the beautiful Titian-haired girl in the supply department and decides to make her an heiress," said the red-haired miss in charge of the linen room.

"Do your best, girls," admonished the head nurse; "she may come through and endow our joint-disease wing."

"She can have her millions," said a girl in the training department; "but oh, how I could do with a ninety-five-dollar civet coat! If only she would take ninety-five dollars' worth of fancy to me."

And so on, as Jenny, who came in like thunder, was put to bed in a bower that, later, an interne said made him feel as if he were wading through a meadow to reach her pulse. A meadow of the elaborate magnificence of Jenny.

There were present at her installation that maid in the Breton cap, and the English girl named Daphne Dang, whose rôle was not exactly definable but who had been at Jenny's elbow in various rôles for the last ten years. Peacock, the first butler, carried in cushions and a screen of Aubusson panels.

It struck Rarick, as he entered, that not a friend had felt close enough to intrude upon this arrival. There were already telegrams and notes that Jenny opened and pinned against the screen. They were the personal touches toward which she seemed to be stretching her long, cold, clear-looking fingers as toward a live grate.

He wondered, without bitterness, how she had managed with the dancing boy about whom she was always being so elaborately casual. Poor Jenny. There were the records of the social struggle of the years pinned along that Aubusson screen. A poor, insecure record.

It would never do to express the surge of tender sympathy for her futilities which he felt sweep over him. This was the time to be quick and concise and clear and sure. That was the manner which seemed most successfully to keep her in a state of feeling reassured.

Treat it all as a matter of course. Jenny caught gratefully at that spirit of casualness. It hypnotized fear.

But a last-minute dread had appeared. If only she did not prattle as she came out of the ether. There always had been something terrifying to Jenny at the idea of losing consciousness. Now there were imperative reasons why she must not prattle.

Steadfastly Jenny ground into her mind the intention to go down into unconsciousness with her mind a blank; no loose fears, memories, thoughts, desires or regrets floating around in it.

Yet, what furtive bits of seaweed of unspoken thoughts might float to the surface of a mind unanchored by consciousness!

A new fear smote Jenny. Suppose, with Rarick standing beside her bed, she should unconsciously reveal to him the tortuous secret windings of those underground rivers of her mind that carried along with them so much that was traitorous to him! Then, too, how could she endure the thought that her daughter be smirched with that flotsam?

A terror of delirium settled on Jenny.

"Rarick," she said to him the evening before the operation, "I want you to promise me something."

She had been so free of this mood of last-minute promises. It astonished him that never once had she spoken of her will. She had one, made in the tenth year of their marriage. A simple, handwritten document, duly legalized.

As a matter of fact, she never had been acquisitive in that sense. For the purpose of tax distribution, huge holdings were in her name. These papers she had signed without even troubling to read them.

Now Rarick began to chide her, in the playful mood she seemed to demand.

"What solemn promise? That I will not break the will?"

"Seriously, it will be terrible to me, Rarick, if you or Jennifer come into the room to visit me until a day after the old ether has worn off. I don't want you or Jennifer to know how green I can look. Promise me that."

"Of course," he said.

What lay in the troubled hinterlands of her mind? What was she afraid of revealing? As if there were anything that Jenny could reveal to him that he did not already know or suspect! Poor, frightened Jenny.

"Jennifer, see to it that they don't come near me with one of those hideous Mother Hubbard hospital nightgowns. If the pain in my side doesn't kill me, the touch of Canton flannel will."

"I'll dike you out in silk, my darling, and a folderol of lace."

"Don't let them be efficient and hygienic and sheety about my bed either, Jennifer. No matter what kind of damaged goods they bring back to it, I want to be tucked back into this—make them stack it up for me while I am attending my own op, darling. It will occupy your mind."

"If you aren't careful, I'll make the bed myself."

"Then I hope to heaven you have to lie on it."

"Isn't she beautiful, Father, lying there in her well-known magnificence?"

"You look very well, Jenny."

She narrowed her olive-colored eyes and turned her head away. One was supposed to feel chastened in hours such as this. She did, of course. But what if her secret distaste for the inadequacies of this man, persisting even now, should leap through the effects of ether, and spatter him with words of contempt?

"I want you to go now, Rarick. You, too, Jennifer. Promise me that you will both stay away until they have me out of the ether."

"We promise."

"Of course."

They were a constrained lot, the three of them, and the final departure went something like this:

"Don't forget to have Miss Dang telephone my regrets to the Planets. Rarick, hadn't you better keep this emerald ring of mine in your waistcoat pocket along with your other glitts? I forgot to put it in the safe."

"Let me slide a packet of this sachet

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Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

under your pillow before I go, Mother. It's the latest squawk.

"Good night, Jennifer."

"'Night, Jenny Avery."

"Good night, Rarick."

"Sleep well, Jenny."

"Sure to. Good night."

The bed that Jenny left the following morning for the operating room was built up during her absence by her daughter, the maid in the Breton cap, two nurses and Miss Dang, into its pyramid of finery. Tilted, there was a look of cornucopia to it, in the way the avalanches of laces and the fine pink mists of sheets seemed to spill.

All morning, it stood waiting for the return of its occupant.

Jenny was not to come back to it.

It was one of those operations that after the first few moments become hopeless.

IT CAME as shock to Rarick that the suggestion to unload himself of his town house should come from Jennifer.

They had been sitting over after-dinner coffee, on one of those evenings which, during the months since the death of Jenny, his daughter had dutifully apportioned off, as if allowing him just so much time out of the more-than-ever crowded budget of her time.

In a sense this was true. Since the death of her mother, a rigid, self-made rule had been to set apart two evenings of the week either to accompany her father to a concert or an opera, or to remain with him in his library.

Her mother's death had been an irritant that sent her skyrocketing into a state half noisy, half hysterical. "I don't give a rap for anything now!" Jennifer had cried the morning they had begun to pluck the finery from Jenny's waiting bed. She had gone about rather consistently not giving it.

"I'd be a fine one to go into mourning, wouldn't I?" she would say, when she troubled to explain. "She would be the first to hoot at it. She despised long faces and emotional side shows."

The household affairs went on much as usual; except that after the first blank weeks of shock, Jennifer began to cram the evenings with occasions. The formal dinner became the rule.

The house glittered, that winter, with the clusters of lights at its portal going full blast and the curb lined with motors.

They were mixed parties Jennifer held that year, frantically assembled parties without social rhyme or reason; social-fringe assemblages that Jenny would have tried to avert; sometimes parties with the servants mopping up small pools of wine from the dining-room floor the next morning and scraping the marred surface for fresh waxings.

In the main, Rarick did not protest, except on the occasion when young Rodney Martens, finding one of the butlers' bicycles in a rear hall, had ridden it into the ballroom about three o'clock in the morning, plunging into a crystal and lapis lazuli candelabrum, toppling it over, blowing the fuse and crashing the occasion into darkness as he landed in a ringing mess that reached Rarick as he lay abed, sleepless.

"I dislike to have to mention it to you, Jennifer—you are no longer a child—but either pick your friends with more discrimination or don't have them here."

They were seated over coffee in the library.

Her eyes burning, Jennifer burst forth; "Let's chuck it, Father. Sell the house! That is," she added, "unless you have already."

He had.

"It's a morgue. It's a tomb. It's a mausoleum. I hate it!"

"Then what?" he said.

"Then what? Anything. Take me to —to Korea—Abyssinia. At least they are destinations."

He regarded her slowly, as if he could not have done marveling that she had no wisdom. She had been away twice that winter. First to Paris for a month. Later on, there was a yachting cruise, for which she had stood all the expense.

Rarick's impulse, when Hellman presented him with bills amounting to twenty-one thousand dollars for this week's *divertissement*, had been to discipline her by radical way of refusal to meet any such expenditures! But when the time came for him to take up with her the matter of what he regarded as wanton and cruel waste, she took her place across the table desk from him with a childlike obedience that made her suddenly seem to him very small and tortured, and something failed him.

There was a wild kind of distress about Jennifer, these days.

The disagreeable thought smote Rarick that almost anything might happen to a girl so taut. What hurts you, Jennifer? he wanted to say to her. Tell me where the trouble lies.

She could not have told. He realized that. In those bruised and somehow resentful months after her mother's death, self-analysis in Jennifer had given way before a sort of dull pride in her capacity for pain. Hers was not to appraise. Hers only to hanker for the strange kind of maternity that had gone with Jenny.

"Jenny Avery has left me in a hole," she once told Gratton, whom she was seeing on fitful occasions. "I can't seem to get out of it, chiefly because I can't seem to want to get out. Isn't it strange, Gratt? How do you make that out?"

"Stop trying to make yourself out, Jennifer," he had said. "That's your trouble, perhaps."

"I hate you," she had replied to that and walked out of his room. He did not follow her.

Waiting on the threshold outside his door for a moment, it had seemed to her that nothing in the world could matter so much as his following her. He, too, stood waiting, on the room side of that door, his body rigid.

Rarick, trying to clamber to some basis of intimacy with this girl who was so shy of him, began to understand.

The futility of waiting further was borne in upon him. If the death of Jenny, leaving them stranded in this wilderness of Gothic aisles, had not hurled them into quick and sympathetic understanding, then it was not to happen the way it did in the benign world of people in books.

There was too much in him that still wanted to spank her for the things that still made her wayward and full of self and pretense. She, in turn, could flare at him with the old antagonisms before he even voiced rebuke. And yet withal, she was an older, sweeter Jennifer, subdued in a way that was painful to him.

It was that new quality in her that saved her the drastic rebuke on account of the twenty-one-thousand-dollar yachting week, which had angered Rarick as nothing had since her gambling exploits at Cannes. Even her despair had a subdued quality that made him feel more nearly able to cope with this strange girl who was his. No, the blow of death scarcely could be said to have flung them together, but sometimes it did seem to Rarick that they were approaching . . .

What he said to her this night over coffee could not have come off this way even six months before, when a high-handed and evasive scene would have been precipitated.

"Are you in love with young Gratton?"

"Confound it, yes." There was no surprise in her voice, possibly because her mind was flooded with the hypothetical reply to such a question. "Confound it, yes. Lots of good it does me."

"That is unfortunate."

"You would put it that way."

What did she expect him to do? Reveal how her hurt hurt him?

"Father, do you like him?"

That was scarcely the way to express the curiously hankering eye Rarick sometimes cast on this young man on those now-rare occasions when he came to dine.

Gratton would go walking in the Pyrenees. He had a stubborn, tenacious mouth. It was not that Rarick liked him, so much as the conviction within him that this fellow, who wanted what he wanted and would relentlessly go after it, was to be envied.

"Do you like him, Father?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"You have been known not to approve my friends."

"You haven't brought home many worth approving."

"You mean Berry? That was only a yen, Father."

"A what?"

"A low-down infatuation of low-down me seeking a way out of a torment by walking further in. The only reason I have for knowing that there is a shred of decent person in me, Father, is that I like a boy called Gratton, who doesn't give a tinker's dam for me."

"How do you know?"

"He has told me so. It's not the tried and true sex situation that he would scorn to do in a play—bringing two people together after three acts and two hours and forty minutes of sex antagonism in order to achieve a clutch-embrace at the final curtain. It won't end that way between us. Gratton hasn't any use for me. The trouble with me, say I naïvely, is that I am not any worse than any girl in my position, only I was slightly better to start with, making the total loss more total."

"How many a true word, Jennifer——"

"Yes, Father, spoken in the grimmest jest that can ever befall me. I like him, and the devil of it is, the more hopelessly I like him, the more I like myself for being the kind of person to like Gratton, and the more I like him for being the kind of person not to like me. Do I make myself clear?"

THERE was torment for you . . .

"Liking him is the nicest thing about me. The neat and respectable verb 'to like' is used here out of deference to your sense of decent restraint. I love Gratton, Father," she said.

"Funny thing about Gratton. He's not money-conscious about us. He is not cowed or infuriated or impressed—I mean, the way you learn to expect pretty nearly everybody to be except the few-if-anys who have more money than we have. Gratt doesn't despise money as such. He does think capital swinish.

"Well, so does everybody until they get it. In a healthy way, he wants money for himself because God gave him a great birthday present. A single-track mind. He wants to write, and, legend to the contrary notwithstanding, he does not want to write in a garret.

"He doesn't think garrets are intellectual and creative clearing houses any more than gardens and bright clean rooms are. And Gratton is out for the gardens and the bright clean rooms. Funny thing about Gratt. I think he'd

"Without smooth skin no girl can be really fascinating," *say* 39 *Hollywood Directors*

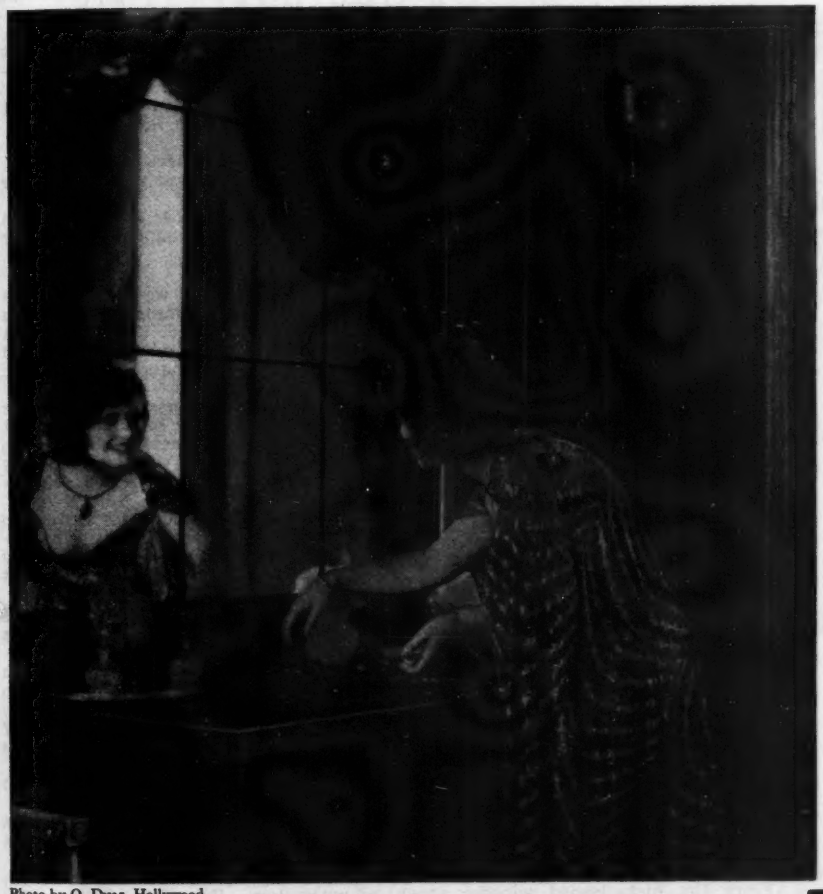

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW, *fascinating Paramount star, in the bathroom which is one of the most luxurious built in Hollywood. She says: "A beautifully smooth skin means even more to a star than to other women, and Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin in perfect condition."*

Clara Bow

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin

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"The most important thing in making a girl lovely is an exquisite smooth skin," says Clarence Badger, director for Paramount—and sums up what leading movie directors have learned from their experience with the pictures. "Because beautiful skin charms so, it is a first essential in screen stardom," he continues. "Velvety skin is the treasured possession of every screen star."

Especially in the popular close-up, must a screen star's skin be exquisitely perfect, if she is really to stir and to hold the hearts of her public. That is why *9 out of 10 screen stars depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin smooth and lovely.*

BETTY BRONSON, Warner Brothers' popular star, says: "A star must have smooth skin. Everything shows in the close-up. And I find lovely Lux Toilet Soap wonderful for my skin!"

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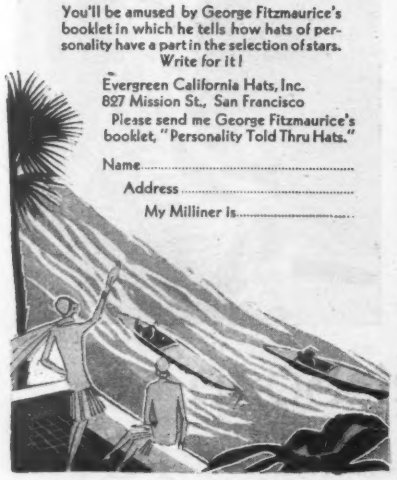

rather marry a rich girl than a poor one, but I won't do."

If, Rarick told himself, his face wry with disgust, this was modern frankness about and with life, then he gave up. After all, frankness was a virtue except when it became indecent exposure.

"Isn't that terrible, Father? I won't do," she repeated, and looked at him and smiled in a way that was pathetic to him.

"Let us talk this thing out. Just you—and me."

"I can't. Not now. I—can't."

"Then later."

"Father, be good to me."

"How, Jennifer, how?"

"By letting me be good to you."

Trying not to tremble and be silent, he sat and trembled and was silent.

"Child. Poor child."

"Oh, don't pity me, Father. Don't. Don't. It's you who need that. Don't worry about me. I'm not going in for martyrdom. I'm not going to withdraw from the turgid world and spend the rest of my life spreading sweetness and light through orphan asylums——"

No use, no use, was in his brain.

Oh, why am I being like this all over again? was in hers.

"——and you won't have to take me on a trip around the world to help me to 'forget.' Also, I decline the Victorian alternative of going into a decline. It isn't done any more. But Father, Father, what kind of a hit-below-the-belt world is this, anyway? I love him. And I want the kind of decent constructive life that I cannot work out with anybody in the world but him. And the dumb-bell," cried Jennifer, sobbing as she dashed for the door—"the dumb-bell hasn't got the sense to know it. I won't do!"

In the security of her bedroom, she plunged face downward on her bed.

There came the time in one of those somber twilights, the kind that came stalking as if on stilts into the vaultings of his library, when the pile of Rarick's writings, which he had kept stacked on a side table, was replaced by a single piece of typewritten paper.

It was a twilight that smelled of snow. There had been flurries of it throughout the day and now it clung in small triangles to the corners of windows and its intangible odor of white, which assailed the nostrils like the feel of camphor, seeped into the room.

There had been a blaze along the logs, which Rarick had let die to embers. From the high leaded window above him late light came pouring down on his back and rested along the stooped ridge of him.

There was an agate in his hand which he twiddled without seeing, an eccentric sapphire cat's-eye, said to be one of two of its kind in existence. After a while, he drew out a glyptograph cut in dreamy amber. Presently, the arm of his chair was strewn with stones.

At five o'clock, Gratton Davies vaulted the snowless stoop of the house and was admitted to the presence of Rarick.

It was the first time they had met since that evening when Jennifer had damned a hit-below-the-belt world to her father.

"I am glad you sent for me, sir," said Gratton. "I've been meaning for a long while to have a visit with you."

"Sit there."

"Shall I remove this lapidarian loot of yours?" he said as, seating himself, his arm brushed a ring of Pectunculus shell and sent it scurrying toward the hearth. "Say, that's an aquamarine there, isn't it? My birth stone." He scooped the stones into his hand, pouring them into Rarick's. "I once had a pretty fine pair of aquamarine cuff links. Traded them for a dictionary.

"I'm a great trader, Mr. Rarick. Belong back in the days when men bartered merchandise for merchandise. Must seem strange to a man like you, who has built his fortune on the modern rudiments of big business, but I'm like the old Thracians who couldn't get accustomed to the idea of just a small coin in exchange for a whole flask of wine.

"I'll trade my aquamarine cuff links for a dictionary much more quickly than for cold cash. That disqualifies me as too unimaginative for business, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps you do yourself an injustice. One of the most outstanding business dickers of all time was that of a birthright in exchange for a mess of pottage."

"That is the one kind of trade I don't expect to fall for, Mr. Rarick."

"I believe that."

"You may well believe it."

"What is it you want most out of life anyway, Gratton?"

"That's a large order. You mean, in specific relation to what you've sent for me about or——"

"Rather."

"Good. But before we get to it, there is something I have wanted to say to you ever since it happened. I tried to put it into a message at the time. No one could understand better than I, Mr. Rarick, what the death of your son means to you It's because, of course, I realize the workings of that boy so well. I fought his same kind of losing fight back in those years when I was his age, only where he went through the door, I managed to jump back.

"I know what his aloneness meant and the black waters it can put even between those who need most desperately to clutch one another. I know what it means—I know Avery."

A row of cords popped out in Rarick's neck and it was a moment before his throat relaxed enough to swallow.

"Avery wasn't able to swim across to you and you didn't see his hands go up for the third time. I made my swim to an island of sanity. I've clung to it ever since. Avery couldn't—make it—— You would have been his island."

"A thought like that helps one to keep on living."

Rarick's voice sounded to him like a Lilliputian's. High and narrow. What the devil!

"Well, anyway, Mr. Rarick, that's out of my system. I've spilled it like a ton of coal. But I've always felt strangely entitled to say it to you. Now, to get back to what I want out of life. Don't know as I've ever thought of it concretely, but I suppose I'm a rank enough hedonist to ask nothing more than a certain ability to create within myself and in turn hand on a certain amount of happiness. Why do you ask?"

"I have always thought of you as a young man who knows precisely where he is going."

"I haven't always known that. I do now. As I tried to tell you a moment ago, my feet haven't always been on the ground. They are now. I may not reach my destination, but I am hell-bent for it."

"I like that. Chiefly because most of my life I have always been hell-bent for a destination that I've never cared whether I reached or not."

"Strange to hear you, who seem to have reached a peak that few men achieve, say that."

"We won't discuss that. The point of this interview is a strange one, Gratton. I am informed by my daughter that you, to use her own picturesque phrasing, do

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not care a tinker's dam for her. That interests me. I want to know why."

"Now look here," said Gratton, without surprise, "aren't you accepting evidence without hearing both sides?"

"That is what I intend to hear now."

"I don't know what your daughter may have told you, but it is just possible, considering the amount of adulation that has been Jennifer's since you brought her into an ornate world, that the slightly tempered qualities I bring to bear upon our friendship may, by comparison, appear frigid to your daughter."

"Just possible, yes."

"I don't know by what metric system you weigh up tinkers' dams but I do know that my regard for your daughter is quite unrelated to a tinker's opprobrium."

"You might find it difficult to convince her of that."

"Little fraud. She knows too well how violently I am struggling to keep clear of the mesh."

"That is what it is highly important for me to know."

"Am I to understand, Mr. Rarick, that the young man is being asked his intentions?"

"It is embarrassing and astute of you to put it that way. As a matter of fact, you are being asked just that. Your intentions."

"To remain, I hope, in so far as it is going to be possible, one of your daughter's well-wishing friends."

"I see. I suppose you are aware, Gratton, that my daughter entertains a set of disturbing feelings toward you."

"Highly embarrassing to a highly ineligible young man who is keenly onto himself."

"It would interest me, as her father, to know just where my daughter fails."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Rarick, you are too keen a man to place me in such an equivocal position."

"There is nothing equivocal in honesty."

"I like your daughter, Mr. Rarick. I don't feel called upon to qualify, however, even to you."

"You are entirely right not to feel called upon. I was appealing to you."

"I see. I'm sorry. Jennifer does like me, Mr. Rarick. I'd be a fool not to see it. She may be in love."

"She is."

"For the first time in her life, if you will permit me to say so, both of us knowing Jennifer as we do, with someone beside herself."

"No doubt of it. That is my justification for opening this subject with you."

"That being the case, her being in love is no special tribute to me, but rather to herself. Jennifer, of course, thinks otherwise. She has told me, bless her funniness, that her self-esteem is being enormously bolstered by the fact that she likes me. That is poppy-cock. A big sweeping energy like Jennifer's must have outlet."

"But——?"

"I hate like the devil to say it to you, particularly since it does not convey to you to what extent I am in danger of being in love with your daughter, but Jennifer does not quite come through."

"It's fine of you to be so honest."

"It's fine of you not to kick me out for a presumptuous, if well-meaning idiot."

"To get back to Jennifer——"

"One of the reasons I have tried not to see much of Jennifer since her return from her cruise, Mr. Rarick, is practically an admission of my own weakness. She fascinates and amuses and delights me more than any other woman I have ever known. She is full of the power to be pretty nearly everything she is not."

"Right."

"On the other hand, she is arrogant and without pity. She is sophisticated without taking the time to use her fine brain to be wise. She is without great accomplishment and intolerant of others. She has a genuine intellectual curiosity but pretends to despise what she terms 'highbrow.'"

"You are despising the setting of the ring rather than the stone."

"Perhaps. I do despise the picture of Jennifer and her set. It has always been a facetious credo of mine, Mr. Rarick, that great personal wealth, even fabulous wealth like yours, is a maligned institution and that in private fortunes there lurks great power for good.

"In my heart, though, I am coming not to believe it. The very things I despise in Jennifer are the things great wealth should have corrected in her, and somehow didn't.

"Look at this room. Kings, artists, dreamers contrived its magnificence for her. This home. Beauty, prodigality, dignity, peace, and out of this conspiracy of the so-called better things of life has come a flimsy Jennifer, caring passionately about few of the things that make life so passionately worth living. Hang it, if I were not so afraid that it would mean that I am dangerously near loving her, I should hate her."

"I think I see clearly everything you have said."

"You can't. Diametrically different as you are in some things, you and Jennifer are alike in others. She's yours."

"I want to say some things to you, Gratton, that I have never put into words before."

"I feel like the devil. The things I've let out aren't usually said, and then, hang it all, I've said just about half of what I feel—the less important half."

"I don't mind telling you that much of what you have just admitted, while not new to me, is bitter. I'm not so resilient any more. I'm getting along toward sixty, young fellow."

"Not——"

"Oh, not so old, but as the span goes, time to put the house in order."

"It's a big house."

"An appallingly big one. I'm going to tell you about that house. The house that Jennifer lives in."

"The house-that-Jennifer-lives-in. That should be the nicest house there is!"

"Perhaps, in view of all you have told me, there isn't much point in saying this, but I'm going to say it anyway. I want Jennifer settled, young man. She is motherless. Her brother is gone. I am not going to live to be an old man. There are certain things we know irrevocably. That is one of them. I have always known it. I will not get old."

"I hate to hear you say that."

"I would give a great deal if you could like my girl."

"That's what I meant just now when I said that I've said just half of what I feel, and that the less important half."

"You probably know, without my dwelling upon it, the failure I've been to her as a parent."

"It's been a mutual failure."

"She's got brains and sweetness."

"Lord knows she has. Too much of both, for my peace of mind. You're going to reap from them too—mark you."

"I want to tell you a little about myself, Gratton."

"Yes."

"Young man, I am worth one hundred and eighty million dollars. And yet, personally, I have never succeeded. My success succeeded."

"I see what you mean."

"In my youth, Gratton, I wanted one thing out of life as hard-headedly as you seem to want one thing. My success snatched it away."

"I think I summed it up when I once said of you that you asked for bread and got a gold nugget."

"Excellent. I would have a hard time getting a jury to vote me sympathy, but I am as short of success today, Gratton, as I was in the days when I used to figure my plans on the backs of envelopes behind a counter in a hardware store.

"That is why there is something about a young fellow like you, so sure not to be deterred, something that to an old fellow like me is just about sublime. I want you to look at me, seated here, as you say, in a home contrived by kings, and try to understand some of the things that I am going to tell you.

"First, as to family. You see me practically bankrupt. My wife gone. That I cannot discuss, even here. Need I say to you," Rarick went on, "that my life was finished the day Avery took his? We never got to each other. But I—no fool like an old fool—that boy was my reason for having the endurance to fight through the black and colossal years of my success.

"He was the hope of my loneliness. He was my real success waiting to be accomplished and, in my dumbness, I crossed him in everything that did not point toward that success. I saw the paraphernalia of wealth crushing him. The steam-roller flattening him into a pattern, just as you see it threatening Jennifer. I saw his success in picking out a rich man for his father threatening to succeed.

"I have no graces, Gratton. If ever a man was lacking in manner, that man is I. I had no talent for parenthood. I didn't deserve my boy. I let him starve for the very things that I would have given my life to feed him. He got lost, you see, in the maze of the things and the things. I don't intend to have that happen to my girl."

"It needn't."

"I am not a man to take life lightly, Gratton. My wife used to say of me that I lacked a cardinal sense of humor. I have never believed she was right. That is the last thing a man wants to believe of himself, but it is true that I do not take my colossal wealth lightly.

"I have given it more profound thought, its relationship to the world from which I derived it, the economic scheme which made it possible and my responsibilities to those sources, than even you might think. I am not an educated man, Gratton, like you. But I have thought my share."

"I once heard it said of you, Mr. Rarick, or perhaps read it in some magazine, that you never reached a conclusion that was not based upon at least several of the best opinions you could muster and that those several opinions were almost invariably yours."

"I've gone my road alone. Open the third drawer of that table and take out that pile of manuscript."

"This?"

"Yes."

"Whew!"

"Yes, five hundred and forty-eight pages, longhand. Brevity being the soul of wit, that would be the bulk of my story."

"Your life?"

"Everything but, and yet nothing else. It is the story of the house and the man my wealth built. Of the walls it reared for me and the hearth it kindled. It is filled with moralizing; the kind nobody will take the time to read. It is the

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result of my study, my thoughts, my experience. It is my last will and testament. But more of that, presently. I wonder if you have heard, Gratton, rumors that Rarick Chain is about to be absorbed by Bilt Chain?"

"Yes."

"They are founded on fact."

"You have completed your life job?"

"Yes. And now I have a new one. A stiff one. The job of dying a poor man. The entire philosophy behind that determination is in this stack of papers. The years I have left are few in which to give back, intelligently, the one hundred and eighty million dollars to the people from whom I have earned it. Earned it, mind you.

"The average man and woman, Gratton, is beholden to the object—the inanimate thing—for his comfort and much of his happiness. I have filled the hands of the masses with objects. Probably I have stuck more atrocious paper flowers into more atrocious glass vases than any man in the history of the world. They tell me that the sin of ugliness and cheapness is upon me.

"That may all be true, Gratton, but I know to what extent I have made living easier for the masses, whose days are chained to the trivialities of things. My daughter Jennifer owns a six-carat pigeon's-blood ruby ring. The craving for such a ring is deep in the hearts of millions of women. I partially satisfy it with red glass ten-cent rings.

"Women with scalded, horny hands can now cope with their dishwater in ten-cent rubber gloves—there is a side to my colossal, absurd, undignified bartering in snide objects that is labor-of-mercy. Don't you forget it."

"One isn't apt to, after hearing you."

"The wisest man I ever knew showed me the way to give back what I have earned. I refer to my friend Gerkes.

"It was he who first set my mind working along lines toward which I had previously had only a sort of subconscious predisposition. My friend is at once a simple and a profound man."

"I see where someone intimated in Berlin the other day, after commenting on Gerkes' last book on the theory of life, that the Nobel prize was about to come to America once more."

"That will mean little to Gerkes."

"It should mean a great deal to you, who have made so much of his contribution to knowledge possible."

"Probably it does, Gratton. That's a snapshot of Gerkes there on the table. It came this morning."

"I'd never recognize him in all those fur togs. Is that his wife and—papoose?"

"Yes."

"Curious."

"Not nearly so curious as we must seem to him. Gerkes has learned a peculiar secret. That is why he must be the only happy person I know. He is never impatient for his tomorrow. That enables him to live his present completely."

"He has the face of a happy person. So has the woman!"

"He took his wife from the Eskimos, whom he considers the happiest people he has ever encountered. I was about to tell you, not meaning to digress to the subject of my hobby, this man Gerkes, that it was he who unconsciously sent my subconscious to the surface. Before he went North, he used to let fall out of the vast storehouse of his mind some of his philosophies on preventive philanthropy.

"Most of it might have seemed obvious to you, Gratton, but it was strangely new to me. I realize now that much of what he said had been smoldering in my subconsciousness for years, but just the same, it was he who started me in the concrete thinking-out and writing of this manuscript. It has been a long time in the writing.

"One of its results is that you see me sitting here, Gratton, in a house that is only a loan to me, pending my death. I no longer own one stone in it, but lease it from those who do; and with the sale of some vast lumber properties in Maine and Canada last month, I now own not one acre of God's territory, with the exception of certain colossal and indirect mortgage holdings which, in their turn, will be converted. I am, of course, still a man heavily encumbered with wealth, but already forty million of my dollars are committed to preventive philanthropies."

"It isn't easy, Mr. Rarick, for a man whose bank balance has never been larger than nine hundred dollars to have a conception of forty million dollars."

"I have endowed no cancer hospitals but I have given great fortunes for the prevention of the disease. Nothing new in all this, you say. No; but look more deeply into it and see how prolonged has been the infancy of this idea. And there is but little time left for me.

"My money must pour back to the people in a fresh blood transfusion. I want to wrap no rags around social sores. To accomplish, I must administer my moneys while I live. I must die a poor man.

"My sole heir is my daughter Jennifer. For that reason and another equally important one, she comes into no properties at my death except a life income of eight thousand dollars a year. You live on less, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Comfortably?"

"Fairly."

"She will be stripped pretty bare of paraphernalia, Gratton."

"She will plunge like a roped steer."

"At first."

"I wonder if you are wise, stripping her so bare of the paraphernalia which have become part of her."

"There is the girl under it. The one who eludes you."

"I can't believe, Mr. Rarick, that wealth is necessarily destructive to the individ——"

"Nor can I. On the contrary, I am convinced, for instance, that it is the business men of different civilizations, the gatherers of material wealth, who have built the foundations for art. Civilization has advanced on their gold bonds. Many of the patron saints of the creative life of Greece were the business men."

"Think of the gigantic power for good you are about to release out of the nickels and dimes of the people."

"I have thought—and thought—and out of it has come my philosophy of why I must die a poor man, and why this wealth that I have drawn out of the coin-purses of the American people must be given back now."

"Tremendous idea!"

"My power to forecast the nature and needs of the future is limited. Vast accumulations like mine must cope with the contemporary problems of the people who helped to create the wealth. What is the use of leaving five million dollars to build tuberculosis hospitals when, two years after my death, it is not impossible that a cure or a preventive may be found for the white plague? Let future generations wrestle freshly with their fresh issues. I want to leave no moneys that a few years after my death must be expended upon dead issues. My death, Gratton, is a much more important matter to the world than my life."

"In a special sense, yes."

"So you see, my surplus fortune is not mine to leave to Jennifer, even if I would. And I would not. It is difficult for me to talk to you further, young man, about my feeling of what the effect of stupendous personal wealth has been on the little group of my family. But just the same, Gratton, therein lies the tragedy of my life. A tragedy I do not intend to see perpetuated through my daughter, who will live to thank the dead hand that at first may seem so cruel."

"I simply cannot imagine Jennifer living on eight thousand a year."

"I can. Hand me that paper on my desk."

"Here?"

"This single typewritten sheet is the boiled-down version of the five hundred and forty-eight pages of that manuscript. That, Gratton, is my last will and testament, duly sworn and witnessed. My philosophy of life, and of death. My bow to the world; my tribute to it. My hopes for my child. My faith in her. Listen," he said, and began to read.

Gratton, after Rarick had completed his reading, had a horrible fear he was going to cry. Not tears, but some brute noises. The sound of an emotion scraping bottom, as the soul of the man who had just read had scraped bottom.

"There, in a nutshell, is some of the wisdom I have tried to squeeze out of my defeat, Gratton. Not much of a job to a literary man like you—but it's my legacy."

"Well, guess I'll be getting along now. Don't suppose you know it. I may be wrong. But it seems to me that's the stuff immortal literature is made of—that page you just read me. It's the thing Lincoln poured into his address at Gettysburg. It's as close to God as Senator Vest's plea for a dog. It's Shelley and Goethe crying in prose for justice. Its wisdom will live after you. That is the kind of stuff that achieves immortality."

"I don't want immortality. At the moment, I want milk and graham crackers. Have them with me?"

"There's Jennifer!"

"Where?"

"I heard her step."

"Ah, yes. I do hear now. Strange that you should have known her step at this distance. Shall I call her?"

"No—no. I must be going."

"Strange you should have heard her."

"I've a glove of hers. I'll ask to see her on my way out—to give it back."

"Will you ring as you go? I want milk and crackers. Share some?"

"No—no. The glove. Good night, sir."

The wind had risen, hardening into crust the triangles of snow against the leaded windows and blowing in the cold, beautiful smell of snow.

Waiting for his milk and crackers, Rarick, alone, poked up the embers and pressed one of the battalion of buttons alongside the organ.

When he was seated, the look of hunchback in his face, the Gothic twilight climbing into vaulted shadows, the yarn of Pagliacci began to stalk across stained glass.

Waiting, as he loved to, for the bursting sob that concluded "*Ridi Pagliaccio*" the chin of Rarick fell forward tiredly.

Clouds of music came up like thunder . . .

THE END

Coming Soon——A story by Damon Runyon in which Dave the Dude fixes up a perfect background for Madame La Gimp

Pity is Akin—*by Ring W. Lardner* *(Continued from page 75)*

let me know if everything ain't satisfactory."

"I wonder," said Henry, "if we could meet Miss Moore."

"Sure!" said Mr. Schwartz. "You'll find her one of the most charming girls you've ever come acrost. And democratic. To hear her talk, you'd think she was just one of us. She ain't left her success go to her head. I'll bring her over."

It was after three o'clock when Mr. Schwartz escorted Miss Moore to the Spaldings' table.

"Marian," he said, "this is Mrs. Travers and Mr. Travers. They just wanted to meet you before they went home."

"That's mighty sweet!" said Miss Moore.

"The pleasure is ours," replied Henry.

"Of course you have to say that, but it's mighty sweet just the same. What about a little drink?"

"I was just going to order another bottle of rye."

"Well, that's mighty sweet, but if you don't mind, you drink the rye yourself and Joe'll get me a special drink out of my own private locker. I bet you didn't know I've got a private locker. A locker for liquor. A liquor locker. Joe gave it to me and he's mighty sweet."

Joe (Mr. Schwartz) went out to procure the special drink while a waiter brought Henry his fourth pint of rye.

"Do you live here in New York?" asked Marian.

"We're from Toledo."

"Toledo! Well, that's all right, too. People has to come from somewheres. But Toledo! It's hard to believe."

"Were you ever there?"

"Was I ever where? Listen, Mrs. Who's-this, your sweetie's asking me was I ever there! What does that mean?"

Mrs. Spalding had dozed off and could not explain.

"Look! Your wife's asleep!"

"She's worn out. She's had a long day."

"I'd think she'd be used to long days in Toledo."

"Were you ever there?"

"You're asking that again. Here comes Joe with my bottle. We'll find out from him."

Mr. Schwartz poured Marian a drink.

"Look at this, Mr. Toledo! It's hundred-year-old rum; that's all; a hundred years old. Pre-war. I won't let you taste it because you asked me was I ever in Toledo. And your wife can't have any because she's went to sleep on us. When it's bedtime in Toledo, it's only Thursday here. Joe, was I ever in Toledo?"

"How do I know?"

"You ought to know everything about me. You think you do, anyway. But I've foxed you this time. I was in Toledo in vaudeville with Bill Abbott. What's your name again?"

"Travers," said Henry.

"Well, Travers or not, I was with Bill Abbott in Toledo. But I didn't meet no Travers. Or no Mrs. Travers, if she really is your wife."

"Don't be funny, Marian!" said Mr. Schwartz.

"That ain't funny. What's funny is for a man to come all the way from Toledo and bring his own wife to my club. And she thinks it's a hotel. That's the funniest part of it. Bill Abbott would see how funny that is even if you don't."

"I'll tell you what let's do, Marian. You have one more drink and then get a taxi and go home."

"Do you think I'm going home alone? Well, listen! Mr. Travers will escort me home and you stay here and give Travers' baby a bottle when she wakes up."

"Wake up, Edith!" cried Henry.

Mrs. Spalding opened her eyes. "I went to sleep."

"Take a sip of my hundred-year-old pre-war rum," said Marian. "It'll wake you up."

"I don't want anything more to drink."

"You wouldn't!"

"I'm ready to go home."

"So are the rest of us, Mrs. Travers," said the manager.

"Isn't it funny, I was just asleep a second, but I dreamed about my children!"

"Children!" said Marian, and in another moment was sobbing on Mrs. Spalding's breast.

"She's had a little too much," said Mr. Schwartz. "If you folks will be good enough to leave now, I'll take care of her."

Henry paid his check, a small matter of seventy-three dollars, and he and Mrs. Spalding took a taxi to their hotel.

"She was pretty fresh at first. She got me sore," said Henry. "But when you mentioned children and she broke down, I couldn't help from feeling sorry for her."

"Don't waste your sympathy! She was ready to break down, whatever I said, or anybody else. If I'd mentioned ringworm, she'd have acted just the same."

"Tell it in your own way, Mr. Spalding," said Mr. Porter, government prosecutor.

"Well, my wife was with me and we were in evening clothes. That is, I had on my tuxedo and she was wearing low neck. We didn't have no trouble getting in and were shown to a table near the dance floor. I asked a waiter to bring some rye and he brought a pint bottle. I bought four pints altogether. It was ten dollars a pint. Miss Moore sung a couple of songs.

"Then the manager, Mr. Schwartz, come to our table and introduced himself. I give him my name as Travers. I asked him could we meet Miss Moore and he said he would bring her to our table. She had been drinking at other tables and when she got to our table she was pretty well gone. I offered to buy a drink. She said she didn't want rye, but Mr. Schwartz would fetch her some rum from her locker. He did so. I bought another pint of rye and drunk it while she drunk the rum."

"Did she know you were buying it?"

Henry's eyes happened to stray to where Marian sat. Her head was bowed low and her body was shaking with sobs. Henry felt a lump in his throat.

"I think she did."

"You just think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wasn't she right there when you ordered it and when it was brought in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then how could she help knowing you had bought it on the premises?"

"I don't suppose she could."

"Take the witness."

"Now, Mr. Spalding," said Mr. English for the defense, "you say Miss Moore was pretty well gone when she came to your table. Do you mean she was drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know?"

"She talked silly."

"Haven't you ever heard a woman talk silly when she wasn't drunk?"

"I suppose I have."

"Then isn't it stretching a point to say Miss Moore was drunk just because she talked silly?"

"They talk entirely different when they're drunk than sober."

"Did you ever, on any other occasion, hear Miss Moore talk?"

"No, sir."

"Did you taste Miss Moore's drink?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know it was rum?"

"She said so. She said it was a hundred years old."

"Do you believe all that people say these days about their own liquor?"

"No, sir."

"You bought four pints of rye. How much of it did your wife drink?"

"She had two high balls."

"Did Mr. Schwartz drink any?"

"No, sir."

"Did Miss Moore drink any?"

"No, sir."

"Then you drank four pints, or two quarts, yourself; that is, all but the ounce or two that your wife drank?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what length of time?"

"About three hours."

"And you went home sober?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did your wife think you were sober?"

"I object, your Honor," interrupted Mr. Porter. "A wife is no judge of her husband's sobriety."

"Sustained," said the court.

"Was there anything," continued Mr. English, "that would lead you to believe Miss Moore was financially interested in the club?"

"She spoke of it as 'her club.'"

"Do you belong to any club in Toledo?"

"Yes, sir. The Elks."

"What do you call it?"

"The Elks."

"That will do."

"We rest," said Mr. Porter.

"I move for dismissal, your Honor."

"The trial will proceed," said the court.

"Miss Moore, please take the stand."

Marian was still sobbing violently and Henry felt awful.

"Miss Moore," said Mr. English, "I know what an ordeal this is for a hard-working, innocent, unprotected girl like you and I will ask you only two questions. Did you have a financial interest in the Cozy Club?"

Marian, unable to speak, shook her head.

"On the night you met this Spalding, or Travers, were you under the influence of liquor?"

"Your Honor," Marian said, turning to the court, "I wasn't never under the influence of liquor because I never tasted a drop of it in my life."

"Take the witness," said Mr. English.

"Miss Moore," said Mr. Porter, "if you never tasted liquor, what was in the bottle Mr. Schwartz brought you?"

"Cough medicine."

"Do you suffer from coughs?"

"No, sir."

"Then why do you take cough medicine?"

"So I won't suffer from coughs."

Mr. Porter and Mr. English made eloquent summations, the former arguing for enforcement of the law and against the credibility of the defense's only witness, while Miss Moore's counsel spoke feelingly of the sanctity of womanhood, and wolves in evening clothes.

Marian sobbed all through both speeches and the judge's charge and was still sobbing when the jury returned with a verdict of not guilty. She then recovered her composure, kissed her lawyer and the twelve brave men and true, and rushed to the ladies' dressing room

where her maid awaited her with some cough sirup.

"Gosh, this air feels good!" said Juryman No. 4 as he reached the street. "Her breath had me reeling!"

For three nights Henry Spalding tried in vain to muster enough courage to visit The Snug, where Marian had been employed since the padlocking of the Cozy Club. He knew now that he loved her and had done her a great wrong. He had never been able to resist a woman's tears.

He was not sucker enough to believe the one about the cough medicine, but wasn't a woman justified in lying to keep out of jail?

Liar or no liar, Marian was the only woman for him now and he knew he would never go back to Toledo and resume practice on his clarinet until he had seen her and begged her forgiveness.

On the fourth night, he ordered two quarts of Scotch from a bell boy and drank it as he made notes for a report against the hotel. Two o'clock in the morning found him inside the Snug, beckoning Marian to his table.

"Hello, Spalding, or Travers. Set down and buy me a drink. I'm out of rum, and I've got to have something while I wait for a friend that's bringing me supplies."

"I came to apologize," said Henry. "I'm sorrier than I ever can tell you and I want you to forgive me for what I done. When I saw you crying in court the other day, my heart just about broke. And I realized——"

"What did you realize?"

"I can't tell you yet. Not till you forgive me."

"I got nothing to forgive you for, Spalding, or Travers. All you done to me was get me on the first page of every paper in the country and land me a job here at twicet what the Cozy was paying me. I ain't sore at you. I really ought to love you."

"Don't say that! I mean, as a joke."

"Why not?"

"Because I do love you. I think I begun loving you the time you leaned over on my wife and cried. And I knew it was the real thing when you cried in the court room. If there's any chance for me——"

"You seem to only love people when they're miserable. Maybe it might work the same way with me. Maybe if you could cry——"

"I wish I could. But I don't cry easy. Anyway, it's a great thing to know you don't bear a grudge."

"Why should I? The only people that's got a license to be sore at you is the partners that owned the Cozy, and poor Joe Schwartz. You cost him a job and two thousand bucks. And speaking of the devil, here he is now with my rum."

Schwartz saw them and approached.

"Joe, here's Mr. Travers-Spalding."

"I can see it is."

"He come to apologize for doing me what he thought was a dirty trick. And listen, Joe. Not only that, but he loves me because he seen me cry. Do you think if I seen him cry, I could love him back?"

"It's worth a trial."

"But he don't cry easy."

"Sing him one of those dirges."

"He wouldn't cry at a song. See if you can make him cry, Joe."

"Get up, Spalding!" said Mr. Schwartz, and Henry rose unsteadily . . .

"Oh, Joe!" said Marian, bending over to look. "He can only cry out of one eye from now on."

Tagati *by Cynthia Stockley* (*Continued from page 67*)

that secret, seductive voice murmuring secret, seductive words; all the forbidden things his eyes had been saying during the week of silence dropping at last from his lips. It was rather like taking sips of heady champagne, though Felicia did her best to ward off intoxication by flippant rejoinder.

"Why have you fled from me all the week, loveliest and best? I've been famished for a word from you. *One* word would have made me happy."

"Please try to be sensible, Colonel Vyner."

"I am only too sensible, alas! And if you call me 'Colonel' again I shall stop the band."

"I don't know what good that will do."

"Merely enable me to make myself heard when I go into the middle of the room and announce that I love you."

"This is rank intimidation!"

"Yes, I know—but I shall do it just the same."

"People would think you were drunk, of course—are you?"

"Yes; drunk with the loveliness, the fragrance of you—and getting worse every moment."

"I shall have to recast my partners and rearrange my evening."

"You couldn't be so cruel, beautiful one! Come out into the night. I want to talk to you."

"I would rather dance, please."

"We *must* talk. You know what it is I want to say."

"But I don't know whether I care enough to listen."

"You *do* care—I swear you do."

"You are more than a little bit vain, aren't you?" she bantered him rather breathlessly.

"No; only full of an old sweet wisdom."

"Well, I, not being so wise, must have time to think."

"Time! O my Shonnie, have you not already taken a week? One hundred and sixty-eight hours. Six hundred and four thousand eight hundred seconds! I know because I have counted them separately and they've seemed like years."

"How ridiculous you are!" She laughed, but was the more resolved to hold out against him, against herself, until—— Oh, she didn't know until *when*, or what!

She felt all the racial glamour of him, that magnetic ardor strong enough to sweep her off her feet and set her awhirl with reckless longing to do as he asked and let the future take care of itself.

Still, she seemed to be waiting for some signal from her own heart, some bell that had not yet struck. And when the dance was over she refused, smiling but firm, to follow the many other couples into the dimness of a stretch of land that was the show ground.

Rows of motor cars out there, not too close together, offered the solitude and obscurity so satisfying to lovers. But Felicia Lissell, not sure of being a lover or of wanting one, preferred the hall veranda, where seats had been arranged amid flowering plants and palms.

There, Vyner could talk to her without being overheard—if talking was what he wanted, and if he spoke low enough. It was safer than a motor car, or even a flat black rock in the middle of a river bed! He did talk, reproachfully!

"You do not trust me, Shonnie—or yourself!"

She only smiled faintly, and would not explain that it was perhaps less distrust of him than of those subtly nebulous forces that can coerce the senses out under the stars—the limpid airs, soft scents and strange intoxication of an African night.

"You've *got* to marry me, darling."

"I must have time to consider," she insisted.

"But not too long," he pleaded. "How long? A week—a fortnight? A month? You can't have more than a month, and at the end of that we will marry at once. Promise me." He caught her hand.

"We will elope. I have always wanted to elope with the girl I marry." He looked at her with mad gay eyes. "Primitive, I know, but don't you feel the thrill of it, Shonnie? A man carrying off his beloved—to his own fastness to have and to hold, from that day forth forevermore."

Oh, yes, she felt the thrill of it, and of all the things in his eyes and voice.

"We will be secret and swift," he whispered, "and let no one 'in' on our plans. I'll get a special license; we'll arrange with the parson or the beak to marry us, and go straight off to the wilds. Would you do that, Shonnie?"

She only smiled, but *that* had its appeal for her too. What girl does not like to be swept off her feet? Besides, always she had believed that lovers should do thus, marry swiftly, secretly, simply, their joy for themselves.

He began to describe an island he knew on the broad bosom of the Zambezi, calling up the loveliness of trees and flowers and birds, the soft scented grasses, the smell of wood smoke.

"Does that find no echo in your heart? Would you go there with me, Shonnie?"

"I would—if I cared. If I were certain of your being the one man."

"Darling, I am. How dare you doubt it?"

The music had begun again, a dreamy swaying thing that called to the blood of youth. Felicia's soles tingled and her heart suddenly began to tremble as if something were soon to happen.

Men began to hurry from the marquee labeled "Bar," seeking their partners. Couples came bustling in from the darkness.

Felicia looked at Vyner questioningly. Would he ask her to cut her rightful partner so that he might once more take her in his arms to the rhythm of that haunting melody? Or was he deaf to its inviting message and its portent?

There was indeed urgency in his answering glance and his words. "Cut this and come with me," he implored. "Let's slip out, just for a little while—please, *please*, darling."

But that way madness lay, and she shook her head. A glance at her card showed Patrick Fenn's name, and almost instantly she saw him approaching.

"I won't let you go!" Vyner muttered angrily, and as she rose, threw out his hand in a detaining gesture. But under the surprise and delicate pride of her eyes his hand fell to his side, and she laid hers on Fenn's arm.

She had scarcely spoken to him since the afternoon at Tagati and did not intend to now, but clearly he had his uses as a rescuer from the importunate Vyner. Turning to the latter to throw him, as she could afford to do, now that she had won, a conciliatory word, she was just in time to intercept a glance of extraordinary hostility between the two.

Vyner, gone suddenly pale, had a look of hate in his eyes. Fenn's were smiling

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but hard, with the grim amusement of a boxer who has the better of the fight. In that instant she knew what she had always dimly divined: These men were enemies!

A moment later she was in the ballroom, Fenn's arm round her, dancing.

But with what a difference! No sips of crystal champagne. No burning words dropped into her ear. No honey and incense. Nothing but the pressure of his arm, careless but firm as steel. Yet, after a few seconds, she began to feel anew the power of this man.

Dreamily, almost drowsily, she found herself wondering how he would make love, all the while moving, dreamlike, in the most adorable rhythm she had ever known. No wonder Stella always monopolized him!

No use pretending that this man represented a negligible quantity! He did nothing of the kind. He had extraordinary personality.

Nor only that, but as they moved unspeaking in an ecstasy of rhythm, she felt her fingers tingling in his, almost as if his blood flowed into and mingled with hers, passing through her body and reaching her heart at last, holding it still and trembling. It was so strange, so invading a sensation that suddenly she resented it furiously.

Her spirit reared at being made to feel at one with a man who after all habitually avoided her, whom another woman claimed as her property, and who, at all times, seemed openly to prefer the society of that woman.

Perhaps these thoughts of hers communicated themselves to him in some subtle way. At any rate, the perfect harmony of their mood and movement was interfered with; he knew there was something wrong and, perhaps willfully, misinterpreted it.

"Must one say pretty things?" he asked in the caustic tone he usually kept for her. She was furious at the implication of shallow vanity.

"What makes you so malevolent towards me?" she asked, putting as much contemptuous indifference as she could into the inquiry.

"Malevolent?" he echoed, with a surprise that, if assumed, was well done. After a moment he queried: "Why, when there are right words for everything, do you choose to use wrong ones?"

"Perhaps I have not been so carefully educated as you," she retorted. Mean of her, she knew, but her blood was up. Instantly she regretted her malice.

"I got some sort of education in a charity school, as you probably know," he said quietly. She flushed for shame and strove to make honorable amend, stammering:

"What does that matter? You are better educated than most men I've met out here, and better read—but——"

"*But* there are some things one can't learn out of books—isn't that what you were going to say?"

"No, it isn't," she said tempestuously, "and I wish you wouldn't always be putting words into my mouth and thoughts into my head. You are so obsessed by that silly *idée fixe* of yours that you make yourself and everyone you speak to perfectly miserable."

"I beg your pardon," he said stiffly. "I shall try never to offend again."

After that, silence. They continued moving automatically like a pair of Dutch dolls, she with a smear of furious red in each cheek, he pale under his tan but with a blaze in his eyes. She could have wept, but instead her face hardened into a mask. A delicious dance spoiled, she was thinking—spoiled and ruined by his insensate dislike of her.

He had done the same with her pleasant afternoon at Tagati. Destroyed it, as now he had destroyed this dance. Yes, she could have wept for having been betrayed into that ignoble, ungenerous gibe at his education.

What could she have been thinking of! She who hated hurting anyone. Her heart burned with misery.

The dance over, he took her back to the veranda and found her a comfortable chair, and to his suggestion of a cold drink for her she assented quickly. He went away while she looked about her feverishly for some face she knew. But there was none. Not a soul of the Mañana party anywhere!

Fenn returned with the cold drink and they sat in silence while she sipped it. Both were too furious to talk platitudes, and too miserable or too proud to make the necessary gesture of friendliness. She longed for the music to start again and rid her of his company, and thanked goodness when it did. Very different music this time, however—a bright jerky two-step.

Fenn rose, with what seemed to her offensive alacrity. "Will you excuse me? I have to get off and dance this."

"Of course." What she longed to say was, "Get off and dance it, and get out of my life as well!"

"Shall I find your partner first?"

"I expect my partners to find me!" she rebuffed him curtly, and on that he left her, repassing almost immediately with a woman in pale green at his side —Stella, who, catching sight of her, called out laughingly: "Forsaken?—or only forlorn?"

Her face scorched. She made no answer except a serene glance, but when they had passed she looked down at her card, mentally preparing scorpions for the whipping of the man whose name should be there. But the name was Dick's, and a minute later he came up looking miserable and apologetic. He was hating the whole show, he said.

"Haven't you been dancing?"

"No; I only care for it with Stella or you—and you are both booked up to the hilt, naturally. Nothing for a back number like me to do but breast the bar."

"Dick! Let's go home," she said suddenly. "You are bored, and I'd give anything not to dance any more tonight." His eyes brightened, but he shook his head.

"You are only being good-natured."

"I swear I'm not. I don't know whether it's the heat or the floor or what, but I'm absolutely done in. Couldn't we steal away?"

"Rather. The Tagati fellows will bring Stella back. She means to stay for hours. Told me so just now and advised me to go on home. I've got the Underseas outside—lent it to Barry, you know, but on the understanding that I should have it to drive back in. He can easily get a lift with Glyn."

"Do let's go, then, before anyone stops us," she said fervently, seized with a longing to avoid further dancing.

Not only was she strangely exhausted, but her mind and spirit were a jumble of confusion, surprise and indecision. One thing was certain: she did not wish to dance or talk again that night with Paget Vyner, and there would be no avoiding it if she stayed.

She flew to get her wraps, and Dick being equally diligent, the Underseas was actually under way before the music stopped. Felicia felt as if she had escaped some grave pitfall.

It was a long while before she got to sleep that night. Outside, the world was dark, except for the ghostliness of the stars, and strangely still. Every tree, bird and insect seemed to be waiting in breathless silence for the rain which had been threatening for days.

Only, from the native compound, a half-mile away, came a muffled monotonous thrumming. There seemed to be a somber foreboding in that steady muffled drumming, yet it was narcotizing, and Felicia fell at last into uneasy sleep from which she awoke abruptly, surprised.

The night was still black and heavy with silence, but she had the startled conviction that just before awakening the sound of her name had fallen clearly upon her sleep-dulled ears. Some brief and pregnant phrase with "Shonnie" in it had been spoken! She was certain of that.

The sound had come from somewhere outside, and her first clear thought as she lay intently listening was that since Stella's hut was nearest hers, it must be from there that the sound had proceeded. Immediately this conviction was confirmed, for the words that now reached her in a passionate stormy cry were unmistakably spoken by Stella:

"I'll never give you up to any woman! I'd rather kill her first—or you!"

"Don't be a fool, Stella! You can't give what you haven't got."

It was a firm voice, low and guarded, but Felicia recognized it! Not only that, but the intonation of it unexpectedly woke a memory. Words, a sentence, spoken in that same way, flashed into the listening girl's mind:

"Confound you, Stella! Won't you ever learn to play the game?"

Yes! She knew now who it was that had spoken in the darkened room of the dorp hotel. Fenn!

Now he had brought Stella back from the dance and was there with her at the door of her hut. Except for her recognition of his voice it might have been possible to suppose that it was Dick Cardross whom Stella so stormily addressed —though Dick, slouching sleepily, lantern in hand, toward his own hut at the farther side of the garden, was the last object on which Felicia's eyes had rested before she closed her door.

At last she knew the truth. The long mystery was solved!

A great misery welled up in her. She turned her face to the wall, even as her spirit turned away from this secret baseness that had been forced upon its notice.

But her ears at least were obliged to hear more—the soft closing of a door, the careful pad of departing feet. He had gone now, and Stella, withdrawn into her hut, was alone with her fierce thoughts of that other woman whom she would rather kill than give him up to! And who was that other woman? Felicia shivered involuntarily.

In Africa, the land where "everything that doesn't bite, scratches," dawn is about the only time that has even the appearance of innocence. The nights, spite of magical beauty, are full of sinister happenings in the animal world, to judge by the cries of ferocity, terror and pain that ring out of the darkness, and even the birds are not silent as in other countries. But in the dawn all seems lovely and serene.

Felicia Lissell, always glad of the peace of dawn, was never more so than on the morning after the dance in the dorp. But it did not stay peaceful for long. It never did at Mañana.

Dick, seeing her out feeding the doves and starlings, strolled over from his bath to tell her that the bread question was again acute. There was no more than half a loaf in the house. Which, as he

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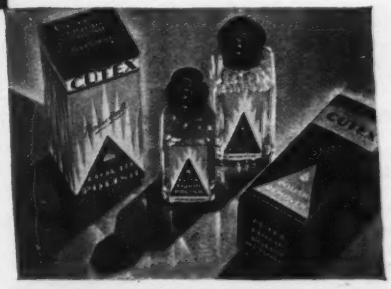

said, wouldn't have mattered if there had been any flour, but inspection of the bin had revealed a mere scraping.

She listened to his story coldly. Her month's house-running was up, and she didn't propose to extend it.

"Another thing," complained Dick. "Kowunder was up and off during the night. We're in the lurch for a cook."

"There's Jim, isn't there?"

"My dear child, have you ever tasted any of Jim's concoctions?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, don't!" said Dick. "What about it?"

She looked at him crossly. "Why do you foist your domestic problems on me when I am enjoying the dawn?"

"Well, you're the only one who ever has any ideas about anything. Besides, you've got to eat too, haven't you?"

"Any of the others up yet?"

"Naturally Stella hasn't emerged. And it's as much as my life's worth to disturb her. Cousin Letty will, I hope, continue to be incapacitated, but Pagg might be inspanned, mightn't she?"

"There's a lot to do for Cousin Letty in the morning, and it's scarcely playing the game to filch Pagg away before eleven."

"Then it's up to you, beautiful one. I've just heard that one of my calves has broken a leg and I must go and set it. After that I'll give you a hand, but the boys will do anything for *you*."

"That's all very well!" she grumbled, as he scuttled off.

Nevertheless, she proceeded to the larder in the hope of discovering some overlooked provender to fill the bill. A six-pound tin of fine oatmeal came unexpectedly to hand. It seemed possible to turn this into scones or Scotch cakes by mixing it with scrapings from the flour bin.

While she was juggling the ingredients a strange boy approached the kitchen door, carrying a letter in a forked stick.

"*Ngubani-lo?*" inquired she, proud of knowing the correct lingo for "What's that you've got there?"

"A letter for missis from Tagati Mine," he replied in excellent English, tendering the missive. But it was not for her. Typed across it were the words:

(Private) Mrs. Cardross,
Mañana Farm.

Calling Jim, who had gone to set the breakfast table, she instructed him to take it to his mistress' hut. Then, with a scorching spot in each cheek and another burning a hole in her heart, she concentrated her attention strictly on cooking operations to such effect that the cookies were a marvelous success.

DICK, returning from his bonesetting job, ate six straight off the pop. Stella sent a message that she'd join them presently, but they were not to wait breakfast for her.

Dick stated that he had fixed up the bread difficulty: Lincoln had been over to borrow the Underseas and would bring back a sack of flour and some bread with him from the dorp. Lincoln was a poor down-at-heel fellow farming close by, whom Dick seemed to think it was his duty to stand by. But then Dick was everybody's man.

According to Stella, this silly sense of duty toward other people amounted almost to a vice. If other people hadn't a car they must have Dick's. The same with his plow, his ox and his ass.

"I wonder you don't offer them your wife," she had exclaimed in irritation only the day before, when the tennis court needed rolling and the roller was missing. Dick had made no reply but had given her a look of indignation.

Just as Felicia and Dick were finishing breakfast Stella came in gayly, and Dick congratulated her on being as fresh as a flower after dancing all night.

Only a woman would notice that there were bruised-looking shadows under the amber eyes. Even if Felicia had not remembered that angry sobbing during the night she would have known the other had been weeping, but Dick noted nothing of the languor beneath his wife's sprightliness.

"I want the car to run into town this morning," she announced suddenly.

Dick's stare of surprise gradually took on a lugubrious tinge as he remembered Lincoln. "I'm awfully sorry, old girl. If I had known——"

Stella looked up sharply. "Don't call me 'old girl,' please! What's the matter with the car?"

"Nothing. Only first thing this morning I promised Lincoln——"

Stella did not wait for the end of the story. "He can't have it, then," she broke in. "Why should we lend our car to that loafer?"

"But he hasn't got one," said Dick.

"As if that had anything to do with us. Besides, I particularly want it."

"I suppose you couldn't give him a lift——" began Dick, then, at her look, abandoned the idea. "Oh, well! I'll have to make up some tale," he muttered gloomily. "Anyway, you'll be able to call at the bank and see Mason for me. We want bread and flour, too, from Selkiem's."

Stella interrupted again: "Mason's wife and I are not on speaking terms, and I hate going into that beastly Selkiem's. You must send a boy in on your bicycle."

As she did not want to listen any longer to this domestic argument Felicia arose and went out through the back stoep to pay her matutinal visit to the countess. That lady had endured a night full of sciatica and neuralgic pains.

"I am convinced it is the farm water," she declared. "Nasty hard stuff!"

Felicia smiled. "And here I have been thinking how soft Rhodesian water is, after the stuff out of London taps!"

"Nonsense!" growled Countess Karamine. "Stuff and nonsense. I tell you it's like drinking steel filings. My inside feels like a stone quarry. You must get me some mineral water at once."

"Where from?"

"Don't ask me where from," was the irritable reply. "How do I know? I can only tell you I shan't stay in this dreadful country another day if I can't have mineral water."

"Well, I believe the car's going to town. I'll see what can be done."

Felicia walked away wondering why a woman who had boiled snow, mixed with dirt, to drink on the Siberian steppes should kick at the water that came out of the farm wells. It was like wrapping yourself in liquid silk to get into a bath at Mañana!

Back at the house she found that Stella and Dick, the rumpus apparently over, had migrated to the front stoep. But Dick still looked slightly harassed.

It occurred to Felicia that in that matter at least she might be of use, and she offered her suggestion amiably enough to Stella. "If you are going to town, what about giving me a lift? I will then do Dick's chores for him, and an errand of my own as well."

Stella turned on her sharply. "Who said I was going to town?"

Felicia stared. "Oh, my mistake! Cousin Letty wants some mineral water, and I thought I would save you trouble."

"But you *are* going to town, Stella!" exclaimed Dick.

"I *might* go *on* there," explained Stella, becoming kind and patient, "but I am really going to Clarry de Wilton's, to talk over something important."

"But town's not far from the de Wiltons'——" Dick began.

"I know, Dick"—Stella was even more patient—"but I may not have time, I ought to be back here by twelve, the Amerys are dropping in and——"

"Oh, I'll attend to the Amerys, and Cousin Letty'll be up by then."

Stella burst into a sudden rage. "I wish to heaven you'd attend to your farming and leave me to manage my own affairs!" She was crimson. Poor Dick grew crimsoner, slashed with purple.

"Who the deuce is asking you to do anything but be decent——" he began, but broke off suddenly. Something in the look of her quenched his anger and brought his wistful, childlike expression back. "Sorry," he muttered and turning, trudged away into the sunlight.

FELICIA felt miserable for him, and furious with herself for assisting at the wretched altercation. Stella's selfishness about the car was nothing uncommon, but her general attitude this morning seemed to be as unreasonable as it was unsporting. The whole fracas had sprung suddenly out of that, but was over as suddenly, it seemed, for, having got her own way, Stella smiled.

"This climate tears one's temper to ribbons. I have never known myself so nervy. Don't you find it rotten?"

Felicia's reply was short and sharp: "I never felt fitter in my life."

"Hope you don't mind that I can't take you in today? But it would honestly be rather inconvenient. Clarry wants me all to herself."

"I don't mind in the least. It was only for the sake of Cousin Letty's mineral water that I made the suggestion."

"Oh! I'll get that—if it is to be got, which I doubt. Of *course* Cousin Letty must have what she needs."

Shortly afterwards the rumble of the old submarine through the drift told that Stella was off on her secret-service affairs—whatever they might be! Felicia crushed a big shady hat down on her head and started out for a stroll. In her pathway lay a sheet of note paper, and as she stooped to pick it up a curt typewritten line leaped out at her.

"We must settle this thing, Stella. Come this morning. P."

She was more than sorry she had seen the words, realizing at once that this was the note which had come from Tagati, and which Stella probably had dropped in her hurried departure. The one fortunate thing lay in her finding it instead of Dick.

But scarcely fortunate for Shonnie herself! Only one more query to add to the night's unanswered ones! At least she knew which of those two men at Tagati had the right to command Stella Cardross! That was something to know, for however much the knowledge pierced, it cleared Paget Vyner of an unjust suspicion she had been harboring.

Passing Stella's hut, she slipped the note under the closed door and went her way riverwards.

However, there was to be no peace or solitude that morning, even on the river bank, for no sooner had she arrived in sight of it than a car came spinning along. Mrs. de Wilton and her daughter, driven by young Osborne, had dropped in to beg for morning tea.

Felicia had to tell them about the shortage of bread, of course, and that even her oatmeal cookies had all been "scoffed up." But they didn't mind. Thirst was their simple trouble, coupled

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EXQUISITE TASTE is the dominant note of Mrs. Lowden's hospitality—even to the maids in trim green uniforms who bring in the after-dinner coffee tray and serve rich, fragrant Maxwell House Coffee in cups of soft leaf green. The rich, blended flavor of Maxwell House Coffee, its fragrant aroma and clear, dark golden brown color, please men and women alike.

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For the mellow, blended flavor of Maxwell House Coffee can be depended upon to please all guests. Its history is the record of the pursuit and attainment of an ideal.

A gentleman of the Old South worked over the blending of one after another of many choice coffee flavors until he achieved the special shade of richness which gives Maxwell House Coffee so much character and individuality.

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It got its first recognition—and its name—from the Old Maxwell House in Nashville, where distinguished beaux and belles of the South gathered to enjoy the delicious food and wonderful coffee. Now Maxwell House has become the best-liked coffee in America.

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

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"I don't know just how to put it, express it I mean--but you'll understand I hope. I was dancing with Miss--er--er--I can't think of her name--but you know who-- when Bill hit us -- bumped into us I mean, and--."

Don't BE A WORD FUMBLER *all your Life!*

PEOPLE dislike talking with you if you are always groping for the right words —always stammering and saying "er—er" or "you know what I mean." Your poverty-stricken vocabulary makes you *appear* stupid even though you are not.

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with that other Rhodesian attribute, a need to congregate. So she got in with them, and they drove back together.

Young "Biscuit" Osborne was chic and sleek, spite of his bankruptcy. Not only that, but the beautiful new car was his, and he drove it with the careless abandon of one who didn't intend to pay for it. Mrs. de Wilton never took her desolate eyes off him. Some Rhodesian wit had said of her that she drank at the fount of eternal youths!

As they drew up to the house Felicia explained that Stella was not at home.

"She left about half an hour ago. Didn't you meet her driving townwards?"

"Not a glim of her," said Hibiscus. "She must have switched off to Tagati—or Poinsettia Pass."

"'Nuff sed." Clarry's smile was dry. "Where else is she more likely to be?"

Felicia ignored the innuendo. "But didn't you want to see her?" she asked.

"Why should I?" Clarry replied indifferently. "I saw her last night at the dance, as much as we ever care to see each other."

That disposed of the important rendezvous, then! Though in her heart Felicia had known all along that it was not in need of disposal, never having existed. But it also disposed of any inclination she had to keep the de Wiltons to beguile her tedium.

Instead, they must be got rid of as soon as possible, in case Dick returned. In his astonishment at seeing Clarry he might question her, to his own discomfiture and Stella's undoing. As soon as hospitality permitted, therefore, she hinted that they were having trouble with the cook. Also that the Amerys were expected. That did the trick.

"No Kit-cat Club for me, thanks," said Clarry grimly. "I am at peace with the world this morning and don't want to unflex my claws. Besides, we are due at the Wyndhams' for lunch. Come along, Biscuit; let's get on with the war."

They dashed off in a hurry. The Amerys did not come, of course, and probably would have been much surprised to learn that they were expected. But Stella was back at luncheon time bearing two bottles of Vichy water.

Dick, congratulating her on her quick run to the dorp and back, added: "You couldn't have had much time to gossip with Clarry."

"We fixed up all we wanted to discuss," said Stella calmly, and, even while despising her, Felicia couldn't help admiring both formation of phrase and frugality of falsehood. There had been no opportunity to warn Stella of the de Wiltons' call, but fortunately no one else knew anything about it except the natives, who never tell anything except when questioned, and even then do not tell all.

Suddenly a story flared up and flew round the country with the impetus of a veld fire driven by a fifty-mile wind! The partners at Tagati were not on speaking terms! Those two, who had been closer than brothers, had quarreled irretrievably!!

It scarcely seemed possible. People refused to believe it, yet diligently set to work to try to fathom the truth. Without much success, however.

Even those at Mañana were left in the dark, for, whatever the cause of the rupture, the immediate effect was a complete cessation of social intercourse between the farm and Tagati. Daily visits from the partners were cut off as if with a knife.

Report said they never meant to speak, let alone be civil, to each other again. It really sounded childishly ridiculous, and unworthy of two grown men.

At Mañana it took some time to get accustomed to this state of things. Stella said scoffingly that it could not last. Dick said the whole thing was a rotten Rhodesian lie. Felicia refrained from expressing any opinion, while the countess cynically insisted that of course it was true—all men's friendships ended in ruptures—and all women's too, for the matter of that!

It was natural that Felicia Lissell should not hear half the reasons assigned for the putting of Mañana out of bounds. Nor did Stella, if it came to that, for it is a singular fact that things said among men in clubs and hotel lounges do not often reach women's ears.

Men have a sort of freemasonry of silence among themselves when it is a matter concerning people whom they like. But Stella, having lived in Rhodesia for some time, was not without instinct as to what was being said—even granting that she knew nothing more. Felicia had not this instinct to assist her; nevertheless, she knew what she knew. Perhaps both had inside information that they were not passing on!

Stella, for instance, if (as report said) the quarrel occurred at Tagati the day after the dance, must have been in a position to tell something. Where was she while she was supposed to be having a heart-to-heart conference with Mrs. de Wilton? Apropos, it was known that Clarry, her daughter and the Biscuit all expressed their conviction that Stella had been at Tagati on the day in question, *in the very heart of the row.*

This was repeated, rather vindictively, by Mrs. Wyndham when, shortly after the declaration of war at Tagati, she met Felicia in the dorp, whither the latter, conveyed in Buffalo Bill's car, had gone to seek more Vichy for the countess. Being pretty certain that the Vichy had not come from the dorp and not desiring to catch Stella in another lie, Felicia had not spoken of her errand or asked what shop to go to.

There were only two chemists and Selkiem's likely, anyhow, to stock medicinal waters. But on inquiry all three answered that Vichy was unobtainable in the town, and that she would have to send to Bulawayo for a case, or borrow some from Tagati—the only place in the district that had any!

So that was that! Needless to say, she wired direct to Bulawayo in preference to calling at Tagati.

Stella was not the only one with secrets. Dick, too, knew things he would not tell. When news first came of the quarrel he had laughed uproariously, declaring his intention of going over at once to find out what it was all about; above all, what the deuce those fellows meant by staying away from Mañana. And in this spirit of derision, but in friendship too, and an earnest desire to put all he had of affection into the task of "patching things up between 'em," he went to the mine.

But after staying away nearly all day and interviewing both sides, he returned in quite another spirit. It transpired that they would not even eat at the same table. Each had retired to his own part of the house, conducting his ménage apart. Incidentally, Mr. Goodreef had laconically informed him that "he knew summat and he knew nowt."

This was the only definite piece of information Dick had to impart, though Stella pressed him hard. What he could not quite conceal was his sense of the gravity of the situation. Inadvertently he blurted that out at once.

"It's a row to the death," he said.

"They'll never make it up." Immediately afterwards he shut up tight, became vague and would supply neither details nor comments on the "conversations" he had enjoyed. Such reserve *might* imply full knowledge, but somehow Felicia felt convinced of his genuine mystification over the whole thing.

She on her part was keeping something back too. Under no circumstances did she intend to share with others the fact that Paget Vyner had written to her. It was an emotionally disturbing letter, and in it he said enough to make her feel that it was only a matter of time before she would know all about the trouble at Tagati.

Meanwhile, she had the respite she had asked for, in which to decide whether she would "accept the passionate adoration of his heart," and in return "give herself into his perpetual keeping." That was how he put it.

The letter had been handed to her by a young mounted policeman who often looked in for a cup of tea on his way to some outpost or native kraal. Having stopped at Tagati that morning, he had been used as an emissary.

"Oh, Miss Lissell, Colonel Vyner asked me to give you this!" He had produced it quite frankly.

By sheer luck she happened to be alone at the moment. If Stella had been there she might have exhibited a not unpardonable curiosity, and as Felicia was not adept at lying, it might have been awkward. As it was, she read the letter in the seclusion of her hut—not once but often!

Alluding to the strained situation at Tagati, he wrote:

> It sickens the heart to think that I must exile myself from your adored face, but in coming to Mañana I should probably run into company I don't like, and I might possibly behave in a way no one would like. So I must possess my soul in patience until the coast is clear once more.
>
> I dare say you will know what I refer to. An *impasse* has arisen here which needs all my cool-headedness. I won't bore you with it—just a dispute between two men temperamentally and traditionally unable to see certain things in the same light—but it means great changes, and afterwards things will be on quite a different footing.
>
> I hope to settle matters shortly so that when you give me the answer I am aching for—and heart of my heart, if I am to go on living it can only be one answer!—we can skim away for a month or two, swift and secret as swallows, to that Island of the Blest we know of, waiting for us up on the Zambezi.

Sitting in her hut, Felicia thought of that island as he had described it: a place of bamboo-fringed edges, scattered baobab trees and flowering bushes; winding paths, and sheltering branches. Soft dry scented grass underfoot, butterflies overhead, the calling of bright birds. The friendly wood fire not far off.

Yes, that piece of imagery had its song of enchantment to sing. What if in that island, and with that man, she could ease this aching, burning pain in her breast? The voice of the wild Lissells in her blood urged it softly, argued that there was nothing amiss with the plan. That it was such a plan as she had always hoped for and was built to respond to as swiftly as made—to reply ardently: "Let us go now; waiting is folly; life is a dream and swiftly over; not an instant should be wasted."

Those were the answers she had always

MUST ONE SUFFER TO BE SMART?

IT'S glorious to be tan, golden of skin, bronzed; but it's torment to be blistered and burned—it's ugly and sometimes it's even dangerous.

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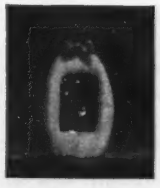

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known herself ready to make to the avowal of the man she would some day love. With him, love would be no complicated affair; secret, yes, and full of lovely hidden things, yet flawlessly clear. That had been her dream.

But suddenly she had no dream. Or, if she had had, it was gone, lost in a dark mist of doubts and fears; horrible knowledge of secret intrigue; the remembrance of sobs and soft footsteps! Foreboding and scorn weighed upon her heart with the weight of stones . . .

A postscript to Vyner's letter asked her to let him know if and when she would be likely to go to the dorp alone (or with the countess), so that he could manage to be there too. They could meet at the hotel. Neither to this nor to any other part of the letter had she responded.

And meanwhile it rained. The drought broke one midnight. After that the rain came down relentlessly for hours at a time, so that the whole land seemed to be streaming and rushing with water. Impossible to cross from hut to house without getting drenched. Sheer necessity to "stay put" when rain began, until rain ended.

Farm life at such times can be lonely, confined and monotonous. Social amenities cease automatically when roads become too heavy, and swiftly running rivers are impassable.

At Mañana there was no real necessity to suffer from ennui. The Countess Karamine, for instance, found the wet season priceless for Memoirs. Felicia on her part had much to meditate upon and masses of correspondence to catch up with.

Moreover, the homestead was a comfortable one, with plenty of books, a piano and a phonograph. There was also the garden to work in, whenever the rain ceased. It often did this. In fact, one of the great charms of the Rhodesian wet season is the constantly changing *mise-en-scène*.

A burst of crystal sunshine and the blackest hour is dispersed, the picture turning, as if by enchantment, to one of almost unearthly freshness and loveliness. Green shoots spring forth and flowers open. Birds dart out rejoicing.

This was the time for Dick to sound the police whistle with which he always called his helots to their tasks, and presently they would come out from shelter, sad and draggled-looking, for natives seem never to get used to rain, and resume the business of weeding, digging, "stumping," planting, and above all, plowing. The wet season is the only time when the virgin earth of Africa is amenable to treatment, so when new lands require breaking up there is not a moment to lose.

The women were always glad to emerge into the radiant air that succeeded each rainstorm. Even Stella, though no gardener, would sally forth armed with a garden trowel. As for Felicia, she delved furiously in the dark earth and feverishly flung in handfuls of seed—mignonette, poppies, forget-me-nots, phlox and pinks.

Gardening had always been one of her consolations for living in England, and here was the kind of garden she had dreamed of—six acres of fenced-in land crying aloud for loving treatment! Much to do, but only spasms of time in which to do it.

As it was bad for the countess to go back and forth in the wet on account of her sciatica, the sitting room was practically given over to her each day. Ensconced in a corner near the fire—yes, actually fires in an African summer to drive away chill and gloom!—with a board across her knees and a small typewriter perched on it, she would sit clicking away, old memories, triumphs, sorrows flowing in streams of little purple letters from the tips of her fingers.

Absorbed she always seemed. But no one ever could bank on that. Letitia Karamine never had been known to be too absorbed to take an intelligent interest in what was passing around her.

However, the real fly in the ointment was Pagg. She too had to be at hand for her mistress' need, and, with a piece of needlework from which the little gray eyes were rarely raised, she hovered in the background, modest and self-effacing. Nevertheless, the two younger women felt that they were perpetually under a microscope, and to escape it, they would take refuge in one or another of the stoeps—whichever was freest from the driving rain.

If Felicia found this constant companionship irksome, heaven only knew what it was to Stella! She sometimes had the look of a woman who would like to take a hammer and smash everything in sight. When Felicia saw her stare across the rain-sodden veld, straining like a wild hare in a cage, she never doubted that Stella was filled with ravening torment for someone.

The girl might have felt sorry for her if Dick had not used up the whole of her stock of sympathy. That man did not join them often on weather-bound days. Coming in wet from the lands, he usually went away to his hut on the plea of changing, and once there, seldom emerged, except for the evening meal.

One particularly black afternoon, when they had the sitting room to themselves, the countess having gone to lie down, Felicia said to Stella:

"I've got the score of 'The Lady of the Rose' here. Let's send for Dick and cheer ourselves up with a little gay music." But the other shrugged.

"Why drag in Dick?—even if he wanted to come, which he doesn't. He's got whisky to amuse himself with."

"Oh, Stella, I'm sure he'd rather be here, if you'd only persuade him! Why don't you?"

"Thanks for a thankless task!" laughed Stella; then in the suavest of tones: "You are awfully clever, Shonnie, about men as well as about everything else, but *do* believe me that after ten years of married life I know my own husband a little better than you do."

Felicia answered as equably as she could:

"I don't understand your phrase, 'clever about men,' Stella, and naturally I don't profess to know Dick as well as you do. But I like him very much and, forgive me, I can't help seeing that he is lonely and rather at a dead end."

"A dead end!" Stella glimmered at her savagely. "And where do you suppose I am? Do you imagine *I* am entertained, living here at the back of beyond with a man who has let himself go as Dick has, and who will never make money enough to get us away from this rotten farm, or to live any other way than we do! I'd go mad if I thought that was all there was!"

She broke off as violently as she had begun, dropping heavy white eyelids over the fury of her eyes, and continued with smooth cheerfulness:

"However, what's the good of talking like that? Of course one just has to go on, hoping for the best. And if poor Dick *will* drink to drown dull care and general boredom—well, can I help it?" She suddenly became earnest. "I can assure you, Shonnie, I've tried my best for years to change things."

But Felicia didn't believe she had tried for years, or months, or even weeks. No man living was more amenable to persuasion than Dick, and the woman he loved could have led him easily. But Stella didn't want to lead him. He bored her. Her mind and heart were fixed elsewhere, and it suited her to have him dull his senses with drink so that he would not observe too much. These were the convictions that surged hotly through Felicia's mind, while still that silver voice chimed on.

"The only kind thing is just to pretend you don't notice—and, above all, to keep it dark from Cousin Letty."

"Keep it dark!" Felicia stared. Did she really believe that eagle-eyed Letty didn't know all about it? Only the day before, a tersely expressed opinion had proved otherwise to Felicia at least.

"Dick drinks too much, has no idea of doing what is right with his money and mine, or of managing his wife. Also he is growing daily more like a buffalo wallowing in a marsh; but he will always remain a man and a gentleman."

That was Cousin Letty's synopsis of the subject, after a day's absorption in her Memoirs! Not much got past those worldly old eyes. But here was Stella murmuring:

"Cousin Letty's money is our only hope. For years this farm hasn't made a penny. To be accurate, it never *has* made a penny, but sometimes it looked as if it were going to—*if only* we got rain soon enough to save the mealies and the cows; or *if only* it stopped raining before the cotton bolls were rotted or the tobacco crop ruined. Always an 'if only,' and always the inevitable overdraft at the bank."

Felicia shrank from this overflow of domestic confidence. No doubt many of Stella's grievances were founded on fact, but she was an adept at trimming and embroidering, and as she always kept hidden any aspect of a fact that did not reflect credit on herself, her testimony was bound to be one-sided.

Then again, there was never any sign, as far as clothes were concerned, that she had not a big allowance to draw on for personal wants.

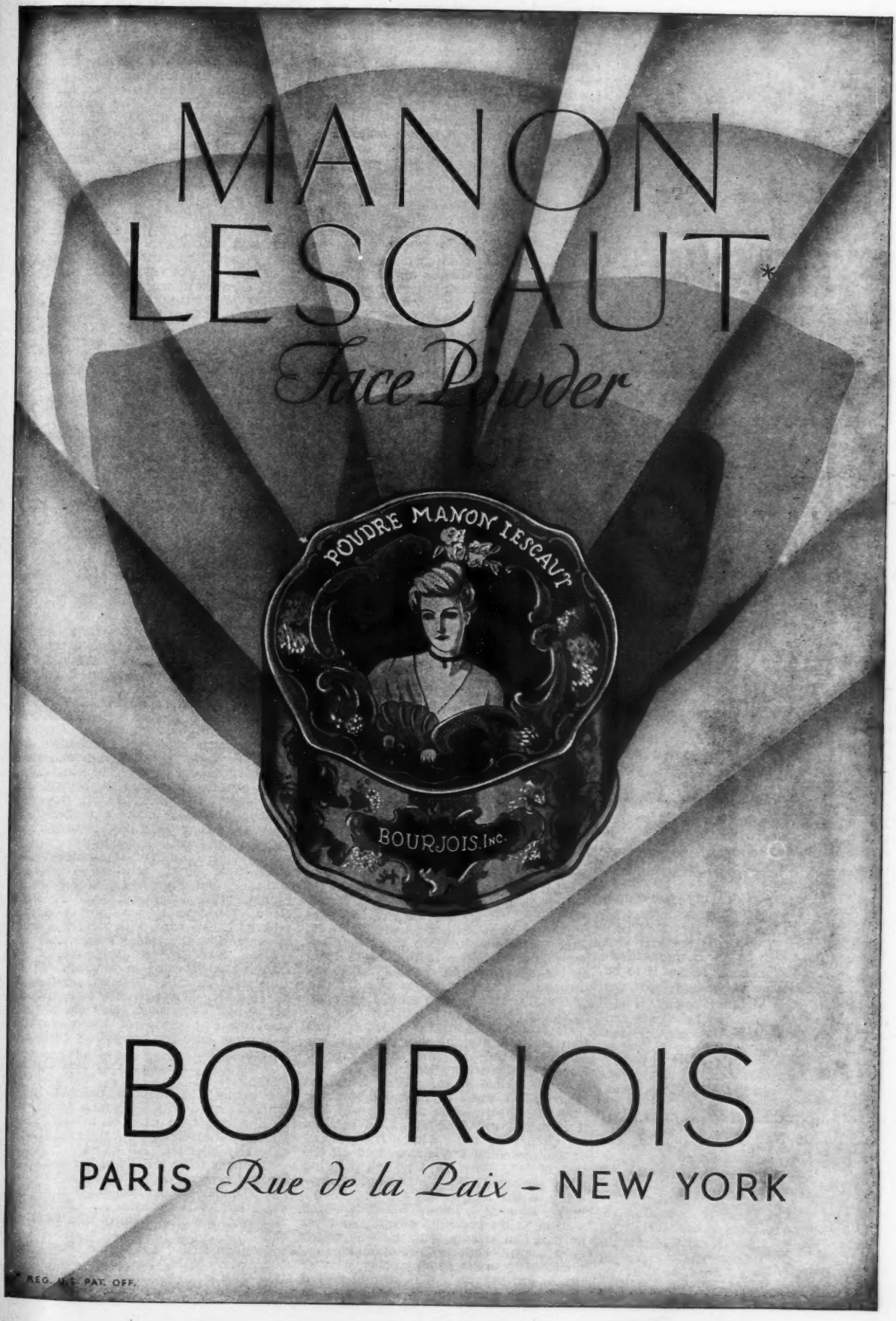
Neither did the commissariat department ever show signs of financial stringency. True, there was invariably some crisis occurring, some shortage of an ingredient essential to the success of a meal, but that only meant bad housekeeping, remedied as soon as a messenger could be sent in to Selkiem's.

Surely the bills were not being left unpaid, against the day when the unfortunate countess should, as the Rhodesian phrase ran, "cash in!" Felicia could scarcely credit that.

Certainly Dick was the countess' heir, and she told everyone so quite happily, but that didn't mean she intended to die to oblige him. Felicia found it hard to believe that Dick was only marking time, waiting for the hour in which he would get his inheritance of some ninety thousand pounds.

If this were true, she was sorry for him! Not only had the countess the liveliest intention of living as long as she could, but the likeliest chances of doing so.

This most unpleasant conversation was brought to a sudden end by the cessation of rain, for which blessing Felicia offered up inward and fervent thanks. Once more the sun appeared and they were able to dash out into the garden and take up their tasks. It is a thing to be grateful for, on the sand veld of Rhodesia, that, once the rain leaves off, moisture disappears rapidly, and five minutes after a downpour it is possible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to walk about outside without even wetting the soles of your shoes!

Stella set out at once for the river, the sound of whose roaring could be heard clearly from the house. As for Felicia, she repaired to her flowers and started operations with a dibble.

After a while, as she knelt there absorbed in her job of making holes and pressing straggling roots home, she heard the voice of Stella, returned from her walk, reproving the boys engaged on various tasks about the garden. Close by, in the orchard, an elderly boy of rather superior intelligence was busy turning up the earth around the peach trees, and to him Stella now addressed a phrase of the most distinguished Kafir ever raked out of a kitchen grate.

"Malash, *upi-lo* dingus on that tree?"

As they were cut off from her sight by intervening shrubbery Felicia could not tell what it was that excited the inquirer's curiosity. But she permitted herself an amused smile, for literally this sentence contained exactly two native words, and one of these did not apply, since "*upi*" is a form of "where," while obviously Stella meant "what."

However, it is marvelous what perspicacity natives show in unraveling the mixed and mutilated queries and orders hurled at them daily by people who fondly imagine they are speaking Kafir. Malash's Delphian utterances were always intriguing, if not always true, wherefore Felicia listened with interest to his response.

"It is *isi-Bunu*," he replied.

Since *isi-Bunu* is an enveloping term that not only can mean grub, maggot or caterpillar, but may cover anything in the insect world, this explanation wasn't enlightening, but Malash proceeded to enlarge upon his subject.

"This *isi-Bunu* is extremely dangerous and full of magic. If, for instance, a cow, calf, ox, bull, or any beast of bovine breed should by accident or intent eat this *isi-Bunu*, the Lord help him, for no one else could!"

Malash looked at the sky to see the time, and continued:

"It is now half past three o'clock. A cattle that ate the *isi-Bunu* at this hour would be dead at sundown."

"How *fas*cinating!" murmured Stella, more to herself, evidently, than to the Oracle. Then: "Would it kill a *person* who ate it? Would it kill *me?*"

"Without a doubt," solemnly averred Malash. There followed a silence, from which presently issued the voice of Stella—low and curiously breathless:

"Get it down for me, Malash. I want it."

"There are two *isi-Bunus* on the tree. Which one does the *in-Kosikazi* require?"

"The biggest one. Get it down for me, quickly, and take it to my hut."

What is Stella's purpose in having the poison cocoon taken to her hut? Felicia is puzzled by her action—but finds out the reason all too soon—in Cynthia Stockley's Next Installment

The Artist's Model *(Continued from page 73)*

the quest. Back to Beauty—and that sort of drivel. Art for art's sake—all that bunk. Lord, what a mess!"

"Come and have a drink," I suggested, but he shook his head and laughed.

"Not in these trousers! You're too respectable, old bird. I'm lodging at a *bistro* where foreign seamen get drunk o' nights and dance with painted girls to the music of a phonograph."

"For the son of the Right Honorable Julian Bell——" I remarked—but he cut me short and said:

"Forget that. It's not my fault."

A moody fellow, as I found, when I went to his *bistro*—that seaman's hotel down by the quay—or sat with him several evenings outside the Café Français listening to a stringed orchestra. He let me do most of the talking, if I felt like it, and sat staring towards the harbor, which was always wonderful in its color and atmosphere on those September nights with the fishing boats lying by the quayside and a rose-flushed sky through the tangle of spars and ropes.

"Good, that!" he said more than once, as though this beauty satisfied him.

He seemed pessimistic about civilization and one evening was bitter on the subject of the war and the failure of Europe to learn any lesson by it.

Another time he said, "I'm so darned ignorant. I want to find out what all this joke means—this adventure of life, if it means anything at all. What are we all driving at? What's the purpose of this breeding and dying, and all the rest of it? Why do I go on painting potty pictures? What's the use of anything in the long run?"

"We all want to know," I said, laughing a little at his profound gloom. And yet he had the artistic temperament which is a zigzag chart of emotional reactions. He was not at all gloomy at other times, when he was drinking red wine with some of the fishermen, or chaffing that girl Yvonne who served them with drinks and made them grin at her back chat and insolence and seaman's slang—untranslatable. I guess—and the songs she sang, sitting on the edge of one of their tables with her legs swinging.

Those songs of hers were, I suppose, the old sea chanteys of France, for the fishermen knew them all and roared out the choruses over their cheap wine. They were mostly in an argot beyond my knowledge of French, which is pretty good, but I could make out enough to know that they were not drawing-room ballads. And yet she sang them with a gayety and a kind of innocence which made them sound charming.

"Surely not French?" I said once to Stephen Bell as we sat together in a cloud of coarse tobacco smoke and a reek of cheap wine with nearly a score of seamen at the tables round us.

"Half Swedish," he told me. "Her father was drowned in a wreck off the Ile de Ré outside. She was rescued in her cradle. The patron's wife adopted her eighteen years ago. Now she attracts good custom. Some of these seagoing lads come here for her yellow curls and her laughter.

"Poor kid!" I said. "One sees the inevitable."

I glanced at a little painted hussy with her head on a fisherman's shoulder.

"She can take care of herself," said young Bell carelessly. "A tiger cat if they take any liberties. All claws.

"I'll have to do a head of her one day," he said presently. "Rather fun to paint her when she's laughing—make the laugh come out of the canvas . . . But Frans Hals was the only Johnny who could do that."

Stephen Bell did it in his "Portrait of the Artist's Wife," and made his reputation with it.

She had her eyes on him from the first

moment he came into her *bistro*—I could see that. She came and sat on his table.

She teased him about his unshaven chin and rubbed the back of her hand up his cheek and pretended that its bristles had hurt her. She demanded to know how an Englishman could speak the argot of France and why a painter who was also an aristocrat—he was certainly an aristocrat—could come and live in a dirty *boite* like this and sit with fishermen who spat on the floor and used bad language.

"I like people who spit on the floor," said Stephen Bell. "And painters aren't aristocrats, my cabbage. They are much poorer than fishermen. Also they are much less respectable."

"The men of La Rochelle are not so good-looking," said Yvonne, who was wrong about that. "You are so beautiful, Mr. Englishman, that if you asked me to dance with you one night at the Casino I should not refuse."

"Perhaps I will dance with you if you let me paint you," said Stephen Bell.

"With my clothes off, or my clothes on?" asked Yvonne, with a frankness and simplicity which I am sure were not affected.

"Just as you are," said young Bell. "Only I shall have to think of a good joke because I want to paint you laughing, with your mouth wide open so that one can see to the back of your throat."

She thought that a good joke, and laughed so that one could see to the back of her throat.

It didn't seem to be such a good joke to some of the young seamen in the room. They were not pleased, I thought, with this attention to a foreigner.

There was at least one young fellow, a good-looking lad except for a scar down his cheek, who scowled rather sullenly at Stephen Bell, especially when Yvonne shared his wine and sang one of her sea songs.

I was at the Casino on the night when young Bell redeemed his promise to Yvonne after he had painted that portrait which was exhibited in Rome before being bought by the Italian Government.

The Casino at La Rochelle is not one of those smart places frequented by the cocktail-and-pajama crowds of the Lido and the Riviera. The dancing hall was crowded with the bourgeoisie of the port, a highly respectable assembly of shop-girls and -boys with their fathers and mothers, among whom sat some of the old market women and the fishermen's wives in elaborate lace caps and old-fashioned bodices and wide skirts.

An orchestra scraped out the usual jazz music, and the elderly folk watched the young people whirling round, with a quiet pride in their elegance of style—very different from the dances in their young days!—or showed disapproval of local maidens who exhibited too much of their legs or wore frocks rather too frisky for La Rochelle.

Among this crowd of provincial dancers I spied Stephen Bell and Yvonne. She was one of those of whom the elder bourgeoisie showed open disapproval.

I overheard the comments of some people at the next table to mine—a stout old dame drinking beer and an elderly man who looked like a skipper of the fishing fleet.

"There is that little *grue* from the Hôtel des Marins. She is abominable, with that green frock and the red heels to her shoes. And there is a hole in her right stocking above the knee! She has a wicked look in her eyes and laughs louder than the noise of the orchestra. This Casino will soon become intolerable for respectable people."

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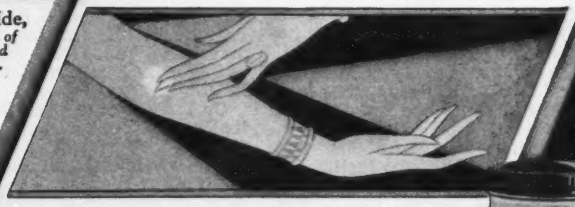

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"A pretty child," said the husband of the stout dame, tolerantly. "A little wild, perhaps. Life will tame her down."

"I'd tame her with a big stick," said the disapproving lady.

She was undoubtedly a little wild, Mademoiselle Yvonne. It was true that her laughter rang out above the scrape of fiddles. She was much amused with herself and with Stephen Bell.

He was not much of a dancer, it seemed, and it was the girl who put him through his paces, luring him into complicated steps and audacities of rhythm.

I overheard some words of hers—in French, of course—to Stephen Bell as they stood on the edge of the floor quite close to me during a pause in the music.

"You dance like a crocodile! You do not feel the music. You have no sense of joy . . . It is the English way of dancing, like frozen meat."

"It's a foolish form of exercise," said Stephen Bell. "Monkey stuff. I regard it as a form of malady."

THOSE words amused her again. She laughed.

"Que tu es drôle, mon petit singe!"

She made her face look like a monkey's and pretended to scratch herself. Not at all respectable behavior for a young girl in a public place. Gutter-snipe stuff—and scandalizing to the mothers of good girls. Perhaps Stephen Bell was conscious of this disapproval, for he glanced at some of the frowning faces and whispered something to her.

I could hear her answer which rang out above the swish of feet and frocks on that dancing floor. It was in the slang of the seaport—and rather shocking. It meant "I don't care a hang," only it was cruder than that.

Perhaps it was to avoid scandal for her sake—I don't believe young Bell minded at all for his own—that he led her away from the dancing hall presently to the *Boule* room.

There were about twenty people playing when I strolled in ten minutes later, and perhaps fifty looking on. Most of them were watching Yvonne. She was having a phenomenal run of luck with some chips Bell had bought for her.

She multiplied them rapidly and every time she won she laughed like a child. Her face was flushed and her blue eyes were alight with excitement and ecstasy.

The croupiers began to look worried. This girl was making a hole in the profits of the table. Nothing enormous, of course—a thousand francs, perhaps—but more than they liked paying out.

"It is marvelous," said the woman by my side. "That little *grue* is bewitched. It is the devil's luck."

Yvonne grabbed another pile of chips with a scream of mirth. *"Ça marche!"* she cried. "I amuse myself very much."

There was one onlooker who was not amused. It was the young seaman whom I had seen scowling at Stephen Bell in the Hôtel des Marins. He was scowling now, standing by a pillar near the table with his hands in the pockets of his fisherman's trousers . . .

And that night when Bell walked home with Yvonne, who had her hand bag stuffed with her gains, there was an unpleasant episode in a narrow alley which was a short cut home. Young Bell didn't say much about it afterwards, but from what I can make out he was suddenly aware of a man leaping out of the darkness and the flash of a knife in the dim light of a street lamp. It was that young fisherman who was jealous of an English rival.

Stephen Bell was quick enough to stop the downward thrust of that knife. There was a struggle in that court which might have ended badly for an English painter if it hadn't been for Yvonne.

Bell wasn't a match for that young fisherman who had the strength of a tiger. He got Bell against the wall and it was a question about the knife. Bell held the fellow's wrist and kept his arm high but weakened after a blow in the stomach from the man's knee. That knife was coming down towards Bell's throat . . .

Then Yvonne got active. She was like a tiger cat. She bit the fellow's wrist with her sharp teeth and made him drop the knife with a howl of rage and pain. Then she scratched his face and beat him about the head with one of her red-heeled shoes, which she had slipped off as a handy weapon. All the time she was screaming out abusive words.

Windows opened in the alley—that narrow slit between tall houses. Old women gobbled abuse because of that fight disturbing their night's peace. Oaths rang out. A child screamed.

"Like a Hogarth print," said Stephen Bell when he described this affair.

He had to rescue the young fisherman from the assault of Yvonne. The man's face was bleeding after that work with the red heel. He was cowed and slunk away into the darkness, followed by a scream of laughter from Yvonne.

I rather fancy that there had been a love affair between Yvonne and that young fisherman—some sort of compact—before Bell's arrival on the scene. Among his comrades he threatened to slit her throat, and Bell found him following her again one night, in spite of the marks of her shoe on his face.

Perhaps Bell thought she was in real danger of being murdered. Or perhaps he admired her spirit which scoffed at this threat. She amused him by her laughter and her quick French wit. On the other hand—I have said he was bitter with life and his own crowd—he may have wanted to break with caste and to make a gesture of defiance against its conventions.

Or it may have been the desire of a lonely man for comradeship, the primitive need of a mate, or a touch of pity, or the careless adventure of a man with an ironical view of life. Who can say what combination of impulses lead to the actions of a man? He may even have fallen in love with her.

Anyhow, he married the girl a few days after I left La Rochelle, never dreaming of such a thing—not even knowing it had happened until I saw that picture in Rome, "Portrait of the Artist's Wife" . . .

It was five years later when I met them in Paris and resumed acquaintanceship, seeing a good deal of both of them. Stephen Bell lived in some rooms in the Rue du Cherche-Midi rather far from the artists' quarter round Montparnasse. He hadn't much use for his brother artists—especially that crowd who frequented the Dôme at night.

"They always talk the same kind of bilge," he said. "I'm too old for that pose of decadence and their cult of the ugly and obscene. Schoolboy stuff! It bores me stiff."

He was still interested in science and the meaning of life.

"Have you found the answer to the riddle?" I asked him once, chaffingly, but he grinned and shook his head.

"Nowhere near it. It's a rum game, this life—and I wish my wife wouldn't leave her stockings about in my studio, or her chemise, or anything she happens to chuck off at the moment." After that touch of irritation he laughed, recovering his good humor. "Not that I mind, if you don't. We live like South Sea Islanders."

Certainly he hadn't shaved, and he was still wiping his palette knife on his trousers, and in spite of getting a reputation for his portraits—as I heard in Paris—his rooms looked poverty-stricken.

Yvonne was changed from the time I had known her in La Rochelle. She looked rather pale, I thought, and not happy.

A gay creature still, wonderfully witty and vivacious, very much alive, utterly careless of conventional behavior, with a gift of repartee as quick as machine-gun fire, but with a look in her eyes sometimes that was fretful and even wretched.

"Something wrong in this ménage," I thought, "and not surprising, either."

Perhaps her untidiness and disorderly way of life were beginning to get on the nerves of a man who, for all his scorn of caste and his break with the social conventions, had been brought up in an English household. I had that idea one day when I called round at Bell's studio at eleven o'clock one morning and found Yvonne just out of bed, in her pajamas with her hair all tousled.

Yvonne was not embarrassed by my arrival and held out a friendly hand, but Bell was ill at ease.

"Hadn't you better go and put on your clothes?" he asked.

"I think I'll dress in front of the fire," she answered. "You might fetch my things, my cherished one."

"Not in these trousers," said Bell with a faint smile. "You go and dress like a respectable married woman, and shut the door after you."

"Puritan!" said Yvonne scoffingly. "Do we live in the twentieth century? Are not the streets of Paris one great exhibition of women's underclothing? . . . I shall dress in front of the fire."

"Just as you like, my cabbage," said Stephen Bell, with a careless shrug. "Only don't make too much row about it. I want to get a word in edgeways."

She dressed in front of the fire and sang one of her songs of La Rochelle so that Bell found it difficult to talk.

"For heaven's sake!" he said.

"Heaven likes my little gay heart," she told him, and sang again.

A queerly assorted couple! I felt sorry for both of them—this gay-hearted little creature from the quays of La Rochelle, utterly uneducated in spite of her wit and shrewdness, quite out of place in Paris—like a sea gull in a city—and this sensitive, temperamental fellow who had married her in a moment of chivalry or comradeship.

HE was patient with her but cold, I thought. He ignored her, talked as though she were not in the room, disregarded her noise and rattle like a man with an obstreperous child.

And it occurred to me that she hungered for his attention and was like a child who is naughty in order to show off and secure notice. I could see her dart little glances at him when she came out with some audacity of speech, as though curious to see the effect on him.

Like other young wives, she hadn't enough to do. After her hard work in that *bistro* serving drinks to thirsty seamen, always in the midst of company who laughed at her back chat, it must have been miserable for her to be boxed up in these rooms with a man absorbed in his art and in his books.

I could guess all that, and I heard from some of Bell's friends, who were vastly amused by this vivacious little creature, that she used to wander off alone to the slum parts of Paris or hang about the river, getting into conversation with bargees who came up the Seine. Once she was seen in earnest conversation

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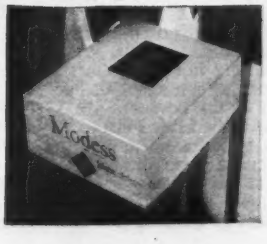

SO INFINITELY FINER

with a young man on one of those barges.

He had come from La Rochelle, she explained afterwards. He knew a lot of friends of hers. He was well acquainted with the young man who had tried to stab Stephen one night—a nice boy really, she said, who had loved her.

Perhaps it was boredom, a sense of being out of harmony with this life in Paris, or the coldness of Stephen, who treated her like a fractious child, which tempted her to get tipsy now and then up at the Dôme, where Stephen's friends shouted with laughter at her wit and slang. Stephen Bell was paying a heavy price for that "Portrait of the Artist's Wife" which had made his reputation.

I can draw the veil only partly aside from the life of that queer couple. No doubt there were quarrels, reconciliations, tears, storms, silences, the secret agony of a man who knows he has made a mess of life, the grief of a warm-hearted little creature who finds herself a nuisance to her man, of which I know nothing at all, at which I could only guess when sometimes I met Stephen walking through Paris with a melancholy face and a line of pain about his lips.

That melancholy, that tragic set of the lips, became more noticeable when he painted his portrait of Virginia Garth, the American heiress from Long Island, which was perhaps his real masterpiece, though it is unknown among his works and will never be known. I had something to do with it as it was my praise of Bell's genius which persuaded Mrs. Garth to have her daughter painted by this friend of mine. When I took him the news of this commission—£500 and not a bad price—he was pleased.

"It will pay off some debts and keep the old wolf from the door," he said. "Has the girl anything interesting in her face?"

"She's next door to beautiful," I told him. "Attractive eyes."

"Well," he said doubtfully, "I dare say I can make a job of it."

I wondered, also a little doubtfully, what Virginia Garth—brought up in luxury and too much wealth—would make of his shabby clothes and unshaven chin and the untidiness of his studio.

I needn't have worried—or rather, I ought to have worried. It was Mrs. Garth herself who startled me one day by an anxious question.

"Is Mr. Bell a nice young man? I mean, is he respectable and trustworthy? You said he was a married man."

"Perfectly trustworthy," I protested. "And properly married. Why?"

"Perhaps I'm absurd," she said. "But Virginia has been—well, strange lately. Every time she goes for a sitting she comes back with a queer light in her eyes. And yesterday I met her with Mr. Bell, walking along through the Bois. I was in my car and stopped it and called out to them. But they didn't notice—and I began to get scared. There was a look on their faces—like lovers."

"Lord!" I said thoughtfully.

I SHARED Mrs. Garth's anxiety—and had a sense of personal responsibility—when I had a similar experience.

In a quiet part of the Louvre I came face to face with Bell and Miss Garth. They were talking in low voices—having some argument about art, perhaps. Bell did most of the talking and Miss Garth listened to him with a smile about her lips and a queer look in her eyes—that look which had frightened her mother.

As for Bell, his appearance added to my uneasy suspicions. He had gone back to caste and social conventions. There was no stubble on his chin, and he wore a decent suit of clothes. He still looked what he was—an artist without too much of this world's wealth—but at least he had smartened himself up—and I didn't like the look of it.

He looked straight through me, not with deliberate intent to avoid a friend, but with his thoughts otherwise engaged, and the girl did not notice me, so I passed on without speaking.

A dangerous situation for three people, and I could see tragedy ahead as plain as a pikestaff. It was natural enough that Stephen Bell should be attracted by a girl of his own class after that long exile in Bohemia and his five years of marriage with a wife who was as uncultured as a little savage, for all her wit and vivacity of spirit.

In spite of his patience with her, his easy-going indifference to her slovenly ways, her defiance of respectability, I guessed that she worried him and that at the back of his mind, behind that mask of his, there was a strain which would one day snap and break his loyalty. It had snapped. Virginia Garth, with her patrician style, her elegance, her quiet manners, her touch of beauty, had revealed the hideous mistake he had made in mating with a little fishwife.

Now he was suffering an agony of desire, remorse, spiritual conflict. Once again he was thinking out the answer to the riddle of life.

But this secret battle did not spoil his touch of genius. That portrait of Miss Garth was his masterpiece, as I realized when I saw it almost finished in his studio. He had put everything he had into it, including his love. It was a fine, strong, sensitive bit of work, rich in color and admirably simple in technique.

The girl's eyes were alive and had that look in them which had startled her mother. Just as he had made Yvonne's laugh come right out of the canvas, so now those eyes of Virginia Garth told their tale of love so plainly that I was abashed.

"Any good?" he asked anxiously.

"Gorgeous!" I answered. "The best thing you've done, Bell."

And I remember that Yvonne stood by my side staring at this portrait with a strange smile and a white face.

"I hate the thing," she said. "That girl's eyes are ridiculous. Besides, I get turned out of the studio while she sits to Stephen, talking things which of course I shouldn't understand. A little slut like me! She would be shocked by my low-class language. Oh, shocking!"

She gave a high-pitched laugh.

"I think I shall get drunk tonight at the Dôme," she said. "It amuses me. It is a relief from the *cafard!*"—by which she meant boredom to its *n*th degree.

Bell glanced at her and said, "That's silly," and then turned to me again and said something about his picture.

"It's a masterpiece," I said sincerely. "It will lift your reputation sky-high."

"It's the money we want," said Yvonne. "We owe debts all down the street."

"Oh, hang the money!" said Bell impatiently.

Yvonne carried out her threat of getting drunk that night at the Dôme, and when she came home Stephen Bell was walking the streets of Paris in the rain, as I heard afterwards from Yvonne herself in a passion of tears.

It was a frightful thing she did, maddened by jealousy of that American girl, not without cause. She had seen her husband walking with Miss Garth in the Luxembourg Gardens. She had followed them there after the last sitting, spying on them, tortured when she saw them clasp hands.

"They were sitting like lovers!" she cried.

Something held her back from shouting abuse at them—some sense of pride which surprised me when she told me. That night she got drunk at the Dôme, and was gay with some of Bell's friends—a hectic gayety which hid her anguish.

She fumbled her way up into the dark rooms on the fourth floor of that house in the Rue du Cherche-Midi. She was sobbing now, and quite mad with hatred for that American girl who had made Stephen love her. She turned up the light in the studio and saw that portrait, and screamed out frightful words.

Her husband's palette knife lay on the table by the side of his brushes, and she picked it up and slashed the picture to ribbons . . . Lord! The tragedy of it!

STEPHEN BELL came in to find his wife in a heap on the floor and his portrait in tatters. He had put all his genius into that picture. All his love, poor wretch. This little fishwife had slashed at his soul.

For a moment or two he stood silent while she expected him to kill her. She wanted him to kill her. But he did worse than that. He laughed. It was a loud harsh laugh which frightened her because of its awful sound. Then he turned and went out of the room and out of the house into the rain again.

What passed through his mind on that night in the rain God alone knows. The marks of its conflict were on his face when I next saw him. He was like a man who has been through barrage fire and the horrors of war. It was when I took back Yvonne, desperately frightened, sobbing with remorse and terror-stricken because she was convinced that Stephen would go away with Virginia Garth.

"Better face things," I told her when I persuaded her to go back.

Stephen Bell opened the door to us. He was deadly pale but spoke calmly. "I was just getting breakfast."

His clothes were still damp after that night's walk.

Yvonne gave a whimpering cry and clutched his arm. "I was mad!" she cried. "It was because I love you, my beloved. I love you with my heart and soul."

He gave a deep kind of sigh and looked at his wife.

"I know," he said. "Love makes one mad sometimes . . . Do you feel well enough to boil some eggs?"

"You will let me get our breakfast?" she asked, in a dazed way as though this was a favor beyond all dreams.

"One must eat," he answered with a faint smile.

Yvonne flung her arms about him and kissed him, and wept while he stood rather rigid and expressionless, although his lips touched her forehead.

"I'll be going," I said, and would not accept his invitation to eat those eggs.

"That portrait," I said, when Yvonne had crept into the kitchen to hide her anguish. "I'm dreadfully sorry, old man!"

He shrugged. "Perhaps it was as well," he said. "It wasn't really good."

Something had happened in his mind during that night walk. He had thought things out, in agony. He found some answer to the riddle of life. He left Paris next day with Yvonne for Morocco, as I knew by a line he sent me, and two days later Mrs. Garth and Miss Virginia Garth sailed back to the United States.

I kept that line he sent me. It told me something I wanted to know.

"The answer to the riddle," he wrote. "Isn't it sacrifice?"

His work is best known now by the "Portrait of the Artist's Wife" in the Gallery of Modern Art in Rome, Number 306. Yvonne's laughter comes right out of the canvas.

You Ought to See a Doctor (*Continued from page 87*)

spread cigar sparks in every direction, he held firmly to the K and Z Special.

"*Koosh!*" he bellowed in return. "Who do you think you are talking to? A shipping clerk?" He glared back at Doctor Eichendorfer and supplemented the glare with another and more fiery cloud of smoke. "I should throw away a good ten-cent cigar and pay you ten dollars for a visit yet!" he said, struggling heavily to his feet. "Furthermore, I don't believe I've got any more this here disease than you have, except that I show it more on account I ain't covering up my complexion with whiskers."

This was a home thrust on more than one count since, that very morning, not only had he been told by a fellow practitioner that the wearing of so heavy a beard was positively unsanitary, but the same physician had confirmed a suspicion of Doctor Eichendorfer's that Eichendorfer himself was not entirely free from a transitory unhealthy condition, due to hard work and a fondness for Danish pastry. Doctor Eichendorfer therefore rose from behind his desk fairly tremulous with rage.

"Get out of my office," he cried in quite modern English, "before I kick you out!"

"Is this a language for a doctor to use?" Max asked.

"I don't care what language I use to you," Doctor Eichendorfer declared, now thoroughly off his guard. "You're no good to me. You won't live three months at the outside."

Once more Max flipped his right hand within a few inches of the doctor's beard. "Say! Say!" he exclaimed. "Three months at the outside was what they give that feller I was telling you about, and they was clean-shaved, up-to-date doctors too, and did *he* take their word for it? *Oser!*"

For the last time in Doctor Eichendorfer's office, Max exuded clouds of poisonous K and Z cigar smoke, and then, leaving trails of sparks behind him like an old-fashioned wood-burning locomotive, he proceeded to the clothing factory of Henry Saffir—the man who had, as it were, worked his way up from a comma to relatively good health.

THERE was a strong physical and spiritual resemblance between Henry Saffir and Max Smullin. Both were slightly over seventy and both had been victims of a cheap unbalanced diet in the K and Z Lunch Room, where dill pickles invariably did duty as salad, and where kasha, a greasy baked cereal of the noodle family, was considered to be a green vegetable. In fact, the only really green vegetable served at the K and Z was red cabbage, sweet and sour.

Henry had succumbed to this diet several years before Max had begun to feel its effect, but both of them had suffered from chronic indigestion long enough for it to tinge their outlook on what in the clothing trade passes for Life. That is to say, they were both bad-tempered and selfish, possessed an acute sense of acquisitiveness and played an excellent game of auction pinochle, ten cents a hundred, settling fifty cents on the dollar, spades double.

For the rest, they both had bristling gray mustaches, sagging gray features and scanty gray hair. They were also what is known in the wholesale clothing trade as intimate friends. Indeed, it was as an intimate friend that Henry greeted Max when he entered.

"Loafter! Put that thing out, do you hear me?" Henry bawled. "It ain't enough I've got a strike on my hands. I suppose you'd like me to have a couple fire department violations slapped on the place yet!"

"What's eating you this morning?" Max asked calmly, and continued to perfume Henry Saffir's place of business with that combined odor of burning mattresses, seared horses' hoofs and bituminous coal which characterized the smoking of a K and Z Special.

For answer Henry snatched the smoldering cigar from between Max's lips, and extinguished it under his heel with as much energy as if he had been crushing the head of a venomous snake.

"You should ought to be ashamed of yourself, smoking such poison," he declared; "in particular a rich man like you, worth anyways three hundred thousand dollars."

"Four hundred thousand," Max said, "and I've got to spend it all in three months or leave it to a bunch of nephews which has been wishing me taxicab accidents for pretty near twenty years."

"Say, look-ut-here!" Henry began. "Ain't I got troubles enough that you should come round here and talk to me in riddles yet?"

"No riddles at all," Max declared, taking off his hat and wiping away a rather cold perspiration from his forehead. "I was just round to see a doctor, Henry, and while I admit that I don't take no stock in the half of what doctors tell me, I really and truly believe that *rosher* thinks I am going to die in three months, and he also hopes so too.

"I deliberately went to work and burned a hole in that feller's office rug so as to make him mad at me," he continued, "because when a doctor feels sorry for you, he'll kid you along, whereas if you make him mad at you, he'll tell you the truth."

Henry unlocked the top drawer in his desk and produced a box of imported perfectos.

"Well, is it any wonder," he said, "when you smoke such rope?"

He handed the box to Max, who absently took a cigar and lighted it. Henry himself lighted a cigar which he took from his vest pocket, and carefully replaced the box of imported cigars in the top drawer of his desk. He was extremely shocked by Max's disclosure, but not too shocked to relock the drawer.

"In the first place, Max," he said, "doctors never take into consideration that while people could die from certain sicknesses, they could also stay alive from *lahachlos*."

There is no English equivalent for the word *"lahachlos,"* but it approximates spite or malevolence, and sometimes a laudable effort to keep somebody out of ill-gotten gains.

"Which you say yourself that your nephews has been wishing you for twenty years now such a *mishna mishuna* as anyhow a safe falling on you," Henry continued, "and if that ain't enough to make you stay alive for anyhow twenty years longer, then you ain't the man I take you to be.

"Take, for instance, your nephew Milton Smullin," he said, "and didn't that feller come to me already six years ago and propose a partnership on the grounds that a man which has been eating for years by the K and Z Lunch Rooms, the way you have——"

"And the way *you* have," Max interrupted, and Henry shrugged.

"But that's a very different thing by me," Henry said. "I've got children, not nephews, and *Gott sei Dank!* they sent me to a good doctor. He's a first-class, A-number-one man, Max.

"Which you remember how I told you we had a consultation by several doctors, and I give you my word, Max, they looked like schoolboys against this feller."

He paused rhetorically and tapped Max's knee with his forefinger.

"That doctor which I've got it now, Max, has more hair on his chin alone than them five doctors had on their five heads," he said impressively.

"You mean he's got a beard?" Max asked.

"I'm telling you he's a regular doctor, the way they looked before the Spanish War already," Henry replied. "He's got already such a beard which seemingly people couldn't raise nowadays. It's kind of all over his face."

MAX began to nod his head in palsied comprehension of whom this particular beard decorated. "His name ain't by any chance Eichendorfer, is it?" he asked.

"That's the very man," Henry said, and Max groaned. "Didn't I told you before?"

Max groaned again. "Would I of burned a hole in his office rug if you told me before?" he retorted.

Henry flipped his right hand downward. "Buy him another rug! What's the difference?" he said. "But the main thing is that you should go back to him and follow directions."

Max shook his head. "I wouldn't positively do nothing of the kind," he declared. "That *rosher* would make good on his prediction, even if he had to kill me with an ax three months from this morning to the second."

"That's only his manner," Henry assured Max. "Them doctors which studied in Vienna always acted like that."

"But you've got children which can follow his directions and cook your food good for you, and everything," Max said hoarsely, "and who is going to cook for *me*—the K and Z Lunch Room?"

He rose rather feebly to his feet, for in spite of the bold front he had preserved before Doctor Eichendorfer, he had been so nervous at breakfast time that his appetite had failed him entirely, and he was beginning to feel weak.

"Well, I'll have a first-class, A-number-one funeral anyways," he declared savagely. "When I get through there's going to be an awful lot of disappointed nephews laying around."

He shook Henry's hand flabbily. "Much obliged for the advice you give me, Henry," he said. "I'll be at home all day, if there's anything comes up like somebody knowing another one of them Vienna doctors."

"I'm telling you, Eichendorfer's the best, Max," Henry said, "but I'll stop round to see you at your home anyway."

What Max and Henry called Max's home was Room 690 in the old Kelsey House, a hotel which had been the scene of many a gay and festive society function no longer ago than 1867. It still preserved many of the decorations and much of the fauna of that period, but the rooms were large and well heated, and bathrooms of a sort had been improvised out of cavernous clothes closets, so that Max enjoyed the privacy of what the English call a self-contained suite.

In fact, his privacy was so complete that anything sinister might have happened to him there and nobody would have been a bit the wiser unless he had rung once for ice water, twice for a chambermaid, or three times for a waiter,

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since there was no telephone in the room. It had been omitted by Max's request.

Therefore when Henry Saffir called at the Kelsey House that evening and inquired for Max, the clerk was unable to telephone to Max's room and accordingly sent up a boy, who knocked once—and as he at that time received no response from Max, and at no time had received as much as five cents in United States currency either for ice water or letters brought up, the bell boy returned to the lobby and said Max was out.

"Tell him when he comes in that Henry Saffir called," Henry said, "and if he wants me for anything, to telephone the store tomorrow."

But the next day, after many knocks from the chambermaid, Max had failed to open his door, which was latched on the inside, and in fact it was not until the second day following his visit to Saffir's store that he awoke from a sort of coma and was able to slip off the bed and ring three times for a waiter. He was fully clothed, for he had flung himself onto the bed, utterly exhausted, as soon as he had returned from Saffir's store, and had sunk into the state which he himself had described as a comma.

"Bring me some coffee, two soft-boiled eggs and some toast," he said to the waiter.

"It's pretty late for breakfast," the waiter said. "It's half past four."

"Listen!" Max retorted. "You couldn't sell me a steak if you talked all day, so bring up them eggs. I'm hungry."

He was surprised to find that he ate with appetite, and was beginning to regret that he had not ordered a steak, when there came another knock at the door. He opened it and a bell boy stood outside.

"There's a lady downstairs to see you," he said. "Her name's Miss Liebermann."

"Never heard tell of her," Max replied, "so I ain't coming down."

"She says she's a friend of yours," the boy explained, and Max scratched his head in an attempt to remember all the Liebermanns he knew. They were all men, and seventy-five percent of them were pinochle players.

"She ain't bad-looking at that," the boy added, and Max shrugged.

"Tell her to come up," he said, and sank weakly into an armchair. He was going over for a second time the entire category of Liebermanns he had met, when the door opened and a young lady entered.

She was about twenty-two years of age, with features that might be described as almost too sharp to be attractive. Her eyes, for instance, were abnormally bright—the kind of eyes that could spot a phony two-dollar bill the instant it appeared in the fingers of someone paying a check and seeking genuine money as change.

She had, however, a pleasant smile on her face and her hair was smooth and brown. Max recognized an old acquaintance—one for whom he had always felt a half affection and whole respect.

"Well! Well!" he said, trying to struggle to his feet. "I never knew your name was Liebermann."

"Don't get up," Miss Liebermann said. "You've been sick, *haven't* you!"

It was a statement, not a question, and Max nodded a grudging affirmation.

"In a way," he replied, and then in sheer weakness his head dropped onto his shoulder.

"You're sick now," she cried, rushing to his side. "You ought to have a doctor."

She grasped his cold moist hand in hers, and tried to support him with her free arm, whereat Max smiled feebly. It was the first piece of tenderness that had been proffered him in twenty years.

"What made you come here?" he asked.

"You haven't been over to the lunch room for three days," Miss Liebermann said, "and Mr. Katzberg said he guessed you were sick."

"And how did you know I lived here?" Max asked, whereat Miss Liebermann blushed.

"I—er—I know your nephew," she said, and Max straightened up in his seat.

"Not Milton!" he exclaimed, and Miss Liebermann nodded.

"Well," Max declared in a firm voice, "if *he* sent you here——"

"He didn't send me here," Miss Liebermann cried. "I hate him! I don't care if he *is* your nephew; he's a loafer, and I told him so, too."

Max sank back in his chair and fairly beamed. "That's fine! Fine!" he said.

"You've been coming in our place ever since I worked there—just a kid I was," she continued, "and you never did or said anything that wasn't gentlemanly, so naturally when he asked me to go to the Ladies' Coal and Aid Society Ball, I went with him, and he was terrible!"

"Insulted you, hey?" Max grunted, and Miss Liebermann's face grew crimson. "After this, that feller wouldn't get a cent of my money if I've got to give it to a home for chronic Masons or something. And I've got two other nephews, Irving and Leo, and they're worser yet," he said, and then sank back while Miss Liebermann looked at him anxiously.

"And now tell me," he began again, "why did you come here to see me? You must have dozens of steady customers which gets sick in the K and Z Lunch Room, and you don't go to see them."

"Sometimes I do, when I know their address," Miss Liebermann replied. Then for no apparent reason she blushed as vividly as before. "But you're different," she cried. "I ought to be ashamed of myself doing this to you."

"Doing what?" Max asked, and Miss Liebermann hung her head.

"I'm just a capper, that's all I am," she declared; "a capper for a doctor."

"A capper for a doctor?" Max repeated. "I heard tell of cappers for street fakers, but for doctors——"

"Well, it's a sort of ambulance chaser," Miss Liebermann explained. "Every day some of our regular customers get sick on us; they're bound to if they're regular enough, only don't tell Mr. Katzberg I said so."

Max shook his head.

"So, it's like this," she continued. "Doctor Morris Budin and I are engaged to be married, and whenever I hear that some of our regular customers are sick, I go around and see how they're feeling and——" Here she paused again, and Max finished the explanation for her.

"And you drum up business for Doctor Budin, I suppose?" he said.

Miss Liebermann nodded.

"If he only had some luck we could get married," she said, clasping her hands, "but he's such a kidder. He has no respect for anybody, and every time he gets a good patient with money who thinks he's sick enough to need a doctor, Morris kids him out of it."

"And yet you go round drumming up trade for him," Max commented.

"He wouldn't let me if he knew."

"Well, I'm going to give him a trial anyhow," Max said, and Miss Liebermann grasped his arm.

"Please, please don't," she begged. "You ought to see a good doctor; an experienced one. When my mother was sick, we had a wonderful doctor. We thought she was dying, and today she's as well as ever."

"And who was this doctor which you called in when your mother was sick?" Max asked. Here at last was a glimmer of hope, which, however, immediately faded into darkness.

"Doctor Eichendorfer," Miss Liebermann said, and after Max had groaned once, he lapsed into a minute's silence.

"Miss Liebermann," he said, "who is that cutthroat cigar concern which makes them K and Z Specials for you?"

Miss Liebermann patted his arm. "You oughtn't to think about smoking *now*," she told him, and Max shrugged.

"I'll never smoke them cigars again as long as I live, if I *live* that long," he announced, and remained silent for a minute or so. "Well," he said at last, "go downstairs and telephone him to come right over."

"But maybe it's Doctor Eichendorfer's office hours," she said.

"Who is talking about Eichendorfer?" he cried, almost testily. "Do what I tell you. Go and call up this here Doctor Budin and tell him to come right over."

"You're not doing this because you think I want you to?" Miss Liebermann said.

"Do I look like I was getting a doctor as a favor to anybody?" he asked. "You said he was a kidder, but he can't kid me. I know when I'm sick, and I'm sick now—sick like anything."

When she returned, Max had once more fallen asleep, so she was unable to tell him that Doctor Budin would be there in less than half an hour. She was sitting by his side fanning him with a newspaper when after half an hour a discreet knock sounded on the door. Miss Liebermann carefully tiptoed toward it. Her intention was secondarily not to awaken Max Smullin but primarily and principally to get in one good hug from Doctor Budin before he began his ministrations.

This intention was frustrated, however, by the circumstance that instead of Doctor Budin, there stood outside the door three men who were neither young nor old. That is to say, late hours and irregular habits had helped them to remain fairly slender, and a certain convention which has become almost a folkway of the New York Tenderloin had made them conceal by a masklike facial expression all hope, fear, tenderness, despair or any other emotion.

"What are *you* doing here?" the leader or spokesman of the three said. He was in fact Max's eldest nephew, Milton Smullin, while the two others were respectively Irving and Leo Smullin.

Miss Liebermann led the way down the hall toward the elevator with her finger on her lips. "He's asleep," she murmured. "And he oughtn't to be disturbed."

She knew as well as Milton Smullin did that this was no answer to his question, and before he could get in another, she continued: "Besides, the doctor's coming any moment."

"*What* doctor?" the three Smullin brothers asked with what even a musical-comedy director would have admitted was splendid precision and attack.

Before Miss Liebermann could answer this question, the elevator door opened and out stepped a young man who bore not the slightest resemblance to the Smullin brothers. His complexion was fresh and even high in color, as opposed to their yellow waxiness, and his shoulders were broad, not narrow. Nor had he escaped a hint of obesity, which was all of a piece with his smiling face.

"Hello, kid," he said jocularly. "Who're your friends?"

Miss Liebermann evaded this question too. "Room Six-ninety, doctor," she said in a professional manner with just the

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suspicion of a wink. It was, however, enough of a wink for Doctor Budin to comprehend it, and he passed along the corridor and entered Max's room.

"What's that guy doing here?" Milton demanded.

"He's your uncle's doctor," Miss Liebermann explained.

"He is, hey?" Milton said. "Then why did he call you 'kid'?"

"Why did you get fresh to me going home from the ball that night?" Miss Liebermann snapped. "I guess men are all alike—doctors and—and loafers."

Milton made a gesture with his right hand which was not the kind of gesture his uncle would have made. It was originally the same but had been modified by a more inhibited use of it on Broadway near Forty-second Street.

"Now, listen!" he said. "Don't you try to get gay with *me*."

Leo and Irving did not actually say so, but their manner was that of a chorus which, upon receiving the right music cue, would have chanted: "Don't you try to get gay with *him*."

"Because," Milton continued, "inside of a few minutes at the outside, that guy ain't going to need no doctor."

To this cryptic statement, Leo and Irving nodded in unison, but Miss Liebermann merely laughed at it, although it must be admitted that her laugh was a trifle forced. She reflected that perhaps these nephews had some inside information about their uncle's condition.

"He's got lots of life left in him," she declared. "So if I were you, I wouldn't go into his room pulling those long faces. It might scare him to death."

She was determined to keep them out of the room, at any rate until Doctor Budin had finished his examination, and in this determination she was aided by the arrival of a professional-looking person, carrying a black bag, who stepped from the elevator and asked in rather funereal tones if she could tell him the way to Mr. Smullin's room.

"I'll show you, doctor," Milton said, but Miss Liebermann interfered. She had not been engaged to a doctor for almost three months without learning a few of the canons of professional etiquette.

"But there's already a doctor in there," she said.

"Ah, yes!" the doctor replied. "That must be Doctor Eichendorfer. I have an appointment with him here."

"He ain't arrived yet," Milton said, and thereby stopped the doctor short in his tracks, or at least in the tracks that other people had made on the hall carpet of the Kelsey House.

"Then who is this other doctor?" he asked.

"He's Mr. Smullin's own physician," Miss Liebermann replied, and favored Milton with what might be called a dirty look. It was, in fact, merely triumphant.

"Then that puts altogether a different complexion on the matter," the doctor said, just as the elevator door opened and Doctor Eichendorfer entered the discussion.

"Oh, hello, Doctor Henderson," he said. "Sorry to be a little late, but you know how those things are."

"Yes," Doctor Henderson announced. "I know how *those* things are, but you don't know how *this* thing is. What do you mean by telling me he didn't have a doctor and that the whole thing wouldn't take ten minutes?"

"Well, it won't," Doctor Eichendorfer said, for in conversation with his fellow doctors he wasted no time on a good English-library style. "He's absolutely cuckoo. He came into my office the other morning, burnt a hole in my office rug and used language which was practically incoherent."

"Well, he didn't use language like that when I was in his room," Miss Liebermann said.

"Will you keep out of this?" Eichendorfer barked, but Miss Liebermann stood her ground. She did not exactly understand what it was all about, but she saw her fiancé being supplanted by two doctors instead of one, and she was determined to make a fight for it.

"And what's more," she continued, looking straight at Doctor Henderson, "he insisted on my phoning for this Doctor Budin, though I suggested Doctor Eichendorfer here. He doesn't want Doctor Eichendorfer, and he said so."

"Didn't I tell you he was plumb crazy?" Eichendorfer said.

"But the man has got his own doctor!" Henderson exclaimed.

"What of it?" Eichendorfer asked. "We're not here to give him professional advice. We're here as examiners in lunacy to certify that he's insane."

"Insane!" Miss Liebermann cried. "Why, he's no more insane than you are, Doctor Eichendorfer."

For a moment Doctor Eichendorfer was quite stunned. Never, since his beard had first sprouted in Vienna, had he met with such want of respect, and that same beard was even now growing a trifle gray on the edges. Moreover, he wore a flopping black hat and a black Windsor tie, and still the girl spoke to him in this fashion. It was outrageous.

"Who *is* this woman?" he asked Milton, and Milton made another of his short-arm, closed-finger gestures.

"She ain't nobody," he declared. "She's a cashier in the K and Z Lunch Room where the old man used to eat, and what she's doing round here, *I* don't know."

"So he's *that* kind of a man too, is he?" Doctor Eichendorfer said, and immediately regretted it, for realizing that she could not hope to slap with any efficiency cheeks so heavily mantled with hair, Miss Liebermann had punched Doctor Eichendorfer in the nose.

A cashier in a cheap New York lunch room usually lacks no experience in resenting insults, and Miss Liebermann's blow showed the result of training. In fact, it drew blood.

"I'll have you arrested for this!" Eichendorfer shouted, as Doctor Henderson opened his black bag and produced some surgical supplies.

"They're apt to do that when you insult them, Eichendorfer," he said, as he cut off a piece of gauze, and Miss Liebermann promptly burst into tears.

"And Doctor Eichendorfer cured my mother and everything," she wailed, while Doctor Henderson patted her on the back. It was a rather plump back and Doctor Henderson enjoyed patting it.

"There! There!" he said soothingly. "It was probably an accident."

Doctor Eichendorfer looked up quickly from the gauze which he held to his face. "What was an accident?" he demanded. "Burning a hole in my office rug? I tell you it was done malevolently. It had all the characteristics of an insane act."

Doctor Henderson dropped his funereal manner and became quite human. "Forget your office rug, will you?" he said. "You've been harping on that theme till I begin to think I'm examining the wrong lunatic."

"Be careful what you say, Doctor Henderson," Eichendorfer warned him.

"I am careful. I've been a psychiatrist for twenty years, whereas you were appointed an examiner in lunacy by some political judge," Henderson retorted. "So don't try to discuss insane characteristics with me. The first insane characteristic is that the patient shows a

maladjustment to his surroundings, and if that hat, tie and beard don't constitute a major characteristic, I'll never sign another green commitment."

A green commitment permanently condemns the insane patient to an asylum, with the consent of his relatives, and this was the paper by which the Smullin nephews proposed to get rid of their uncle before he could disinherit them.

Doctor Eichendorfer had discussed with them only that morning the relative merits of a pink commitment, which he could sign alone and which would confine Max to an asylum for only ten days, and a green commitment, which would keep him out of harm's way, so far as the nephews were concerned, for an indefinite period. They had decided on a green commitment, which must be signed by two examiners in lunacy, and Milton Smullin was growing nervous.

"Say, listen, Doctor Eichendorfer," he began. "All this talk ain't getting us nowheres."

"You're right," Doctor Eichendorfer said, having completely stanched his nasal hemorrhage. "So if you're quite through fondling this young lady, Doctor Henderson, we'll examine the lunatic."

Doctor Henderson smiled grimly and released Miss Liebermann, over whose shoulders he had thrown a protecting fatherly arm.

"I never call them lunatics till after I've examined them, doctor," he said, and immediately a little procession started for Max's room.

When they arrived there, an unusual sight greeted them—unusual for a sick room at least. In an armchair, fully clothed and with his hair brushed neatly, sat the patient, and in another armchair opposite him sat his physician. Both were smoking large, free-burning cigars which were beginning to sprout at the end and to scatter sparks in every direction.

"Well! Well! We've got visitors!" Max exclaimed, withdrawing the cigar from his mouth and flicking hot coals onto the carpet. "I never saw so many doctors and nephews together at one time," he continued. "And outside of Doctor Budin here, I never want to see them again, either together or separate."

"Now look here, Smullin——" Eichendorfer began, but Doctor Henderson immediately checked him.

"Just a moment, doctor," he said. "That sounds like a sensible remark to me. Of course this gentleman doesn't know who I am, but I'd like to ask him why he dislikes his nephews."

As an experienced alienist, Doctor Henderson hoped by giving this question so casual a tone to provoke Max into a violent denunciation of his nephews, or at least to evidence some emotional instability, but Max showed no excitement.

"I should worry who you are," he said calmly, "but *whoever* you are, just look them over once, and tell me frankel, do *you* like them?"

"Well, candidly, I can't say that I do," Doctor Henderson replied.

"Then will you also tell me what you and them and this bunch of hair here are doing in my room?" Max asked. "*I* didn't order you."

"Perhaps there's some mistake," Doctor Budin suggested. "I'm Mr. Smullin's physician, and he hasn't asked for a consultation. Besides, he visited Doctor Eichendorfer a few days ago, and Doctor Eichendorfer refused to treat him."

"Is that true, doctor?" Henderson asked, and Eichendorfer immediately grew red in that part of his face not covered by a strong growth of beard.

"I've told you the whole history of this man's visit to my office, Doctor Henderson," he said.

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"And did you also tell Doctor Henderson how you advised my patient that he hadn't three months to live?" Budin inquired.

Doctor Henderson looked surprised. "How about it, Eichendorfer?" he said, omitting the title "doctor." "Did you actually say that to a patient?"

Eichendorfer immediately flew into a rage. "I'm not here to be questioned by a cheap psychiatrist like you!" he shouted. "Get onto your job and don't waste my time."

Henderson buttoned up his overcoat and took his bag in his right hand.

"I'm a cheaper psychiatrist than you think I am, Eichendorfer," he said. "I'm going to charge you nothing for an analysis of your case, and this is what I find. First of all, your language and manner show emotional instability. That big hat and artist's tie you're wearing are what any alienist would call an attempt to escape from reality. Your black beard and rudeness to patients are part of a delusion of grandeur, the particular delusion being that you're a big Viennese specialist when in fact you're just a plain New York general practitioner. And last of all, you're suffering from an insane hallucination that I'm going to be a party to railroading an obviously sane man to a sanitarium."

"Who's trying to do that?" Max asked.

"This man and your nephews are," Doctor Henderson said, "and if I were you, I'd get my lawyer on the job."

"Get your own lawyer busy," Eichendorfer retorted, "because tomorrow morning I'm going to see *my* lawyer, Doctor Henderson. I came here with you at the request of these three loafers here to find out if Mr. Smullin was or was not crazy, and I never had any intention of railroading him."

He stroked his beard so benevolently that for a few moments even Doctor Henderson thought he had gone too far.

"If that is so, I apologize," he said.

"And as one doctor to another, I accept it," Eichendorfer announced. "And I also want to apologize for calling you a cheap psychiatrist. I certainly would never have called you into the case unless I thought you were an expert."

At this point, Doctor Henderson looked at Doctor Budin and winked so meaningly that it seemed almost to be audible. "Then I take it you agree with me that Mr. Smullin is perfectly sane," he said.

"He certainly should *ought* to agree with you," Max Smullin said, "otherwise I'll have the highest-priced lawyers in New York to sue him in the courts for making such a statement in your presence, Doctor Henderson, and in the presence of this here young lady and of Doctor Budin."

FOR a brief interval, it seemed from Doctor Eichendorfer's purple appearance that he was about to be seized with apoplexy. He was on the point of relieving himself with more evidence of emotional instability when the door opened to admit Henry Saffir.

"Hello, Max," Henry said; "for a sick man you've got quite a party, ain't you?"

"Hello, Henry," Max said, waving the K and Z Special as if he expected it to erupt colored fireballs in addition to its ordinary pyrotechnics. "You're just in time to be a witness."

"A witness to what?" Henry asked. "Your will?"

"My will I'll make tomorrow," Max declared, "but this here Doctor Henderson and your friend Doctor Eichendorfer called around here at the request of my three nephews to find out if I was sane."

"Did anyone say you wasn't?" Henry inquired.

"Well, Doctor Henderson says I'm sane, all right," Max replied, "but Doctor Eichendorfer couldn't make up his mind, so all I'm asking him to do, one way or the other, is to say in your presence that I ain't, and then you can get that big lawyer for me—the one what put them twenty strikers into jail last week which tried to picket your plant."

"But Doctor Eichendorfer wouldn't make a statement like that," Henry Saffir said, and there seemed to be something ominous in his quiet manner. "Why, he used to be my doctor."

"What do you mean, *used* to be?" Doctor Eichendorfer exclaimed. "I *am* your doctor, and I want to warn you that all this excitement isn't good for a man in your condition."

It was now Henry Saffir who was beginning to evidence emotional instability.

"Faker!" he cried. "Gives me for ten dollars every three days a shot of insulin which I as much needed as a chicken needs to get vaccinated against chicken pox and then he wants to talk about conditions yet!"

He turned to Max and addressed him in a voice choked with rage.

"Can you imagine *this*, Max?" he began. "Six days ago I took by the Life Prevention Bureau of the Commercial Travelers Widows' and Orphans' Fund a thorough examination, and this morning not only did they say that I ain't got it, but that I never did have it, so I come round to tell you that on no account you should hire this swindler."

"Swindler?" Eichendorfer roared.

"That's what I said," Henry repeated, in almost as loud a voice. "And if you've got any reputable witnesses outside of these here crook nephews, sue me, and I'll prove it on you."

"Come on, boys," Milton Smullin said. "I ain't going to stay here to be insulted."

For an instant Irving and Leo looked as if they were about to break into a chorus entitled, "Come On, Boys, We Ain't Going to Stay Here to Be Insulted," but they seemed to think better of it, and with the masklike expression of their faces undisturbed, they started to follow Milton out of the room.

"Now just one minute," Eichendorfer cried, and his language became excessively modern in its terminology. "You three bums ain't going to sidestep this proposition and make me the fall guy, because I'm not going to stand for it."

"Is that so!" Milton said. "Well, did *you* ball it up or did *we*? All we done was to call at your office yesterday because Saffir here told me that he'd been to see you, and we wanted to find out if you was right about this here three months that Uncle Max had to live."

"And if it wasn't right, you'd shot me or something," Max commented.

"We'd of done nothing," Milton declared. "What do we know about pink commitments and green commitments? We never heard about them things at all till he told us."

For the first time that afternoon, Max grew excited. "So, Eichendorfer," he said. "The whole thing was *your* idea!"

He might have said more, but Doctor Henderson laid a restraining hand on his arm and opened his bag, from which he extracted some white paper forms.

"Eichendorfer," he began, "I'm acting in a most unprofessional way. I ought to report you to the Medical Society for this, but as I understand it, you're a pretty good general practitioner, and cured this girl's mother."

He put his arm around Miss Liebermann's shoulders in an entirely fatherly fashion. "You therefore owe your chance to this young lady," he continued.

"I never saw this young woman in my life before," Doctor Eichendorfer said.

"Why, Doctor Eichendorfer!" Miss Liebermann cried. "You cured my mother that time she had pneumonia."

"I've cured thousands of people of pneumonia," Eichendorfer retorted. "But this is the first lunacy case I've been up against, and it's going to be the last."

"After you've signed this," Doctor Henderson said. "This is a certificate that you and I, qualified examiners in lunacy for the State of New York, have examined Max Smullin, the alleged lunatic, and find him in all respects to be of sound mind."

"Don't bother to fill it out," Eichendorfer said. "I'll sign it with pleasure, and," he continued, turning to Max, "if you make a will tomorrow cutting off these three loafers with a dime apiece, count on me to be a witness, Mr. Smullin, that you were sane when you did it."

HE gathered up his black bag, without which he would have felt practically nude, and glared at Henry Saffir.

"And as for you, Saffir," he said, "don't ever expect to get any medical advice from me again. I'm through with you."

"Don't do me no favors, and don't send me no bills neither," Saffir cried, "because I wouldn't pay them."

"The courts will decide that," Doctor Eichendorfer said, and banged the door behind him. Following his departure, there was a silence, broken only by the scratching of Doctor Henderson's pen.

"Well, what are you standing there for?" Max said at last, addressing the trio of Smullin nephews. "Do you expect that I'm going to serve refreshments yet, or something?"

Milton Smullin fingered his hat in what might have been embarrassment, although nothing about his expressionless face suggested it.

"Uncle Max," he said, "if we've done anything out of the way, we're very sorry."

"Say!" Max exclaimed, waving an airy or at least fiery farewell with the K and Z Special, "you ain't *begun* to be sorry yet. Wait till my will comes out ten years from now, and *then* feel sorry."

"Make it fifteen years," Doctor Budin said, as the door closed behind the Smullin team of trained nephews.

Doctor Henderson blotted his statement concerning Max's sanity and looked at Doctor Budin in surprise.

"You seem to be pretty confident that your patient is getting well, Doctor Budin," he said, "considering that Doctor Eichendorfer practically gave him up as suffering from an incurable disease."

"He's suffering from a disease quite common in the garment and clothing neighborhood," Doctor Budin said. "It's the maatjes herring disease or perhaps you might call it borsch trouble."

"I don't quite understand," Doctor Henderson said.

"Well, you see, Mr. Smullin's wife died twenty years ago," Doctor Budin explained. "Since that time, he's been eating, or perhaps we might say starving, in delicatessen lunch rooms on a mixed diet—a hopelessly mixed diet of salt herring and potato and borsch and potato, and as there is practically no nourishment at all in salt herring and very little in borsch, Mr. Smullin needs building up with a strong, nourishing diet. That's all."

"And furthermore, Doctor Henderson," Henry Saffir declared, "this is precisely what a doctor told me at that Life Prevention Bureau of the Commercial Travelers Widows' and Orphans' Fund, but where Max is going to get such a strong, nourishing diet is something else again."

"Well, I wish you luck at it, anyway," Doctor Henderson said, handing his certificate to Doctor Budin and shaking hands all around. "It's been a real pleasure to meet an alleged insane man who is saner than the examiners in lunacy themselves," he added, and with a parting caress of Miss Liebermann's plump shoulder, he left the room.

She was sitting on the arm of Max Smullin's chair, quite undisturbed by the fumes of his cigar.

"There's one thing certain," she said after Doctor Henderson had gone. "You can't eat any longer at the K and Z."

Max nodded sadly. "You can't tell me, Doctor Budin," he began, "that all this comes just from maatjes herring and borsch."

"You probably helped it along with bad coffee and worse pastry," Budin said.

"That's what I mean," Max agreed. "Borsch and maatjes herring was the foundation, you might say, but that K and Z coffee must have got in a lot of dirty work too, and even so, Doctor Budin, I ask you as a man, not a doctor, where could anyone get a decent cup of coffee except in his own home?"

"I guess you're right," Doctor Budin said. "I haven't my own home and I don't get a decent cup of coffee from one year's end to the other."

Max looked up at Miss Liebermann and seemed to address his conversation to her. "But why don't you have your own home?" he said.

"Well," Doctor Budin said, "I hope to —soon."

"What's that your business, Max?" Henry Saffir asked.

"Is it your business whether it's my business or not?" Max retorted. "What do you know about it, *anyway?*"

"Did I say I knew something about it?" Henry said angrily. "That's why I keep my mouth shut, whereas you are prying into this doctor's business like he would be a relation already."

"That's all right," Max told him. "I've known this young lady for *doch* five years, and I feel like she *was* already a relation. So what's the use waiting, Doctor Budin? She ain't getting any younger, and neither are you."

Doctor Budin began to perspire slightly. "Do you mean to say she told you, and that's why you sent for me?" he asked, and Max raised his right hand solemnly.

"Now, stop right there, Doctor Budin," he said. "We've had so much professional etiquette and professional nonsense from doctors in this room today that I couldn't stand any more of it, which you should ought to forget you're a doctor for a little while and remember you're a human being."

He edged Miss Liebermann off the arm of his chair.

"Go over and kiss him," he commanded. "Kiss him good, because you've been here in this room now for an awful long time without kissing, considering you're going to get married right away."

"How do you know that?" Henry Saffir asked, and Max shook his head.

"I really don't know it; not exactly anyway," he said. "I'm only hoping it. You see, Doctor Budin, it's like this with me. For the past five years, I've stopped every day at Miss Liebermann's desk, and her and me has exchanged a lot of remarks about the weather. If I didn't see her once a day anyway, behind that cashier's desk, this rotten room felt awful lonely to me when I came back to it."

He puffed at the cigar to cover his emotion, but it had gone out. "Twenty years ago my wife dies," he continued tremulously, "and since that day, the only woman which came to see if I was alive or I was dead is this girl here, and

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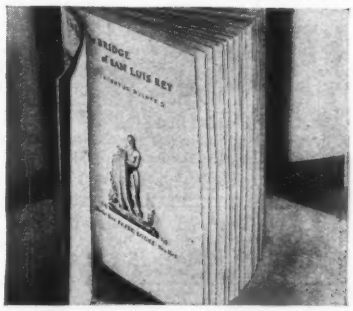

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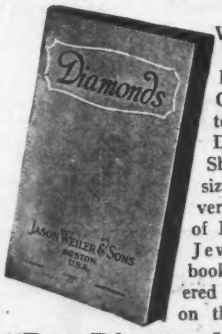

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that's why I feel like she would be already a daughter."

He struck a match and once more the K and Z was burning freely.

"Is this a chance for a young couple like them, Henry, or *ain't* it?" Max asked, more cheerfully, but Henry immediately threw cold water on Max's plans.

"I think you must be crazy, even though the doctors say you ain't," he declared. "Your idea is that you would marry off these two and then go and plant yourself in their house so you could get proper food and care, I suppose."

"That's where you make a big mistake," Max said. "If this girl is willing to go through with it, it will be my house they'll live in and my money which will run it, not theirs."

"Then you won't get your money's worth!" Henry cried. "What does a cashier in a delicatessen lunch room know about cooking a nourishing diet?"

Miss Liebermann flushed indignantly. "My mother is the best cook in her family," she said, "and what *she* knows how to cook, *I* can cook too. You know that, don't you, Morris?"

She appealed to Doctor Budin, who kissed her affectionately.

"Sure I do," he said; "but that's not the way we're going to get married. I want a home of my own."

"It *will* be your own," Max said. "It'll have an office and reception room on the ground floor, and the family dining room and reception room will be on the second floor. Upstairs will be the bedrooms. The second floor will be a room for both of you with connecting bath, and——"

"For heaven's sakes, ain't you got no shame nor nothing?" Henry Saffir asked, noting the crimson glow on Miss Liebermann's cheeks.

"What's shame got to do with it?" Max retorted. "This is architecture I am talking about, so therefore the rear of the second floor would be the mother's room."

"Whose mother's?" Miss Liebermann asked through her blushes.

"*Your* mother's, of course," Max said. "And on the top floor, I would have my room and the servants', and naturally a couple of bathrooms."

He turned pleadingly to Doctor Budin.

"Look, doctor," he said, "you're throwing away your own happiness and mine if you turn me down. You ain't going to let this here professional etiquette stand in the way, are you?"

During the brief interval in which Doctor Budin hesitated, Henry Saffir rose to his feet and cleared his throat preparatory to making some sort of speech, but Max Smullin interrupted.

"Will you keep yourself *out* of this?" he said. "Ain't you butted *enough* into my affairs?"

Henry acknowledged the insult merely by waving it away.

"And furthermore, Doctor Budin," he said, "you take a man like me with my digestion and two hundred-odd operators striking on me every once in a while, and don't you suppose I'm of *some* value to a doctor too? I bet you'll make three thousand dollars a year out of me alone, not counting 'flu if I get it, and with my luck I probably will."

For a few minutes more, Doctor Budin hesitated, and then he gathered Miss Liebermann in his arms and hugged her ecstatically, while Max lighted a fresh K and Z Special and began a competitive eruption to Mounts Etna and Vesuvius combined.

"Come around and have dinner with us once in a while, Henry," he said to Saffir. "I think I can promise you some good soup."

Free *by Austin Parker* (*Continued from page 85*)

you should have those things understood."

"And why not talk with her?" asked Baldy. "I know where I can get her on the telephone. I'll ask her to come over." When he came back from the telephone, he said: "Tewk, remember that we're different from the rest of humanity. Artists are another breed."

I didn't argue with him. In a way he was right and in another way he was wrong, but he was too busy being in love to discuss things calmly. Pretty soon Ginny came in, cheeks pink from the cold, eyes shining. She kissed him, mussed his hair and then gave him his hat and coat.

She said she wanted to talk with me alone; but she didn't want to talk with me, just at me. She wanted to tell me how utterly wonderful he was, what beautiful things he would create and how she would help him.

"And how about poetry?" I asked.

She laughed. "I can't think of poetry as printed lines," she said. "Poetry is something you live, something you feel. For the moment I'm the personification of a sonnet to happiness. I rhyme and scan, Tewk!"

She didn't want to come down to earth. Finally I put it to her bluntly:

"What about this trial marriage idea that if it doesn't work the way you hope it will you'll be divorced?"

"But naturally!" she exclaimed. "I think it's splendid! It puts it up to each of us to make the other happy. Why, I shouldn't want to be married to Baldy if both of us weren't happy."

"Isn't happiness relative?" I asked her.

"We don't want to be relatively happy."

"But if children come along and life becomes complicated and each of you has to sacrifice——"

She interrupted me: "We've talked that over. We're not going to have children. Any two fools can have children, but only a few of us can sculp and write beautifully. It's our duty to the world."

That sounded like an echo.

"Of course," she continued, "after Baldy has made a reputation and we have money enough so that children won't interfere, then we might have them."

I have a feeling of responsibility about the people I marry and I was troubled about that pair. If I didn't want to do it they could go down to the marriage mill in the Municipal Building and have it done there; or, worse yet, being such headstrong children, if religion poohpoohed the things they so genuinely believed they were right in doing, they might say, "The devil take marriage and give it to people who aren't artists." I've found that it doesn't pay to poohpooh anything that people believe in.

It wound up by my marrying 'em—right here in this room—and giving 'em a party. All their friends brought household things as presents. They packed off on a three-day honeymoon.

There was another small commission, like a good omen, waiting for Baldy when he returned and he threw himself into work with double energy. For one thing, he wanted to get it out of the way so that he could do more important things, with Ginny as model.

It used to be a joke between them that

he had married her so he wouldn't have to pay her for posing. He didn't actively object to her posing for other artists, but I know that masculine pride suffered. He had quite a bit of good old-fashioned feeling about "my wife"; but there was always economic necessity. Two were living almost as cheaply as one, but not quite; and Ginny wasn't earning as much as she had been. Sometimes at night in the bookshop—she hung on to her job—she had time to write verses.

Baldy went right on plugging, double energy, twelve hours a day. That was when he did "Silent Woman," which won the prize for the Aggessey Memorial, and when he did that head of me, which brought him a year's income from the Mary Aldrich Foundation.

(The Reverend Tewk's thumb went over his shoulder to a cast that was upon the table. It was an enormously strong thing: Tewk haranguing a multitude, mouth a little open, jaw to one side, facial muscles in full play, brows contracted. It was so alive that I almost expected to hear it denounce, crisply, sonorously, the idiocies of mankind.)

Money came rolling in (Tewk continued). So to speak, rolling in. They took a bathless, two-room apartment, and Ginny stopped posing. Every day she shut herself in the bedroom and wrote. Mostly hack work.

Thanks to the Aggessey Memorial and the Aldrich award, Baldy got several good jobs and an art dealer took him up. They moved again, this time to a regular studio apartment with a bath. A regular bathroom, mind you!

It was Ginny who wangled the rent down so they could afford it: she played politics with prospective clients, gave little parties so that he met the right people and cast the light of genius upon him. She thought of writing only when she wanted some little luxury for which she didn't like to use his money. Not that Ginny was lazy. Not in the least! But, womanlike, she found herself living through a man, making him her career.

They seemed very happy together—Baldy working intensely, Ginny supplementing him, helping him, smoothing the way—but I couldn't help feeling that there was something lacking for her. She seemed a little at loose ends. She was straying a little from the subtle combination of wife and mistress which Baldy, as a New Englander and a thorough artist, needed.

You might say that Ginny was seeing too much of those grotesque armatures upon which he built beauty in clay. She needed something else, now that poetry, which had been a girlish release of emotion, had failed her. Call it the law of diminishing returns as applied to love, if you like.

Ginny didn't think of it that way. She wasn't a very thinking person when it came to introspection and self-analysis: she simply felt. And the thing that Ginny felt was that she wanted a child; that sense of completion which comes with a child. Finally, she put it up to Baldy flatly.

"I don't believe," he said to her, "that a man has any right to deny a woman the experience of having a child. I think that if I were a woman who had no career I'd want to have a child. It must be the fulfillment of an enormous impulse—a thing that's cosmic, overwhelming. But I'm not a woman. I'm a man, and I have a right to say that I don't want a child. It would interfere with my work."

"But if I didn't let it interfere?" she persisted hopefully.

"You couldn't help it," he replied. "If we had money enough for a separate

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apartment for the baby and a competent nurse to take care of it, it would be different. At least it would be different until we came to travel. I want to work in France and Italy. I want to be unhampered—and I want you with me. That's selfish, I know, but it's selfishness for the thing I want to do. That's the most important thing in my whole life."

Ginny protested that her life was of importance, too.

"But you have no right to bring my child into the world unless I'm willing," he told her. "There's another right to be considered: the right of a child to have a father who loves it and wants it. My dear Ginny, you're being selfish, too. You mustn't want a child for your own sake rather than for the child's sake. Don't let an emotion run away with you. You're forgetting all about your own work—writing."

"But I don't want to sublimate life in writing," she replied. "I'd rather live it than write it."

He reminded her that they had talked this out before they were married.

"I realize that," she admitted. "But then we thought everything was constant, unchangeable."

"Is it fair to change the rules of a game to suit yourself, once the game has started?" he asked her.

It was a reversion to schoolboy logic. He was, you see, talking about rights. And she was talking about emotions. Both were trying to be kind and fair; neither questioned the perfect sincerity of the other. They let the subject drop.

During the next few weeks Baldy was less concentrated upon his work. She had thrown him a little out of gear. They went out more often, to the theater and dances.

Then Baldy was obliged to go to Chicago to clinch a commission that was of enormous importance to him. Success meant a bright feather in his cap: the job, a war memorial for a western university, meant increased reputation and more money. His mind became full of it. New York, the studio, Ginny seemed scarcely to exist.

It was no time to bring up the subject of children; but Ginny, with a good deal more impetuosity than good judgment, plunged. The night before he left, she said to him: "While you're away I wish you'd think calmly and seriously about *us*, Baldy. I still want to have a child."

"I didn't know there was anything more to think about that," he said. "I believe we came to a conclusion."

"You did," she answered. "I didn't. I wish you'd reconsider it."

Baldy was irritated, angry. He flashed back at her: "If you're determined to have a child I think you'd be much wiser if you found some man who'd really be a father to it, because I won't."

With that he flung out of the studio and went for a long walk, finally winding up at the apartment of one of his friends. A party was going on and he drank more synthetic gin than is good for any man. He spent the night there and came home about noon.

Ginny wasn't in the studio, but he found a note from her saying that she'd gone into the country for a few days with the Weatherbys. Baldy, morose, troubled, caught the Century for Chicago.

The whole business put a fighting edge on him and he went after the war-memorial job as if his life depended upon it. He was there nearly three weeks; but when he left it was with a fat check in his pocket as a retainer. The contract was to be forwarded.

The studio was just as he had left it, cigaret stubs and all, plus an accumulation of dust. He telephoned the Weatherbys and found that Ginny was still with them.

She told him, ominously, that she would meet him the next morning in the lobby of a hotel near the station, and rang off.

He was there when she arrived. Ginny came toward him, smiling faintly.

She said, immediately: "I wanted to meet you on neutral ground, Baldy. Here in public, we can't have a scene. We'll have to be on our best behavior."

"Ginny," he begged, "forget all about that. Won't you, please?"

She laughed humorlessly. "Under the circumstances I can't very well forget. Let's sit down."

"The job's mine," he announced.

"I know," she answered. "There was a paragraph in the paper. I'm awfully glad. Baldy——"

"Must we go on with this dispute?" he interrupted. "Can't we forget it, Ginny? I have to dive into this job, and then we'll have enough money to go to Europe."

She shook her head. "I respect the way you feel about things—about your work," she said slowly, "and I'm going to ask you to respect the way I feel. I've taken you at your word. Another man is going to be the father of my child!"

All he could do was to stare at her and utter a sickly, "Oh, Ginny!"

She sat there stiffly, biting her lips, trying to keep the tears back.

"You're free now to go on with your work," she continued, "and I'm sure that you'll do wonderful things. I'm going to stay with the Weatherbys for a while, until I get my hand in at writing again. I'm sure I'll be able to make a go of it."

"Oh, Ginny!" he wailed. "Why have you done this?"

She rose suddenly. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I can't talk with you any more. I have to go."

He pulled out the check he had brought from Chicago. "Will you let me indorse this and give it to you?" he asked.

"No! Never!" she said. "Good-by, Baldy." She hurried out of the hotel, leaving him standing there, stunned, crushed, the check in his hand.

He started out with a vague notion of getting drunk. Instead, he hurried, almost ran, to the studio and locked himself in. He sat down and wondered what he was doing there, of all places.

Just the mechanics of living sometimes saves us. He was hungry and he had to eat. He was going away and he had to buy a trunk. He didn't know where he was going and he had to decide.

It was a boat whistle on the river that brought Europe to his mind again and he was off as soon as he could get his passport and a third-class tourist ticket.

After he had sailed I received a note from him, enclosing the key to the studio and a check. The note said: "Ginny and I are busting up, for reasons that she may or may not tell you. Please help her all you can. I am throwing down the contract for the memorial job and returning the check. The enclosed check is for Ginny, if you can persuade her to take it. It is half of all we have in the bank and it really belongs to her. Will you get in touch with her—she's at the Weatherbys' in Westport—and see about closing the apartment?"

It was a numb little note, full of heartache, and at the end he had added a postscript: "I am going to Europe."

Ginny came to town after a few days. She was serene, almost regal in her composure. There was a quiet smile upon her lips and a light in her eyes.

I had sent Baldy's note and the check to her.

"I'd rather not talk about it yet, Tewk," she said. "You'll know soon enough." She returned the check to me and explained that she had written several articles. She was writing verse again, too, and she had begun a story.

"I have a little furnished room that will be comfortable enough," she said, "and I'm going to sublet the studio furnished. Emily Cutting will take it for twenty-five dollars a month above the rent, so that's a little coming in."

A month later she called me up and excitedly announced that she had sold the story and four verses. I said we'd have to have a party here, but she wanted dinner with me alone.

We were sitting quietly over our coffee and cigarets when she said suddenly: "Tewk, I'm going to have a baby!"

"You are? Does Baldy know that?"

She nodded. "That's why he left. It isn't his, you see."

I was flabbergasted. "But my dear Ginny," I exclaimed, "you must do something about it!"

She laughed at me and said: "I can't see that there's much more to do."

I told her that she must arrange a divorce and marry the man.

"Wouldn't think of it!" she replied.

Of course, we had a hot argument. I protested that if the man was a decent sort of fellow he'd want to marry her and give the youngster his name.

She said: "Tewk, he hasn't the faintest idea of what has happened, so his masculine nobility of character can't trouble him. And as for a name, what's the matter with my own—Burnside?"

She was radiant with confidence. I advised her not to try to rearrange society, but it was like trying to stop a particularly enthusiastic cyclone with a palm-leaf fan. All I got for my pains was a laugh and a hug.

I saw quite a bit of her during the months that followed, because I let her use my typewriter when she wanted to make final drafts of things she'd written. We often ate here, and we'd spend hours talking about her stories.

She had nearly five hundred dollars in the bank when she was taken to the hospital. I went hotfoot to see her. Ginny glowed with pride when she showed me her son, a red-faced, dissipated-looking, bullet-headed thing that resembled nothing on earth except a newborn baby.

"This is John Fleming Burnside!" she announced. "Come on, sonny, yell for your Uncle Tewk and show him what fine lungs you have!"

We moved her back to the studio apartment where she and Baldy had lived, and got a colored girl to come in for a few hours a day. Ginny took care of the baby herself, and banged out stories, short articles and verse.

It was the verses, "Songs to the Youngest Generation," light-hearted, satirical, sometimes wistfully beautiful things, which made editors begin to ask for her stuff. There was a demand for Virginia Burnside on the subject of babies and the joys and exasperations of having one.

Undoubtedly she had her bad moments, but she didn't let any of us know about them. Ginny showed a smiling, untroubled face to the world.

We heard of Baldy only indirectly. He was living like a hermit in Barbizon, near Paris. Then he won the *médaille d'argent* at the Salon and later was awarded some special scholarship that took him to Rome.

"Baldy'll make good," Ginny assured me earnestly. She seldom spoke of him.

I asked her if she'd ever had a letter.

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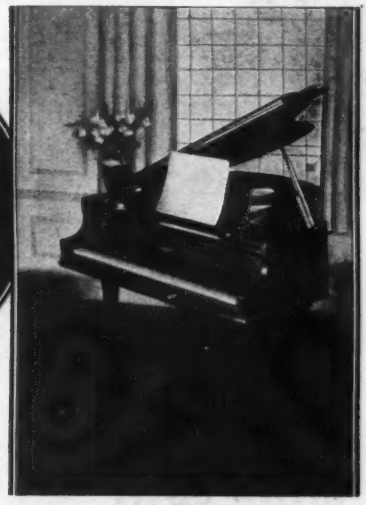

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"Never a word," she said. "But I didn't expect to. It was a cruel thing to do to him, Tewk, but it had to be done. I don't expect him to forgive me." She shrugged. "I don't ask to be forgiven. We'd reached the point where we had to let each other go. Artists really are different from other people and we have to face the fact. If we let a social system control us, we're destroyed.

"I couldn't split myself three ways, between the baby, Baldy and work. My work would have gone and I'd have become a dull *Hausfrau* instead of the mistress that Baldy needs. And he couldn't have split himself three ways, either. All three things would have suffered if he'd tried it. It would have been a mess in the end, any way you look at it."

"But you loved Baldy," I insisted. "Why shouldn't you have had his child, instead of taking some man you didn't give a rap about?"

"You don't know Baldy as well as I do," she replied. "He's essentially a moral New Englander. The knowledge that he had a child would have made him like a hobbled horse turned out for grazing. He couldn't have galloped."

"And the baby's father?" I ventured.

Ginny just laughed. "He's healthy and talented. That ends his importance."

"You've never told him?"

"No-o!" she exclaimed, horrified. "What has the animalistic male got to do with the rearing of children?"

"You're a very naughty girl," I told her, "and you'll probably get some bad bumps before you're done with this."

"Maybe so," she said. "But I've got away with it this far."

A few months later one of the magazines—which happened, by the way, to contain a verse by Ginny—came out with a full-page picture of Baldy. It was captioned: "Baldwin Lake, the young American sculptor whose work has excited the admiration of French and Italian critics and whose first showing in this country will be held during January at the Manstock Galleries."

Baldy returned to New York, almost three years after his departure, in the November before his show, and telephoned to me. I asked him to come down to my apartment.

He looked a little older and more sure of himself. At first he was distant.

"I've come back for two reasons," he said abruptly. "One's this show of mine, and the other's to arrange a divorce. How is Ginny, by the way?"

"Very well," I told him. "And the youngster's well, too."

"Is that so?" he asked coolly. "I don't suppose that Ginny will object to a divorce. Of course, I'll let her bring it against me and I'll foot the expenses."

"I'm sure she won't object to the divorce," I replied; "but I have my doubts about her letting you pay all the expenses. She'll probably insist on going fifty-fifty, and I wouldn't argue the matter if I were you. Ginny's fairly well off now and she has a good deal of pride about her ability to pay her own way. By the bye, here's the check you left for her. The money's still in the bank. I didn't know where to send it."

He took the check and stared at it curiously; then he dropped it into the fire. "So she's been getting along well?" he asked.

I told him about "Songs to the Youngest Generation."

"I haven't had any news at all," he said. "I've kept myself pretty well cut off from things. By the way, Ginny doesn't happen to be in love with anyone, does she?"

"Not that I know of," I answered. "Why?"

He scowled. "Just that I dread seeing her, I suppose. It would make it easier. Don't think I'm a conceited ass—but has Ginny entirely got me out of her mind?"

"I think so," I said. "You've been replaced by so many things—work, success and a baby. It seems to me that she looks upon you as a nice, adequate and entirely completed episode."

Perhaps I meant to sting him a little, but I failed.

He said, quite sincerely: "I'm glad of that. I hope you're right. You see, I'm in love with someone else, a Mrs. Randeau, who came across with me. We're to be married as soon as Ginny and I swing the divorce."

I remarked that the name sounded French.

"No," he replied; "she's an American—divorced. I've known her quite a time. We hit it off together. Can you take dinner with us tonight?"

Naturally, I was curious to meet her. We went up to the hotel where she was staying and dined in the salon of her apartment.

She was a woman of about thirty, perhaps a little older, rather beautiful, exquisitely turned out in a modest, decorous way that fairly yelled money. A darkish frock, a string of pearls and a single bangle of diamonds. She had the loveliest hands I have ever seen.

Baldy seemed subdued, subservient, and I said to myself that there wasn't much doubt as to who would run things, once they were married. She had a gracious, quiet way of bossing.

"Baldy, dear," she said, "find the plans for your new studio." And to me she explained: "We're going to build it near the place I'm buying in the hills above Cannes. I think it's better, especially for creative work, to get away from the seaside. I find the climate in Cannes depressing at times, don't you?"

I was obliged to tell her that I'd never been there.

She looked surprised, almost shocked. "But you must promise to come to us next year and stay with us as long as you can. We'll give you a little apartment to yourself, and a car. You'll be free to come and go as you please. I promise that we won't make a guest of you."

She was charming in her generosity. But moneybags, my boy, moneybags! I could see Baldy, once relieved of the struggle to do the things he wanted, becoming soft and a little bored.

After dinner Baldy walked a few blocks down the avenue with me. "I wish you would get in touch with Ginny," he said, "and ask when's the best time to see her."

"I'll tell her you're here," I replied, "but I don't think you need a go-between. She's usually in all day. The telephone number's the same."

"Hm-m!" he exclaimed. "I've forgotten it. So much water's gone under the bridge; everything's so changed. I feel like a stranger—homesick."

I told him her number and we said good night; then I hopped a bus and went down to Ginny's studio, where I told her about Baldy.

"I wonder," she said thoughtfully, "if she'll make him happy." She uttered a little laugh. "Not that it's any of my business. Of course I'll let him have his divorce. Baldy ought to know that without beating around the bush. I'm sorry he dreads seeing me. Really, Tewk, he shouldn't feel that way!"

He telephoned to her the next morning and asked if he could see her in the afternoon. He tried to evade meeting her in the studio. It was his turn to

ask for neutral ground. But it was Thursday and the maid's day out: someone had to stay with the youngster. Her voice was reassuringly friendly.

He came down towards three o'clock and Ginny, looking her prettiest, met him at the door. They shook hands and smiled self-consciously.

"Tewk says you dreaded seeing me," she began. "That isn't very nice of you."

"'Dread' isn't quite the word," he said. "I suppose I'm a little embarrassed, that's all." He glanced about the familiar room: there wasn't a trace of a child's presence.

"Don't let's be," she replied. "I'd feel terribly ashamed of us if we were like some people who don't manage to make a go of it—hateful, resentful. It's such a collapse of human niceness!"

"It'd be ghastly!" he agreed. "I'm glad you feel that way about it."

"How else could I feel?" she asked. "It was a lovely thing we had together, until it ended; and then we called it off like two sane, decent people. We did exactly the thing we should have done under the circumstances. I haven't any regrets or bitterness. Life's been building all the while, building gloriously! Has it for you, too?"

"Yes," said Baldy, with, perhaps, less enthusiasm. "I've been working hard."

"I've been so proud of your success," she told him. "I hope it isn't egotism, but I have a personal pride in it. I feel I helped a little. Please say I did."

"Helped!" he repeated. "Lord, yes!"

They were still standing, looking at each other, appraising each other; then they struck a hiatus and she remembered to ask him to sit down.

"Tewk tells me you've been getting on famously," Baldy said. "Did he tell you that I'm planning to marry again?"

"Yes," replied Ginny. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"I'm sure we will," he said.

She couldn't resist the temptation to pull his leg a bit. "But are you sure she won't turn maternal, Baldy? Women have a devilish way of doing that."

"No fear!" he exclaimed. "No—we've settled that question."

Ginny laughed. "We'd settled it, too. Beware the cosmic urge, old boy! You're really such a charming, good-looking person, Baldy, that a woman in love with you would naturally want to duplicate you, have a little replica of you."

"Thanks," he said. "In Europe they say we're a nation of souvenir hunters. Do you think it extends even to love?"

They chuckled together.

"So far as divorce goes," she said, "I'm perfectly willing to follow any suggestions you make, except that I don't want to leave New York. Could you get it in Paris without my going there?"

"Yes," he admitted; "but I'd been hoping that you'd be willing to go to Reno, or some place like that. If I get it in Paris I'll have to sue you. I'd rather have you sue me. It looks better."

"What indecent rot it is that one of us must sue the other and tell a batch of lies under oath!" she exclaimed. "But it's rather late now for me to begin worrying about the social order."

Until that moment there hadn't been a sign or sound of the youngster. He was in his pen in the bedroom, vastly busy with his toys. Suddenly he broke loose with a dramatically orated bunch of two-year-old gibberish.

Baldy acted as if he'd been stabbed in the midriff. He had been hoping that they would get through their talk with no mention of the child.

Ginny looked at him sharply. "Look here, Baldy," she said, "if you feel that way about him I think you'd better see

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him. I hate to have you think that anything so angelic is a little ogre."

"I'd rather not!" he said abruptly.

"That makes me insist," she replied angrily. "It's shameful of you to have that sort of feeling toward a little youngster! Hate me for it, if it gives you any satisfaction, but don't blame him!"

She rose and went to the bedroom. Baldy couldn't turn tail and run from a two-year-old enemy.

The youngster suddenly appeared in the doorway, made one of those idiotic noises of pleasure and paddled toward him at full tilt.

He tossed a toy in Baldy's lap and said "Ah-bwaw!" Then he began to charge about like a small clown.

Ginny came out of the bedroom just in time to see Baldy go down on his knees and grab the youngster, holding the small head between his hands.

"But he's mine!" cried Baldy.

"No, Baldy, he isn't!" she said faintly.

"You can't lie to me again!" he answered, not even looking at her. The boy wriggled loose and staggered on about his clowning, with Baldy, still on his knees, watching every move he made. "Do you think I've studied heads and features all these years not to know when I see *my own?*" he demanded. "Ginny, why did you tell me that lie? Why?"

She realized that the game was up. She hadn't reckoned on a pair of eyes, sculptor's eyes, that could see so much more than other people's. For a few moments she couldn't speak.

"Because," she said, simply, "I wanted a baby, your baby, and I wanted you to be free. I couldn't spoil your life by having him and I wouldn't spoil mine by not having him. What was there to do?"

He got to his feet, staring at her.

"Oh, Ginny!" he exclaimed.

"But you needn't let this change any plans you've made," she continued hastily. Then her courage, like a flame, was extinguished and she added an abject, "Unless you want to."

Baldy pulled her to the couch beside him. "Oh, Ginny!" he repeated. "He's mine! Ours! I can't give him up! You've got to share him with me!"

The Reverend Tewksbury leaned forward, rapped his pipe against the fireplace and reached for his mug of wine.

"And that's what I mean," he added, "when I say that artists are different only in the way they arrive at exactly the same thing. But that difference is of importance. Without it they wouldn't be artists, and the world without artists would be in a devil of a pickle!"

He raised his mug.

"Here's to the difference!"

The Folks Next Door *(Continued from page 45)*

and topographic peculiarities which make that continent unique among the principal geographical divisions, and he opens them wider, not sure in his mind whether you're a practical joker or just a plain liar.

Tell him that Buenos Aires is not only one of the largest cities in the world but one of the handsomest, and one of the cleanest and one of the most modern. Tell him moreover that there in Buenos Aires and likewise across the water in the near-by city of Montevideo the scale of living for the extravagant classes is pitched on a level more luxurious and more costly than New York or London or Paris can offer, and he is startled but unconvinced.

Tell him that Rio, in Brazil, is incomparably the most beautiful city in the world—the single city familiar to me where man has neither marred nor destroyed the natural gorgeousness of the setting but has, by the work of his hands, enhanced and adorned it, and he may go so far as to admit that he has heard somewhere that Rio did have a mighty good-looking harbor and some pretty driveways and nice public buildings.

Tell him that Santiago, in Chile, is the magnificent capital of what potentially and, in certain respects, actually is one of the most promising countries anywhere, and he murmurs a polite but incredulous murmur.

Tell him that Lima, in Peru, is rapidly becoming the loveliest small city—and not such a dog-gone small city, at that—in either South America or North America; that it already is a little Paris without the attendant drawback to the visitor of having to put up with the little Parisians—and aren't some of them little, especially the waiters and the shopkeepers?—and he may not believe you or then again he may, in the order named.

Tell him that South America has developed a real and distinctive literature and is rapidly developing a worth-while art to march along with it. and he says, "You don't say so, really now?"

Tell him that behind the dense green curtains of tropic growth there stretches down through the interior of this amazing continent a chartless domain which, roughly measured, is the length of the United States from Canada to Mexico and, roughly, from a fourth to a seventh as wide as the United States is, where white explorers have never been—or if they did go there, never returned to tell the story.

It is the one remaining great stronghold of untracked wilderness on the globe, and it's awaiting the coming of the pathfinders who will penetrate its mysteries, and the engineers who will drain its swamps, and the road builders who will open it to traffic, and the scientists who will make it sanitary and healthy as they did at Panama. It then will yield up no telling what material rewards for the enrichment of mankind.

Tell him this much—it's merely sketching in a few of the high points—and let it all soak into his system. Tell him—oh, tell him to go to thunder. He's too untutored in the elementals for his own good, but, to make the application direct, no more untutored than I was until I had journeyed thither.

For definite details, for facts and particulars, you might send the dazed party of the second part to persons having technical information under various heads.

For example, any well-informed export agent could prove to him that, taking its first really notable spurt at the beginning of the World War, the volume of our business with South America has grown and grown until now substantially ninety percent of the motor-driven vehicles in use there are of North American manufacture.

And, by the same token, an overwhelming majority of all the moving-picture films shown in South American countries come from us. We are selling to the South Americans practically all their telephones and their sewing machines and their phonographs, to cite a few lines out of many. In sales to them of locomotives, structural metals, canned

commodities, sanitary appliances, sporting goods, school equipment, cameras and scores of other varieties of utilitarian and industrial products we have gone far ahead of our European competitors who formerly had control of these markets.

And finally, thanks to our supremacy in mass production and our increasing efficiency in merchandising methods, and despite our unpopularity as a breed in certain quarters, each day we are broadening and thickening and strengthening our trade connections down there, and incidentally are building for ourselves and for her against the nearing day of South America's infinitely greater expansion and enormously greater development.

The returned diplomatist could tell our inquiring friend that because our big concerns are now sending resident managers and selling agents and concession-seekers of uniformly a higher and more cultivated and more dependable type to represent them in South America than was formerly the case, and also because the desires and the temperaments of the buying classes are now being intelligently studied and intelligently catered to, the cause of harmony and mutual trust is agreeably promoted and our national relationships generally are bettered.

Commerce breeds the real ambassadors of friendship these times, you know, and the sample case follows the flag. Juggling of fine words by polished legates is all well enough and perhaps stuffed prophets and boiled shirts and tail coats have their political functions —though sometimes it is permitted to ordinary people to doubt it—but in the final analysis confidence in the word of the salesman and belief in the reliability of the goods he peddles and ultimate satisfaction on the part of the groups who have bartered with him, are the peaceful, infiltrating, cementing forces which draw countries together and lead to enduring interracial alliances.

The returned student of economics could tell our friend that such countries as the Argentine Republic and Chile have dealt on sane grounds with the immigration question, which we so sadly bungled.

In those two countries rational inducements for colonization are offered to the selected and specified stocks of certain favored European countries, and rational barriers are interposed against the suspect and the unfit. The newcomer who is industrious and strong-bodied, who is willing to work the land, has governmental aid from the hour of his landing until he becomes self-sustaining. By a wisely administered screening process, the doors are closed on the other kind.

The returned theologian, if fair-minded, would tell him that in practically all the important countries of South America and in one or two which are not rated as being important—but all of them countries, mind you, where an overwhelming majority of the populace are professed Catholics or anyhow are baptized Catholics—there is prevalent a tolerance in religious issues which is by way of offering a refreshing contrast to the sentiment prevalent in some sections of our country.

To begin with, the well-bred South American is not to be drawn into a controversy with you merely because you happen to differ with him on any item of dogmatic faith, be it social or moral, political or spiritual. He leaves you to your opinion, no matter how erroneous he privately may think that opinion is. In short, he doesn't set himself up to be his brother's keeper—and that, I think, is a beautiful virtue common in his land and, by contrast, exceedingly rare in a certain land which I might mention but won't.

In the second place, there is a fine something about the South American temperament which saves its owner from manifesting prejudice against another man's conscientious convictions. Without surrendering his own beliefs, he nevertheless has an inquiring mind for any good which may bide in the stranger's church. More than anything else, this, I think, helps to explain the agreeable phenomena which are met with here and there and, as you might almost say, everywhere down there.

For instance, it is by law forbidden that the essentials of any creed shall be taught in any public school in the Argentine. The teachers are required—yes, are strictly compelled—to refrain from inculcating religious dogmas of any sort.

Paraguay, which by repute is held to be a backward country, offers an asylum to any and all outlawed and proscribed sects, so that the followers of divers strange and mystical cults, having been driven out of professedly more enlightened nations than Paraguay, dwell in peace with their Paraguayan neighbors.

Nor is there a solitary one of the major republics of South America but stands ready to welcome the missionaries of any recognized and orthodox persuasion. In South America it would appear that one may be non-Protestant without being anti-Protestant and vice versa, which is pleasant for all concerned.

But after all, the best way for our typical North American to observe these details would be for him to do as we to our great profit did, and that is to go discovering and observe with his own eyes and at first hand. He will find that he can make the voyage most comfortably and in such degree of luxury as his tastes demand or his purse permits.

The various lines which ply between our ocean or gulf ports and South American ports, including a number of Yankee-owned lines, already offer excellent schedules and first-rate service on fully equipped, speedy vessels. So our man will have interesting company and comfort on the trip down, and no matter where he lands, I guarantee will behold sights worthy of his undivided attention and his admiration as well.

Not by that, though, neither by what has been written before, would I seek to leave the impression that all is sweetness and light on our sister continent. There are things which ought to be changed—and some of them are being changed. There are primitive things, pitiable things, deplorable things—evidences of ignorance and of dire poverty cheek by jowl with signs and portents of enlightenment and prosperity. There are things which may strike the stranger as being comic and curious, since the institutions of any land nearly always seem comic and curious to the man hailing from another part of the world.

But this much I do maintain: The North American who goes thither with an unbiased judgment and a vision unjaundiced by insularity will see in that land which dangles from the grip-handle of the Isthmus like a great gold-and-green treasure-bag, the land wherein the sun of material glory that is sinking on Europe will before many years rise and shine its very brightest.

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A Punch for Judy *by Royal Brown* (Continued from page 63)

that. "You might introduce yourself," he suggested.

"Thanks, kind sir. I'm just Sally Allen. And let's not be too formal."

The radio had started anew; others were dancing. Tommy glanced at her. Her eyes answered, and so they danced too. After that they found themselves on a broad terrace that overlooked the ocean, on which lay the hint of sunset color. Willingly Tommy would have lingered there, but Sally seemed restless.

"Let's go for a drive," she suggested.

They moved toward a circle of parked cars; she casually seated herself behind the wheel of a custom convertible which had its top down. Tommy, slipping in beside her, approved its long lines.

Expertly, she shifted gears and started down the drive. As they reached the entrance lodge another car, traveling mostly on two wheels, turned in.

The two cars missed colliding by inches—and Tommy relaxed.

"Twilight and evening star—and one close call for me," he murmured, and added, "Somebody seems to be in a hurry to get to the party we are passing up."

"Oh, that was Judy. She always drives that way," Sally explained. "She drove to the station to meet Spencer Carr—he was in the car with her."

"Who is Spencer Carr—the boy friend of the moment?"

Sally grimaced. "Spencer Carr, if you accept the verdict of the majority—one in which he shares unquestionably—is an irresistible devil with the women."

"I take it that that is not your verdict," supplemented Tommy.

Sally's eyes met his. "As far as I am concerned Spencer is a complete wet smack. Perhaps I'm prejudiced. You see, I'm fond of his wife. And besides, I think a man shouldn't be robbing the cradle until he's past fifty. Spencer is only forty-two or -three."

The car was ascending a hill. At the top she brought it to a standstill.

"This is supposed to be one of our best views," she announced. "Before you, you see the celebrated Atlantic."

They were silent for a minute, then Sally murmured:

"I often stop here for a moment to invite my soul and catch my breath. It's so restful."

"And you have to work so hard—for your pleasure," commiserated Tommy.

She gave him a swift glance, then grinned abruptly and delightfully.

"Ridiculous, isn't it?" she commented. "But we all do it—work like the devil, and for what?" Her eyes mocked him as she added, "I hope, by the way, I haven't seemed to bring you here under false pretenses."

TOMMY knew what she meant and he grinned. It was one of the best things he did and it gave him license to say many unconventional things.

"Oh, kiss one girl and you've kissed them all—until you meet the particular one," he assured her. "And since petting has become so terribly conventional why shouldn't we be unconventional for a change?"

"It's so hard to be," she sighed. "I suppose I'm talking like a nut. But I am fed up with 'most everything. Especially this 'flaming youth' stuff. I wish somebody would change the record. I don't know why I talk to you this way."

"It is my sweet and understanding nature," explained Tommy. "I, you see, am the sort of man that girls like to be a sister to."

Her blue eyes surveyed him. "Of course anybody can see *that*," she gibed. She glanced at her wrist watch, started the engine again. "I must return you to Marcia in time for dinner," she explained. "I'm not staying at the house myself. I'm just a near neighbor and I'm dining home tonight."

"And there goes my appetite," he said.

The lambent twilight lay over salt marsh and ocean as she dropped him at the house with the great white columns.

The footman who had greeted him earlier in the afternoon reappeared.

"I put your bag in your room, sir," said he. "Shall I show you to it?"

Everybody was now preparing for dinner; the house seemed deserted. But as Tommy and his escort passed through the hall, Tommy saw another footman with a tray of silver-covered dishes waiting expectantly before a closed door. This he swung open as Tommy came abreast of him and Tommy glimpsed the room beyond and its occupant.

The latter was unquestionably the father of Sam, Marcia and Judy. He was seated at a table under a bridge lamp, apparently engaged in playing solitaire. The room was presumably his castle within a castle. Evidently he was to have his dinner there, insulated from the various activities of the house party.

This was Tommy's swift impression as he passed the door. A few moments later he was in his room.

"Dress will not be formal," the footman informed him.

He then withdrew, leaving Tommy Jones to adjust himself to his surroundings. This Tommy did coolly enough.

"In any event," he assured himself, "the report that the door knobs are solid gold set with diamonds seems wholly unfounded."

This was but the surface of his thought, however. He knew th t Samuel Sears, Senior, master of all this magnificence, had been born on a small farm. That fact stirred a sense of the dramatic within him. The house and grounds, with the conservatories and gardens, the tennis courts and the swimming pool, represented a prodigious investment, he knew.

"And then, there's the upkeep," his thought ran on as he faced the mirror and knotted a fresh tie. "Chauffeurs, gardeners, stablemen and house servants. Whew—ham and eggs for that bunch must cost plenty!"

Behind all this was the man who had been playing solitaire and who was now dining in solitude. He was its motive force; yet this was but a small part of what he had achieved. He was a man of many and varied interests and—how did he get that way? Tommy would have been interested to know.

Emerging from his room, he descended and discovered Marcia. She was quite unlike Judy; yet she was of the prevailing mode in manner as well as in attire.

"And where did you and Sally disappear to?" she demanded.

"There was a particular view she wanted me to see."

"And did you see it?" she asked pointedly.

Everything was pointed—as everything must be nowadays. Allusions and implications were flung around the dinner table, with everybody making a continual clamor.

Judy was not present. Of course she might be having dinner in the seventeen-year-old equivalent of the nursery, but Tommy doubted that. He wondered, abruptly, what her father thought of Judy's activities—especially her affair with Spencer Carr.

"Although I suppose," mused Tommy, "that it's an even bet he doesn't know anything about that."

Dinner proceeded as house-party dinners do and the rest of the evening was cut off the same piece.

"If I worked with that bunch regularly," decided Tommy, as he prepared himself for bed, "I'd organize a union and be its walking delegate."

It was then three-thirty. The sun, streaming in his windows, awoke him a little after eight. He suspected that none of the rest of the house party would appear much before noon, but nevertheless he rose and before nine had finished breakfasting.

From the breakfast room he stepped out upon the terrace. It was a morning of fresh sea breezes and intense sunlight, with the ocean at its bluest and best.

"It does seem," thought Tommy, "that one might enjoy this if the whoopee were a bit less strenuous."

A SLIM and graceful figure, swathed in a colorful bathrobe, cut across his vision. It was Judy, indubitably. At the foot of the terrace on which he stood was an immense swimming pool; at its edge she let the robe slip from her shoulders revealing——

"Considerable," decided Tommy.

Her back was to him but, as backs go, it was a perfectly good back. So much Tommy granted her as she stood, either unaware or disdainful of his presence on the terrace above. She was apparently waiting for someone.

The door behind Tommy opened. Tommy turned and recognized the master of the house. His interest in Judy was promptly eclipsed. He had heard enough of Samuel Sears, Senior, to get an impression of his range of activities.

"He began with banks and railroads, but he'll take a crack at anything from a rubber plantation in South America to a diamond mine in Africa," Sam Junior had explained. "Provided it interests him—and he can be whole hog."

To which, this June morning, Tommy added: "A darned good man for anybody in search of a career to become acquainted with."

Now, as his eyes glimpsed Judy, Sears paused beside Tommy. He was something over fifty and he was somewhat bald. But bald as Cæsar was, in a way that served to accentuate the fine lines of his head and the power of his profile. And, like Cæsar, he was still an athlete. Tommy remembered that he had played semiprofessional ball as a youth and was still a good polo player.

This was a humanizing aspect of the man who stood beside him. And Tommy added to it a swift hunch that though his eyes and mouth suggested that they might be merciless on occasion, they also suggested that their possessor was not without humor.

Tommy cleared his throat. "I wonder," he ventured, "if you have a house detective."

"A house detective!" echoed Judy's father. He turned as if just aware of Tommy's presence. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I wondered how you would deal with guests who so far abuse your hospitality as to ask you for—a job."

Evidently this amused. "Adequately," replied Judy's father. "I tell them that I have always distrusted a man who would approach me that way. And that I haven't given a job to any man who asked me for one in twenty years."

"No matter what his qualifications?"

"A man who urges his own qualifications is apt to be a bit prejudiced," commented Judy's father dryly.

"Not absolutely," protested Tommy. "What would be the use? If *I* were to bring myself to your attention I wouldn't in any way try to obscure the fact that I have just been chucked from college, or that my past business experience consists chiefly in selling washing machines from house to house."

"If you *were* bringing yourself to my attention I think that might suffice—for an answer," remarked Judy's father.

"I don't see that," challenged Tommy. "Why shouldn't it suggest that I have imagination? Or, if you prefer, what is sometimes called a source mind?"

The other gave him a swift, shrewd glance. "It might," he conceded, "if I needed anybody with imagination or a source mind and you could prove it. But as it is——"

He broke off abruptly. Tommy, following the direction of his eyes, guessed the reason. A high-powered roadster had drawn up beyond the swimming pool; from it stepped Spencer Carr. The latter was, Tommy granted, confoundedly attractive.

From Carr, Tommy's eyes came back to the man beside him and Tommy no longer wondered if Samuel Sears, Senior, knew what was happening in his own household. The answer was in the grim lines of his mouth. Tommy felt himself tauten as one does when one sees two automobiles hurtling toward each other.

Nevertheless, there was no crash. Judy lifted shameless lips to a swift, casual proprietary kiss that Spencer bestowed on her and then, together, they plunged.

"Grr," said Judy's father, in effect.

Then, without a word, but looking curiously powerless, he turned and reentered the house.

"Strong men may tremble at his nod—but evidently Judy doesn't," realized Tommy suddenly. "She just doesn't give a darn what he thinks—and, on a bet, is rubbing that fact in."

His eyes went back to the pool. Judy, emerging from it, mounted the springboard and poised herself on its tip. Briefly she stood so and then she cut the air and cleaved the water. The kid could dive, anyway, admitted Tommy.

He lighted a cigaret, prepared to watch the act out. At the end of fifteen minutes Spencer, leaving the pool, slipped into his robe. From the water Judy flung him a gay yet mocking kiss.

"See you at the club at ten," she called.

Tommy watched Spencer move toward his car. "I don't like that guy, somehow," Tommy informed himself. "He's hard-boiled and yet he's soft-boiled—all wet—if I know what I mean." He considered that for a minute, then grinned. "Now let me see," he mused. "Didn't I say something about a source mind? I wonder if——"

He glanced at his watch. Perhaps Sally wasn't up, but the only way to discover was to phone her.

Sally was up—just. So she admitted, adding: "And thrilled to have you call me so early. Couldn't *you* sleep either?"

"This is serious," he reproved.

"It's supposed to be when a man calls you up before breakfast," interpolated Sally. "But go on, speak your piece."

"Judy had her boy friend over for a swim before breakfast," began Tommy.

"Gracious, is it your impression that you are presenting me with some choice bit of gossip?" protested Sally. "That isn't anything to some of the things I might tell you about Judy and that boy friend!"

"And I think it's time somebody did

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something about it," persisted Tommy. "I have a feeling that it worries her father—and a man with so much on his mind should not be worried, you know."

"Is this a spoof?" asked Sally.

"Not at all. Why doesn't her father do something?"

"What can he do?" demanded Sally. "She's too old to be spanked and her father doesn't dare threaten her. He's afraid that if he issues an out-and-out ultimatum she'll simply go to the devil—if she hasn't already."

"You mean he just does nothing?"

"Oh, he tried to persuade her to go to a dude ranch out West somewhere, to get her away from Spencer. But Judy didn't see it that way and——"

"Thanks awfully," cut in Tommy—and hung up.

Emerging, he discovered that the pool was now deserted. He moved on past it to the picturesque twenty-car garage. He found there the roadster in which he had seen Judy the day before and parked himself beside it. There Judy, in a sport frock, found him when she appeared just before ten.

"Good morning," said Tommy coolly.

THE all-too-scarlet lips replied and their owner proceeded about her business. She slipped in behind the wheel, started the engine. As she did so Tommy eased into the seat beside her.

"If you're going to the club you might drop me there," he explained.

"What made you think I was going to the club?" Judy demanded.

"Perhaps I didn't. Shall we start again?" His eyes met hers lazily. "Well, here goes. You interest me strangely."

"How positively thrilling!" she commented disdainfully.

"I think you rather overdo that man-is-just-a-worm attitude," said Tommy. "But I suppose at seventeen your technique would still be a bit crude."

She, about to slip in the clutch, gazed at him incredulously. He, however, merely pulled in the clutch lever.

"Just give her the gas gently," he suggested.

"I suppose you think you're funny."

"Now you sound just like my sister Jane," he reproved. "Jane is only fifteen and *her* technique is awful."

The glance she gave him should have made his hair sizzle—but it didn't. So: "What is this—cave-man stuff?"

"I'm not interested *that* way," he protested. "You're attractive enough—got quite a lot of 'It,' I suppose, but I never was interested in free lunches. I——" He broke off hastily and added, "I am flattered by your wide-eyed interest, but please keep one eye on your driving."

She, however, continued to eye him wide-eyed. "Free lunches?" she echoed. "What do you mean?"

"Don't be dumb," he advised. "A free lunch is something that is cheap—and filling—but apt to be a bit pawed over."

The car came to an abrupt stop. "You get out this minute," said Judy, in a voice that suggested a piece of ice dropped into steaming coffee. "Or——"

"Or what?" asked Tommy.

"Or I will!" she blazed.

"Very weak—and quite ineffectual," commented Tommy. And as she made a swift move to escape, he put a restraining arm around her. "You are going to stay put until I get through talking to you," he assured her grimly. "It's time somebody did, you know."

She bit a furious lip but she ceased struggling. He was, she suspected, too strong for her. "What right have you to talk to me?" she blazed.

"None, probably," conceded Tommy. "In fact, I doubt if I'm qualified from any angle. Would you rather see a competent psychoanalyst? For your own sake—and your family's?"

"What?" she gasped. "Why, you——"

He tightened his grip swiftly. "Don't struggle," he advised. "There is no need of getting violent. I don't mean that you are insane or anything like that. You're just a bit foggy mentally; got your ideas all mixed."

"Are you quite sane yourself?"

"Quite," he assured her coolly. "A bit unconventional, perhaps, that's all. I consider it a virtue, but I suppose it's no use trying to make you see it that way. You're so conventional, you know."

Her lips parted in sheer surprise. She did not know whether he was indulging in sarcasm or not. She did know that he had seen her yesterday afternoon and again this morning from the terrace and she supposed he'd—well, heard of her.

"Do you mind if I remove my arm?" interpolated Tommy before she could decide what to say. "I'd like a cigaret and I'm handicapped."

"The sooner you remove it the better," she assured him forcibly.

"But you'll promise to stay put? Word of honor and all that?"

She hesitated. Then: "If you'll make it brief. One should humor a lunatic, I've been told."

Tommy removed his arm and produced cigarets. "Have one?" he asked.

"No, thanks," said she disdainfully.

"Fine—very unconventional," he assured her. "Most girls don't dare refuse a cigaret nowadays."

"I have an engagement at ten," she inserted swiftly.

"With Spencer Carr," acknowledged Tommy equably. "You're seeing a lot of Spencer nowadays, aren't you?"

"Is that anybody's business except his and mine?" she asked pointedly.

"Only his wife's, your father's—and the world's at large," retorted Tommy. "You rather make it so, don't you?"

"Oh, if you want to take the old-fashioned view!"

"Me? Not at all. I prefer to take the modern view. That you don't actually care a hang about Spencer but are merely maximating your ego, making a display of yourself in order to appease an overdeveloped desire for attention."

"I'm not," she protested. "I'm just——"

"I know," soothed Tommy. "Just free, emancipated, courageous, unconventional and—all that rot. That's what you think," he continued. "But actually you're a spoiled, selfish, conceited little idiot who never took a real chance, never proved her courage or her independence or anything. And who," he added hastily, "is forgetting her promise to me right now."

Her breath was coming fast; her eyes were furious. But her hand moved back from the gear shift just the same. He went on inexorably:

"You modern girls who think you are so much more unconventional than your mothers, who consider yourselves daring and independent, give me a pain. You aren't in the least."

He paused, but she had nothing to say.

"Think it over," he suggested. "In your mother's day a girl could be really unconventional and do things that meant taking a chance. She couldn't even smoke a cigaret without running the risk of being eternally damned socially. Anything unconventional she did took real courage."

Still she said nothing. He went on:

"But nowadays—well, nowadays it has become the conventional thing for a girl to be a bit wild or at least pretend to be. You're a prize sample because in order to get attention you go a little further. But you go at no great risk to yourself or to your reputation. The times, not you, are blamed. And you talk of courage, independence, emancipation!"

"Are you quite through?" she asked.

"Not quite," said Tommy grimly. "The only difference between you and a girl of twenty years ago is that she was afraid of being considered fast and you are afraid of being considered slow. It's a matter of fashion, just like the length of your skirt. She wouldn't have dared wear hers to her knees; if anybody forced you to wear one to your ankles your little ego would shrivel."

"It's ten o'clock now," she interrupted, "and as I told you——"

"You have a date with Spencer Carr," he finished for her. He hesitated, choosing his words. Then: "I suppose that gives you a sense of power, the feeling that you can get away with an affair like that. Of course your father's the only person who should try to stop you, but he doesn't dare issue an ultimatum because——"

"Father," she observed, "would be flattered at your opinion of him!"

"——because," persisted Tommy, "he cares for you and that gives you your power over him. He's so afraid that you, instead of listening to reason, will go off halfcocked and do yourself some irreparable damage."

"Elope with Spencer?" she suggested.

"Hardly that," Tommy assured her. "Why should Spencer elope with you? He——" He stopped—and she knew why.

"Say it," she commanded.

"He wouldn't, because why should he? You have deliberately advertised yourself as the sort of girl men are always ready to play around with. There is nothing new or novel about that—there has always been that sort of girl and Spencer is the sort of man that would make the most of an opportunity. A free lunch, as I said before, is——"

Before he could finish she had shot out of the car and stood confronting him.

"You—you've said enough! I—I never want to see you again!"

"Oh, don't say that!" grinned Tommy. "I have a hunch your father may give me a job. If so, we can have lots of nice talks about Spencer and——"

"Father won't. I'll tell him if he does I'll—I'll leave myself."

"Oh, thanks," beamed Tommy. "I'd be so obliged if——"

But she was now headed for the house. Judy, who never lost her temper with her father—he always lost his—was evidently so angry now that she had quite forgotten her engagement with Spencer.

"And I suppose that I ought to tell him so," concluded Tommy.

He slid behind the wheel and drove to the country club. He did not hurry; it was ten-thirty when he got there. Spencer was still waiting.

"Judy is late," explained Tommy, "and she may be a lot later. In fact"—he grinned—"perhaps she is now the late Judy, if you know what I mean."

HE LEFT it there. The utter astonishment of the other had been worth the trouble, he reflected, as he returned to the house party. Sally was among those present and she came toward him.

"What did you mean by hanging up on me that way this morning?" she demanded. "You ring up and then, just as you get interesting——"

"Rest on my reputation," he contributed. "Why not?"

"Have you been saying something to Judy?" she demanded.

"Why do you ask?"

"I wondered. Your phone call this morning—and then Marcia's phone call

to me. She discovered Judy flinging things into a suit case in a wild rage."

"Judy travels fast. Where is she going now?"

"To that dude ranch out West where her father wanted her to go."

"I *am* so glad," said Tommy. "She needed a change, don't you think?"

"You are the most maddening man!"

"You don't know the half of it," grinned Tommy.

Nor was she able to discover more. He left her, presently, on the plea that he must change for luncheon. But instead of going to his room he slackened his pace as he neared the door of what he knew to be the sanctuary of Samuel Sears, Senior. He paused there. Then:

"There is," he reminded himself, "a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood——" He knocked, adding under his breath, "Tide—here we are!"

The master of the house stood at the window. He turned, surprised, but said nothing, waiting for Tommy to explain.

"I told you," apologized Tommy, "that you ought to have a house detective."

"I begin to believe you," replied Judy's father.

"I wonder," ventured Tommy, "if I can also make you believe that I have imagination—and a source mind, too?"

The older man remained silent.

"I had a long talk with Judy this morning," continued Tommy, feeling his way. "Just before she—suddenly decided to go West."

He stopped there, resolutely, if not too confidently. But he knew at once that the other's attitude had changed; his interest had focused and sharpened.

"Just how does that prove you have a source mind?" demanded Judy's father.

"It's one of those things that can't be explained," replied Tommy. "Either you get an idea—or you don't."

Tommy let it go at that. He was wise enough to know that anything more would be considered presumption or worse. He could only wait.

He did so, through a silence that seemed interminable, although Judy's father was thinking fast. The latter knew that Judy's sudden decision to go West was as significant as it was surprising. It was also something he would have given almost anything to bring about. But he had been afraid to insist; with Judy he had always been powerless.

Now, on the heels of her cyclonic and inexplicable departure, this amazing youngster was intimating that he held the clue. Nor was he just talking. There was something about him that suggested——

"What makes you think you could be of any service to me in a business way?" demanded Judy's father abruptly.

"I hope to be of service to somebody—why not to you?"

"But my business is complex and intricate. In a way, I am like a commanding general. I have my staff of trained specialists."

"Naturally," conceded Tommy. "But doesn't even a commanding general have a young shave-tail or two who fits in somewhere? A—well, a combination errand boy and shock absorber? Why not try me for thirty days? I might surprise you."

In truth Tommy had already done that.

"When can you report for trial?" Judy's father asked.

"Monday morning."

"You mean, at the end of the house party?"

Tommy grinned. "I mean nothing so unwise as that. It's only that I've got to arrange a few personal matters. I'm leaving now and returning Monday morning—if it's here that I'm to begin."

"I do most of my work here in the

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summer, although I warn you you may be dispatched to Kamchatka on Tuesday."

"I always *did* wonder what that place looked like," retorted Tommy.

And so, at ten o'clock that night, Tommy once more returned to the home of his immediate ancestors. He had a sense of triumph and, with it, an honest hope that this time he and his most immediate male ancestor might get off on the right foot and share it together. He found the latter in the living room.

"Got your job—so soon?" gibed his father, bitterly sarcastic.

"So soon!" protested Tommy. "Good Lord, I'd begun to believe I'd never persuade my selected employer that he needed me. He fought to the very end."

"You—you've really got a job?"

"Oh, absolutely. I'm sort of personal assistant—duties indefinite but scope and opportunity unlimited—to Samuel Sears, Senior. You've heard of him?"

Tommy's father had. "How did you manage it?" he asked dazedly.

"I know his daughter," Tommy explained.

"You mean that his daughter got you the job?"

"Why, you might put it that way."

"A fine way to get a job," commented his father scathingly.

"It worked, anyway," suggested Tommy.

His father was speechless. His head reeled. It often did during his contacts with Tommy. He couldn't fathom it at all. Tommy had failed to grasp his opportunities at college; he had come home in disgrace. Yet here he was back again in twenty-four hours with a job. And such a job! How had he managed it?

"Are you going to marry the daughter?" he asked, as that possible solution popped into his head.

An affirmative would not have surprised him. Nothing could have now.

Tommy's reply, however, was definite. More so than it had any reason to be, considering the fact that he was, after all, only twenty-three and no man can foretell his own fate.

"Heaven forbid," said Tommy. To which, characteristically, he added: "I don't suppose there is any fatted calf in the house, but with your kind permission I'm going to inspect the ice chest. We working men, you know, must keep up our strength."

But that was only on the surface. As he went out something quite different from the spoken words filled his mind:

"Oh, confound it!" mourned Tommy. "Why does he have to be the only man in the world I can't ever talk sense to!"

And that would have amazed his father the most of all.

Can This Be 1929? (*Continued from page 41*)

duelists stood facing each other. Into their hands were thrust the sabers, sharp as razors, with curved blades three feet long, and heavy guards on the hilts. Standing upright, the seconds had their men hold their arms out straight. Then the judge brought the principals close enough together so that the blade of each rested on the hilt of the other.

With this distance decided, the judge marked off with heavy blue chalk a box for the left foot of each duelist. Under no circumstances must he move from this imaginary box.

With this technicality over—during which neither duelist made the slightest comment—the chief seconds fitted over the eyes of their principals small but heavy iron goggles. The tops of the ears were put under the elastic band that held these goggles to the head.

On a chair to the right and rear of each duelist was placed a basin of antiseptic with swabs of cotton floating about in it. Each duelist's Number Two second, with a rubber gauntlet on his right hand, now took one of these swabs and ran it over the saber blade. Whatever murder was to come must be done in a thoroughly antiseptic way.

Facing each other calmly and impersonally, and apparently with some anticipation, the gladiators were now ready for their work. The chief seconds, armed with heavy dull sabers, with heavy paddings over their arms and shoulders, and great wire masks completely protecting their heads, now assumed their own positions at the left-hand sides of their principals. A doctor in a white surgical coat stood directly behind each fighter.

Suddenly one of the seconds called for silence and in a booming voice announced: "This is an insult duel between my friend Herr Volker and Herr Trantz. Are you ready?"

With this dramatic speech ended, the referee stepped up to the platform. "This duel is illegal," he shouted. "I would ask that apologies be made."

For several seconds there was silence, and then the judge ordered the duel to go on. Immediately the two chief seconds assumed a crouching position to the left of their respective principals, with their swords raised above and slightly in front of their friends' heads.

"*Los!*" went the cry. "Go!"

Like men springing at each other the two duelists lunged out on their right feet, and slashed six times with their sabers.

Then the hall rang with the sharp cry of "Halt!" The seconds threw their swords in and checked the blades of the duelists. Now the fighters settled back. The round was over.

Immediately each doctor stepped out in front of his man and examined him. The seconds looked over the protective bandages and saw that all was well. Neither duelist spoke.

The Number Two second for each duelist again reached into his basin of antiseptic, brought out a swab and ran it over the saber.

For a half-minute the fight was stopped. Then the seconds again took their crouching attitude by the left-hand sides of their fighters.

Again came the cry of "*Los!*" Again the lunges, and the sharp sound of steel on steel. Then, almost before one could count three, came the order of "Halt!" and again the men rested back.

Unconsciously I moved over close to the platform. Inexperienced as I was, I could see that one man was an inferior swordsman—the fighter standing to my left, a slender, fine-looking lad, possibly twenty-one. The face of this boy was now flushed, and instinctively my sympathy went out to him. His opponent, a little taller, was calm and unconcerned.

Again came the cry of "*Los!*" then the savage lunges, and I saw a great streak of red on the cheek of the smaller man.

The round was over and as I looked again at the boy's face I saw a three-inch gash across his cheek, cutting the corner of his nose to his lip. The boy stood motionless as a marble statue. His second stepped up and looked at the wound. Blood was gushing from it.

From his pocket the doctor brought out a pair of forceps and caught the wound together. The silver handles hung down from the boy's lips.

For what seemed an interminable time,

the seconds and the doctor talked. Should the fight go on, or was this boy too badly wounded?

Now the doctor shook his head and announced that the fight was over. One of the seconds of the victor brought up the challenging calling card and, touching the defeated boy's breast, caught a splotch of blood on it. It would be a priceless souvenir.

Slowly the doctor took the arm of the wounded boy and guided him out of the door and into the operating room adjoining. I noticed as he went out that his hand reached up and took the pressure of the forceps off the wound; he had made no other sign.

He had been defeated, but honorably. He had seen the heavy saber of steel strike down at him, and he had not moved a muscle. He had taken this terrible cut without fear and without trembling. He had stood the gaff.

I went over to one of the little tables and sat down. I am sure the color had gone out of my face. I didn't know whether to cheer or to cry, "Shame!"

I doubt whether a dozen foreigners in Germany in the last twenty-five years have seen what I saw, and this was 1929—one-thirty-five in the afternoon of May seventeenth, to be exact, and within two miles of the Adlon Hotel in Berlin! It was no "sport duel," no *"Schlägermensur,"* fought with straight swords and using only the wrists. This was an old-fashioned insult duel, a *"Säbelmensur,"* where honor was at stake. Although the neck arteries and the eyes are protected, it is quite easy and usual for a severe and heavy wound to be inflicted—a wound such as I had just seen.

The insult, a few hot and careless words, had been followed by the exchange of cards between the two young men. The following day two friends of the man who had received the insult called on the man who instigated the quarrel, demanding an apology. These two seconds were given the names of two friends who would represent this principal. The four then got together, and with a fifth, a disinterested party, acted as a court to pass on the insult, and decide whether to order an apology or a saber fight.

There are really two types of saber fights: one where the duelists are protected, and the other where army officers fight with no protection whatsoever and often to the death. These latter, of course, are rare since the war.

In fact, it came as rather a shock to me that there was dueling of any sort in the German universities. In Berlin during the winter I had met several students, and had talked with them about student dueling. They told me it was distinctly forbidden by law but that it was practiced as of old by the university "corporations."

In May, when I was again in Germany, I looked up my friends. Possibly I might be taken to a sport duel—a *Schlägermensur?* They would see about it.

Then into the Adlon one day at half past twelve came a student friend with the tidings that there was to be an insult duel within the hour, and that he would run the risk of taking me. So it came about that a secret door of German student life was opened to me.

The following week in Heidelberg I went carefully into the whole organization of the student corps and fraternities. In all I found some forty-four "corporations." These are divided into several groups, most prominent of which are four groups that are known as "fighting corporations." Each of the clubs in these four groups must fight its full quota of student sport duels. Only the

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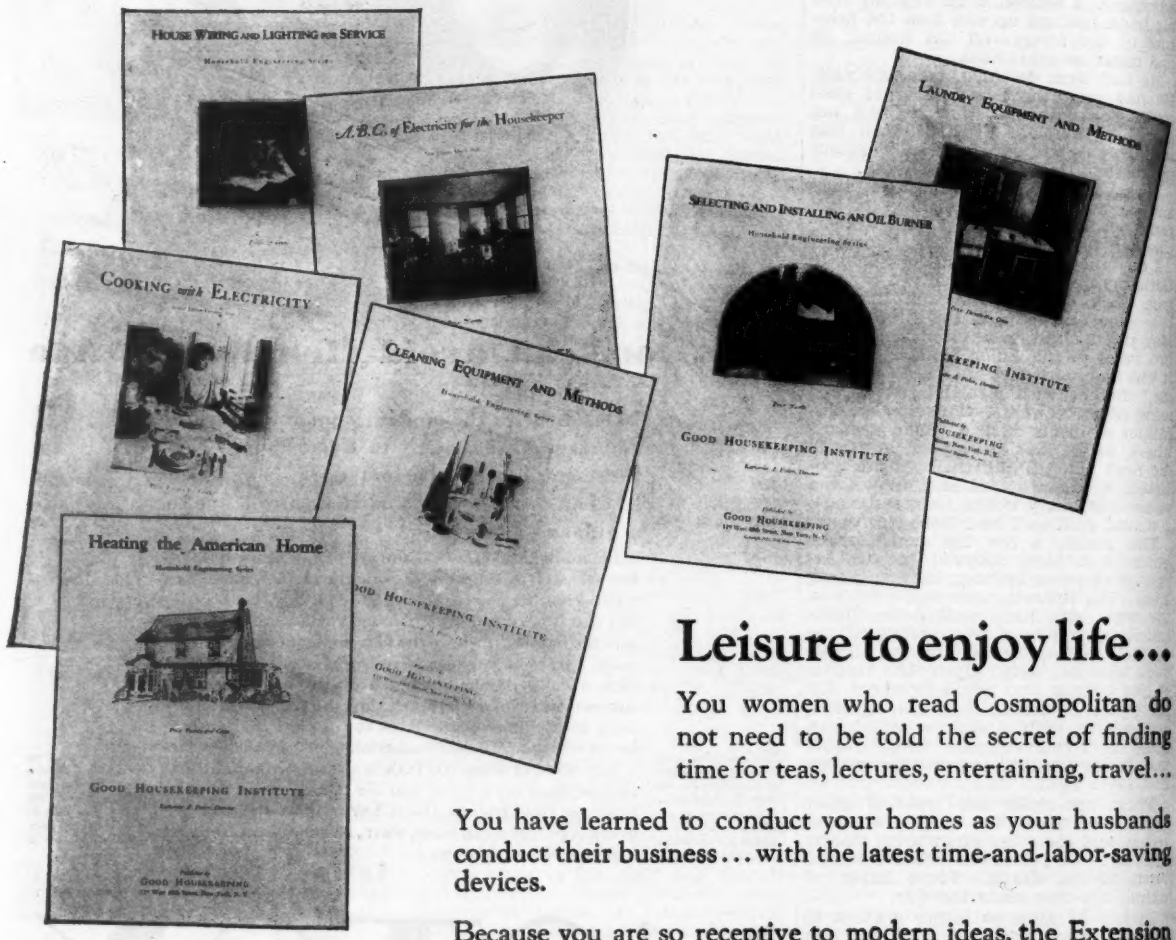
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first group, consisting of five corporations or fraternities, is known as a "corps." The second group, consisting of three corporations, is called *"Burschenschaft."* The third and fourth groups, consisting of two corporations or fraternities each, are known as *"Landsmannschaft"* and *"Turnerschaft."*

In ordinary compulsory student duels the members of the first group challenge and fight one another. The same is true of the second group, but the third and fourth groups, having only two clubs each, fight in this double group.

These four groups are the fighting corporations. Then there are several other groups below them which fight if they wish.

In order to enter one of these fighting corporations, a student must be recommended by a relative or a family friend. His position is that of a "pledge" and he is called a *"Fuchs."* His first semester is given over to sword practice—and the fine technique of beer-drinking.

At the beginning of his second semester he must fight a duel at once, when he becomes a *"Fuchsmajor."* He is now permitted to wear the corporation cap and a ribbon across his breast bearing two of the three club colors. He then fights a second duel, and if he has been able to prove his courage and companionship, he is made a full member of the corporation and may wear across his belt and on his watch fob the three colors of his fraternity. During the next year he must fight at least four more sport duels. After the second year he becomes a graduate member.

Each Saturday morning representatives of the different fighting corporations meet and decide who shall fight during the coming week. Dueling in Heidelberg is at present so strictly forbidden that a little village fifteen miles away is used. Here in a great hall all the student duels take place.

The difference between a sport duel and an insult duel is that in the sport fighting a straight sword is used, and the opponents stand with feet apart squarely facing each other. The sword hilt is placed against each breast and each sword blade touches the guard of the other sword.

Then the duelists' right arms are raised at an angle of forty-five degrees above their heads, and at the word they make four passes with their swords, each man using only the wrist. The duelist is protected from his chin down, and over his eyes are heavy goggles.

These sport duels consist of forty rounds, with four passes of the sword in each round. There are seconds and doctors, and the duelists fight to the end unless they are badly cut and are ordered to stop by the doctors. At the worst these sport duels only leave scars on the face, forehead and head. No one has been killed in a sport duel in Heidelberg for twenty years, except one youth who died as a result of a wound which was not properly taken care of.

A dueling scar is still looked upon by the upper classes in Germany as a red badge of courage. The duelist must not move his head or so much as blink an eye as he sees the sword coming down. It is no dishonor to be defeated—but to fail in courage is unforgivable.

"It is a great training in courage, in taking your medicine, in standing up to danger," a doctor of philosophy explained to me in Heidelberg. "This training comes when a young man's character is being molded. Discipline makes him manly and unafraid. It affects his whole life. We think it is the finest thing that can happen to a young man."

I did not argue.

I thought of that fine-looking lad in Berlin, who would carry all his life the scar from his cheek bone to his lips.

I thought of how much all this had to do with the spirit of militarism—this taste for blood and supercourage.

Then I thought of a boy whose neck I had seen broken on a football field in my own country; and of a half-dozen other gallant lads whose hearts had been ruined forever in the last grueling spurt in four-mile crew races.

I thought of the thousands of young men who gayly had gone out to death in the war.

I thought how stupid and cruel so many things of life turn out to be.

And finally, I thought I would reserve my judgment till I was much older and wiser than I am.

Ladies' Man *by Rupert Hughes* (*Cont. from page 53*)

with the rich. So I wrote me a rich old aunt and I got by.

"Nobody could suspect me of pulling any trick as old and bald as an imaginary sick aunt. So she became very real, and she was mighty convenient as an explanation for lots of things not too easy to account for otherwise.

"That's why Helena—Mrs. Fendley—when she saw you, so young and beautiful and all, said: 'I'm glad to see your aunt is better'—meaning, of course——"

Sibyl drew the line at having ironies explained to her. She snapped: "I see! I suppose she'll hate you for this."

"I wish to heaven she would; but no such luck. She'll merely hate you. She'd poison you with pride and joy if she only knew where to send the cyanide. If you get any anonymous boxes of candy or bottles of liqueur, you'd better have 'em analyzed before you indulge.

"When I telephoned her this afternoon, she asked me who the new beauty was that had made me forget my manners so completely as to leave her in the lurch the way I did. I told her I didn't catch your name—that you were just some tiresome celebrity that Aunt Fanny had lassoed. You aren't tiresome, but you are a celebrity, aren't you?"

"No; but I'm likely to be, if what you say of Mrs. Fendley is true."

Prophecies of such uncanny accuracy are unfortunately almost always tossed off just so, without the knowledge that they are prophecy and with no inspiration to avoid their omens.

Sibyl felt her repugnance turn to curiosity. She heard herself saying:

"Tell me a lot about Mrs. Fendley. She must have been beautiful once."

She realized too late what a crass puerility this was, and was pleasantly surprised again by Darricott's prompt rebuke:

"She still is a very beautiful woman and I've nothing to tell to her discredit. Which is all that would interest another woman, I imagine."

She rather liked him for the vigor of this, but before she could resent it or accept it, in the middle of a dark block the taxicab drew up at a canopy in front of what had plainly been a residence.

Jamie paid the driver and followed Sibyl up a step or two, through a modest doorway into a narrow hall and aside into a library, where she surrendered her heavy mink coat and he his overcoat and hat. Through an ornate grille she could see into the dining room, which was

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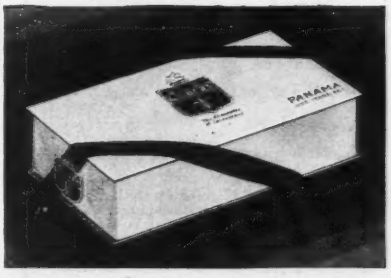

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peopled with a brilliant company around a crowded dance space.

Jamie paused to suggest: "I might borrow a cocktail from somebody, if you'd like a couple."

"I never drink during business hours," said Sibyl.

"Don't tell me I've brought this canteen on my hip for nothing."

"We'll see."

Jamie selected a table midway along the wall and as they followed the steward, Sibyl noted that many women glanced at Jamie with a certain warmth and at her with surprise and suspicion.

It was beginning to irritate her to be dragged about her own New York like a nobody newcome from nowhere, and it gave her a childish delight when one of the dancing couples came rushing to her.

Tommy — christened Thomasina — Blount dragged her from behind the table to her arms, crying: "Sib, for heaven's sake, I thought a hyena must have eaten you. And now you turn up with that Zulu. H'lo, Jamie. Sib, you remember old Bill Van Schaick?"

"Remember Bill?" cried Sibyl. "Weren't we baby carriages together?"

Tommy's companion, keeping his arm around her, added Sibyl to his embrace and kissed her with the heartiness of lifelong comradeship. A curt nod was all he vouchsafed to Darricott, and all he had in return.

Apparently so much hugging and kissing had awakened in Jamie neither surprise nor envy, yet the enthusiasm plainly had an effect on him. He had gone straight for Sibyl before he knew who or what she might be, because he found her to his liking. But it did not hurt her in his eyes that she turned out well-born and well acquainted.

Sibyl's presence finally caught the dim eyes of old Mrs. Masters, who was as much a ruler as any of the many now in power over the vast inclusiveness of New York aristocracy. She twisted her neck to see what was going on, put up her spyglass and cupped her hand about her better ear to the howls of "Johnny Jump-up" Mawson, who had squired her for fifty years.

Tommy Blount said to Jamie: "Old Mrs. Masters is piking you off. You weren't at her annual ball. Were you ill or wouldn't Mrs. Fendle let you go?"

"I wasn't asked," said Jamie.

"Well, you're honest about it anyway. Everybody on earth was there and we were all wondering why you weren't."

"Then I was there, after all, without the bother of going."

"Have you offended the old cat?"

"Not that I know of. Not that I give a hoot."

"Better take warning, Jamie. When Mrs. Masters cuts you out of her telephone book, it's the beginning of the end."

"The end of what?—being asked to annual round-ups? It can't come any too soon for me. In the first place, nobody is under any obligation to ask me anywhere.

"I never could understand the odd eggs who lick boots and crash gates to get in on every shindy. Where's the kick in being asked to a riot? My test of a woman's friendship is the opposite. When she says: 'There'll be just me and you, dear,' then I know she likes me. If Mrs. Masters really loves me she'll ask me to lunch with her alone, or to spend the week-end."

"What a couple you'd make in a canoe," said Tommy. "Good Lord, I believe she's coming over here. Better get under the table."

The awe-inspiring, the awful Mrs. Masters, who took her autocracy very seriously, actually hoisted her rickety bones from her chair and, leaning on Johnny Jump-up, began to hobble toward Jamie.

But it was to Sibyl that she came, clasped the girl in her arms and kissed her and asked her about her father and her mother and her cousins and her aunts.

She fixed on Jamie that magnifying glass of hers which made people feel like insects under a microscope, and sniffed:

"That's young Darricott with you, isn't it? How do you do, Mr. Darricott! You needn't tell me, because I know you do damn badly. But don't you tamper with this darling of mine, or I'll turn you over my knee. Understand?"

"Yes, *ma'am*," said Jamie. "I'll be good."

"Not that I'm afraid for you, my dear," she said to Sibyl. "You've run straight all the way, and I watched you learn to walk. I was so proud to read about your big-game hunting. But there wasn't half enough published and your pictures were scandalously unjust to you."

She put her glass on Sibyl, and nodded, "Nice, nice! You must come over and tell me all about everything."

"I will the moment I get back. I'm going South tomorrow."

"Send me a lion skin to remember you by."

"Maybe she'll send you mine," said Jamie.

"Yours, young man? I said a lion's. Do you know where I'd hang your hide if I had it?"

"Don't tell me. There's children present."

"You scamp! Did you know that I didn't invite you to my last reception, and do you know why?"

"Don't tell me you had a reception! For heaven's sake! Well, if you really did and left me out, it must have been because you love me and are afraid to admit it."

This staggered the empress for a moment, but she relished the rare luxury of being insulted, and tried to brush a smile from her thin old mouth with her pitiful old hand as she answered:

"Well, if that's the way you look at it, I'll invite you now to my next one."

"If you'll let me take charge of it I'll make it really interesting."

"That would be a novelty! I'll count on you, if you're alive by then. But somebody will surely have killed you long before that."

She shook her head over him, then turned again to Sibyl: "But at that, perhaps the imp's more sinned against than sinning. He's the victim of fool women. He's the son of one. I know his mother well—a sweet thing, good blood, a beauty, but what a fool, wasn't she? Isn't she?"

"Sweet and beautiful, yes," said Jamie, "and I suppose she was a fool to have me, but otherwise, no!"

Mrs. Masters tapped him with her glass. "Very gallant, my boy, but don't get Sibyl talked about, as you do everybody else, or I'll run you out of town. Good-by, my darling; kiss your mother for me—and your father, too. But don't kiss Jamie Darricott for heaven's sake —and your own."

When she was gone, and the others had dispersed, Jamie growled:

"Don't you wish everybody would quit warning you against me?"

"I do, indeed," said Sibyl. "One or two more testimonials and I'll have to marry you to find out just how bad you are."

"Is that a proposal?"

"Would there be any hope for me?"

"You're young and good-looking and you must be somebody. Gosh, you must

be blamed near everybody, when old Mrs. Masters gets up and comes to you."

"That's only because she's always known me."

"Well, what more could anybody want? The only question remaining is—how much money have you?"

"Hardly any."

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."

"Where's the nearest dock?"

"At either end of the street, there's a nice river."

"Just how much must your wife have?"

"A lot. I can't endure plain food, plain clothes, plain people—they all make me seasick. Economy is poison. I could never bear to save what little money I ever had, and I never had any. And I never have any mercy on anybody else's money that I can get my hands on. With all the stunning things there are to do in this world, I couldn't bear the thought of poverty. Give me luxury or give me death."

"Can't you earn any money?"

"Apparently not. I've tried to, but it seems to take something I haven't got. Drudgery is beyond me and what does it get you? There's a peculiar kind of crookedness that makes big money, but I can't seem to find it in me.

"There are brokers and bankers and promoters who don't mind robbing widows and orphans by the wholesale, but they despise a man for accepting a little gift from one woman. As if I didn't earn it!"

"Do you take money from women?" Sibyl gasped. "Do you really?"

"We haven't ordered dinner. And I'm hungry. Aren't you?"

"I was, but——"

"Oh, you don't have to pay for this. This is my treat."

"But who is really paying for it?"

The question escaped her in a sudden chill—the same chill that came over her when she learned she was riding in some other woman's town car. She hoped that he had not heard, but he said with a blighting tone:

"The more I know other people's morals, the more I realize that I'm as good as anybody. Which is saying blamed little."

She tried to dismiss her doubts and tell herself that she was a fool to fret over such a matter. She had known numbers of women who had bought European husbands and seemed to prefer them to the American brand, but the American tradition was that men must never take money from women as a gift. They could steal it, inherit it, or rob women of it under the guise of business, but it must not come as a present.

Some of her own ancestors had heaped up their fortunes by methods that would hardly bear investigation. What business was it of hers how Jamie Darricott got his money or spent it? She dismissed the subject.

In the meantime, Jamie had ordered the dinner without even asking her what she wanted. She was grateful for that, for she was in too somber a mood to find anything appetizing.

She had deferred her journey home, paid a high price for a mischievous gown, come out into the garden with the Mephistopheles of the day and was already wishing that she was asleep in her berth on her way South.

Sibyl was watching the dancers when suddenly Darricott exclaimed:

"Whoop-te-ti-do! Here comes trouble."

He pointed with the top of his head toward the door and a tall young girl, who looked dimly familiar to Sibyl. With her was a young giant who gazed about the room as if everybody disgusted him. The girl was not haughty, but there was a truculence in her beauty that was puzzling until Jamie explained it:

"We now have with us little Rakehell Fendley and her elbow-holder, Peytie Weldon. He's the boy that put the snob in snobbery. Rakehell maddens him and he maddens her. That's why they're always together. Their only common interest is liquor. He drinks because it makes him feel haughtier. She drinks for the same reason that cooks pour kerosene on kindling, so as to make a quick blaze and a fine chance for an explosion. This looks like one of Rachel's bad nights. Her mother is worried to death about her."

Sibyl had an acrid thought about a mother who could worry over a daughter and go on setting her such an example, but Darricott was not disturbed by such incongruities; he grumbled on:

"Rachel does the most appalling things when she's drinking. She's nearly made the newspapers several times. She wants to murder somebody —anybody—everybody. She's not a bad kid sober. And she's only a little girl, at best. Isn't it frightful the way the children lap it up nowadays?

"Peyton Weldon ought to be shot for bringing her here when she's like this. I wish I could get her home, but it would probably mean a fight with both of 'em.

"Oh, Lord, they're coming to the table next to ours. Weldon couldn't have seen me, or he'd never do that. Somebody ought to marry that girl to save her from him."

"Why don't you?" Sibyl ventured, flippantly. "Or hasn't she any money either?"

"She has oodles of it, and——" He paused as if struck sharply by an entirely new, an astounding thought. "That's not a bad idea," he said. "I'd be doing her a good turn at that. Bad as I am, Weldon would be worse."

He was actually thinking it over! Sibyl had meant it as the most frivolous nonsense and he was taking it seriously! These wonderful people took nothing seriously except the most ridiculous or outrageous things! What a world she had stumbled into!

She did not quite dare ask the horrible question: "What would Rachel's mother say—and do!—if you tried to marry her daughter?"

The problem roared in her ears. It was the most fearful thing she had ever encountered. Yet she could see the notion working through Jamie's brain.

Sibyl studied Rachel now with more interest than she had taken even in the mother.

She was an entirely different Rachel from the one Sibyl had seen at luncheon. That was an immature young girl, modestly dressed and hurrying with juvenile heroism to save an erring elder sister from discovery.

This was a sullen, morose, baleful, half-baked beauty, an overgrown child, one of those premature sirens who remind one of what is constantly forgotten: that Juliet was not quite fourteen when she married Romeo secretly; that Cleopatra was already a seroent of the Nile at twelve, and that, in some of our own states, there were wives not yet fourteen with babies at breast.

In Rachel were combined all the unimaginative ruthlessness of a child and all the powers of a woman. She was plainly pugnacious and on her moody brows sat all the signs of an insane ability for blind rages. Sibyl watched her approach with fascinated trepidation.

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Few noticed her, since a dance was just going on, and she was not yet tipsy, just on her way. As a waiter pulled a table out from the wall seat, she sank into her place limply.

Peyton Weldon managed to sit down with an almost unbelievable magnificence for so homely a deed. He gathered up the bill of fare, scowled at it, and issued an edict to the waiter:

"Two tall glasses and s'm ice wa'r."

Rachel was letting her eyes run about the room as if looking for somebody to throw a knife at. They finally reached the man at her elbow and focused on him viciously.

Her hostility changed as by a miracle into a look of angelic sweetness. She put her hand on Darricott's arm and exclaimed with an intense concern for her treacherous articulation:

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie! how scared I was for you and Mother 'snoon. I happened to hear her make a luncheon date with you and nen I happen' hear Dad say he wa'—he wa-slunching with a—a bunch of bank-ers at same place.

"I just had time to dash over to the hotel and pretend it was me was lunching with you. When I found you'd gone over to another table, I was inspired t' preten' it was me lunching with Mother all the time. Nar' 'scape, eh?

"Dad doesn't even dream of Murr's—Mother's—interest in you. If ever he wake' sup—bang-o! If you two don't watch out, any day now, there's goin' be the loudest eruption since latest from Sevuvius.

"I was so afraid you'd come back to lunch'n table, and Murr was so afraid you wouldn't—we had a terri'le row. We usually do. She's such a nidiot! Sweetes' thing in all the worl' and I adore 'er; but such a mutt. Sometimes I think I'll never succee' in raisin' that Murr o' mine.

"I been wanting to see you and beg you to leave her alone, Jamie. This my firs' topportunity and I 'mplore you to cut her out. If you don't, something frigh'ful's bound to happen. And now that we're alone, promise me—oh, promi' smee. Will you? Be frank with me, Jamie. We may not be alone again."

"But Rachel darling, we're not alone now."

"No?" said Rachel. "Rilly?" Ignoring the rest of the crowd, she leaned forward and stared at Sibyl so hard that Sibyl's smile died long before Jamie had finished the introduction.

For a moment it looked as if Rachel would attack her, then it looked as if she might embrace her. She whispered to Jamie with a babyish simplicity:

"You s'pose she heard what I was say'n' about Murr?"

"I suppose so," said Jamie. "Everybody else in the room must have, except the drummer."

This amused her immensely. She giggled and slapped at Jamie. Her laughter died suddenly and she grew infantile once more, as she leaned across to appeal to Sibyl:

"If you heard what I was say'n' or if you didn't hear what I's say'n' 's all same t' me, but I want exten' to you a vote of thanks for taking Jamie away 'snoon. And a second vote of thanks, and also Congressional Medal Honor f'r carry' nim off 'sevening. If you'll only keep him now you've got him, I'll give you a pension for life. Could anything be fairer than that? I ask you now, as man to man."

"Nothing could be fairer," said Sibyl, with all the solemnity one devotes to answering drunkards and infants.

Rachel patted Jamie on the arm. "Now, you're provided for, Jamie! And I don't want to see your hateful beauty round our house any more. Is 'at understood?"

"Nothing could be more final. Goodby forever," sighed Jamie.

"Oh, don't say 'at!" Rachel gasped. "You can come see me, o' course. It's only Mother's out. Understan'? Mother's always out!"

"I understand."

"Well, 'at's fine. And a noble night's work for me. I'll now vote myself a string of mells—of med-als. Oh, hello, Peytie, when did you arrive?"

This last, of course, to her escort, who had ordered dinner, and had turned to drink a toast to his companion, only to find her in intimate conversation with Jamie Darricott, whom he despised.

Weldon stared at Darricott as if he were translucent, caught Rachel by the elbow and muttered: "Have a sip and then we dance."

With magnificent disdain Rachel sneered: "We dance? We? I may, but we can't. You never could; you never will. Jamie's the boy that can dance."

Sibyl had been away from America for so long that she had forgotten how frequent, how commonplace had become the sight of drunken girls and illuminated ladies, and she studied in gripped wonderment the mysterious influence of drink on the thoughts, the speech and the features of one who was otherwise a singularly beautiful, honest and amiable child. Suddenly there came over her a realization of what the girl was discussing, the coarse realities, the abominable implications of all the depravity in a daughter lacking a mother's guidance and trying to guide the mother. Blind leading blind and heading straight for the ditch.

Back of Rachel's back Jamie was pleading with Weldon. "For the Lord's sake, man, get this baby home, won't you? Right away, before it's too late."

Weldon's contempt was superior even to his discretion. He answered frigidly: "Would you partic-u-lar-ly mind minding your own business?—if any. And if none, would you try to find some of your very, very own?"

Darricott answered: "I'll make it my business to smash your very, very ugly face the first time I find you alone."

Weldon sat up straighter as he sneered: "'Says the ant to the elephant, "Who you shovin'?"'"

He laughed "ha-ha-ha!" an unhuman, wood-pounding "ha-ha-ha!" It was hard for a man as big as Darricott to yield to a bigger, and the struggle to contain himself whitened his lips.

Sibyl felt that it would have been like a breath of fresh, wholesome air to see fists flying and hear tables going over in a good honest battle, but lifelong training kept both the men in leash.

Darricott took his eyes from Weldon with a wrench, and forced himself to plead with Rachel: "Listen, honey, do you want to do me a great favor?"

"Do you a flavor, honey? Why, I'd lay me doon and dee for saxpence. Name any flavor and it is thine."

He lowered his voice further: "You may not have noticed it, but your little boy friend is getting soused; he's going to die on your hands."

"Peytie soused? Is he rilly?" She snickered with delight and Darricott pressed the point:

"Will you kindly take him away and leave him at some undertaking parlor? He doesn't belong among the living."

But Rachel shook her head.

"Bi'rly—bit-ter-ly as I hate to deny you anything, Jamie, I must refusal."

Darricott could wheedle no more; he

turned to Sibyl. "Let's dance, in heaven's name."

It was an odd thing to do in heaven's name, but Sibyl rose to the crisis. And it was an odd mood to be in for her first dance with Jamie Darricott.

Her situation was so ridiculous that it delighted her. She was clasped in the arms of Jamie Darricott, in that famous embrace in which women were supposed to be lost. But Jamie hardly knew of her existence. He jigged her about as if she were a puppet, while over her head he brooded over another woman.

Now and then as their orbit brought them round to that side of the room, Sibyl caught, through the arms or between the clashing shoulder blades of the dancers, glimpses of Rachel and Weldon quarreling with devout earnestness.

Suddenly Rachel rose, thrust back the table and marched up the aisle, up the steps and out. Through the grilled opening into the library Sibyl caught another glimpse of her issuing from the women's cloakroom, settling herself into her cloak in angry jerks. Weldon could do nothing but follow. To the startled waiter, just arriving with the dinner he had ordered, Weldon said firmly:

"Give it to the poor, with my comp'-m'ts."

Then he pursued Rachel, hurried after her into the street.

Sibyl felt infinitely relieved by the departure of this young anarchist and her Old Tory lover, and she said:

"You don't have to dance any more, now that they're gone."

To her further amusement, Darricott failed to make the obvious protest that dancing with her was such a delight in itself, et cetera. He simply led her from the floor to the table with a curt:

"Good idea. We'll eat."

He was so glum that she found herself trying to divert him instead of looking to him for entertainment. She said:

"It's nice that Miss Fendley obeyed your orders and went home."

"Home?" Darricott growled. "That's the last place she'll think of. Home? With so many other places open? There's six million people in this town and half of 'em are out trying to forget what they did today and what they've got to do tomorrow. Where won't she go before she gets home?"

His words suddenly spread the metropolis before Sibyl's imagination as a boundless saturnalia, raging every night. She had seen tribal love-riots in Africa and had been appalled by the mad efforts of the celebrants to find more and more frantic gestures for the expression of their deliriums. But only a few score of them had taken part and they had their squalor for their excuse. They were close kindred to the apes about them, and fellow citizens of the wild.

But here in this monstrous world of splendor and wealth, there seemed to be exactly the same maniacal struggle to throw off not only all bonds, but all opportunities, and to get back to the jungle, back to the forefathers, the savages and the apes.

Over Sibyl's head on the gilded wall was a painting of a New York scene, a huddle of skyscrapers welded into a Gibraltar of stone and steel. It had taken brave dreaming and tremendous doing to build that mountain and the mountain chain that man had piled up on Manhattan Island.

At this hour those heights were abandoned, dark and idle. The financiers, the exporters, importers, executives, office boys, the stenographers, the filing clerks and the rest were all gone from the mountains except the old scrubwomen who had become reptiles again and crawled about the floors in nocturnal scavengery. The brave, laborious men and women who filled the mountain with life all day long were down in the ravines hunting for pleasure.

Some of them were here before her, with their expensive companions, eating, dancing, laughing, flirting. Their conduct was as well-groomed as their frames, but she wondered what was going on elsewhere, in the shabbier places, the night clubs, the dance halls, the speakeasies—she had read that there were more than thirty thousand of them replacing the eight thousand saloons of the bad-enough good old times.

She watched her companion swishing his spoon back and forth in the soup that had been a poem to the chef. Now and then Darricott lifted his empty spoon to his lips and put it back, not knowing that he had not sipped. She supposed he was still raging against Weldon, still fretting over Rachel.

"Why don't you go after her and find her and take her home?" she said. "It would put your mind at ease, and I can take care of myself."

He knew what and whom she meant, for he answered:

"You might as well send me out to bring in a wildcat. Lord, isn't it wonderful that such a kid with every advantage, every chance, all the money in the world, could find nothing better to do with her girlhood than to go out and get drunk? When people grow old and hopeless you can understand their taking to drink or drugs or anything deadening, but a kid like that—hardly out of her cradle and already one of our leading little menaces.

"If she were the orphan of a convict, or spent her days in a laundry or behind a counter or pounding an addressing machine, you could see why she might want to run wild, but that kid——

"And Rachel gets no fun out of drinking. She hates herself, and makes herself hateful. You want to chuck her in a garbage can or a sanitarium. But you can't—you just can't!"

The waiter held before him two partridges on a platter, lifting the lid as if it were a hat in a salute. Darricott nodded.

When they had finished their birds, he asked her if she wanted to dance, but he did not bother to urge her, and she was in no frame of mind for flirtation or frivolity. She was in a philosophic mood, trying to analyze this man at her elbow.

And he was not there all the while. She could see that his thoughts were pursuing Rachel Fendley. She tried to tell herself that he was afraid something might happen to Rachel to prevent his marrying her money. Yet something within Sibyl kept wondering if he were not really afraid for Rachel with an honest, brotherly fear.

Finally she said: "You might find Miss Fendley in the first place you tried."

"There's a new restaurant opening in Greenwich Village tonight. We might look there. We could take it in as an added attraction. I'm really worried about Rachel, and if you wouldn't mind——"

"I'd love it."

"Do you want a sweet, cheese, ice—anything first?"

She shook her head. He closed his books with the waiter and the door man helped them into a taxicab.

Jamie sat with his gloved hands clasped on the top of his walking stick, his chin sunk in the white bosom of his shirt, his opera hat cocked on the side of his head.

Sibyl liked strong silent men and the

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communions of silence, but Jamie's taciturnity was strangely disturbing. He had offered her a cigaret, and snapped his lighter for her. He knew when she finished it and offered her a second, but otherwise ignored her existence.

In passing cabs and town cars and limousines she caught glimpses of much candid love-making. But she rode with the love-champion of the town, and he sat aloof and thought of another girl.

She studied his silhouette against the blurred panorama of the gliding shop fronts. He was mysteriously attractive, pathetic rather, with the childish petulance that characterizes all great tyrants. He had a Byronic grace that saved him from offense in his ruthlessness. He had no clubfoot and he did not write poetry to set a world of women aflame in secret, yet he had the same cynical audacity, the same restless loneliness.

Other men suggested adventure in finance, in exploration, in politics, war, art, science, athletics. Jamie Darricott suggested adventures in love, in intrigue. His hands made one imagine caresses; his arms, embraces.

One did not look to that mouth of his for utterances of wisdom, wit, philanthropy, defiance, eloquence. His lips were made for amorous murmurs and kisses; his eyes for no farther vision than the nearest beauty and the nearest eyes that looked into them.

In his presence women were disturbed, conscious of their bodies, conscious of their duties and the distastefulness of their duties. Good women found themselves assuming an attitude of preparedness against advances he did not make, and did not need to make.

Sibyl's better self was actually crying aloud within her: "If he should put his hand on mine, I would fling it off."

Yet another self was ashamed because she was not fascinating enough to inspire him to such a gesture. She recognized the tremendous, almost irresistible power of one who menaces and does not move, but waits, waits, while the adversary is frantic for the attack to begin, and cannot begin it.

In Jamie's presence she was oppressively convinced of what she usually denied: that men and women are in a sense inevitable, immemorial adversaries, doomed to a certain kind of conflict. If the man will not start the fight, the woman must.

She began to understand at last why women pursued Jamie Darricott. She had a glimmering of the torment he inflicted on Mrs. Fendley, and on all the other women who had given him his fame.

When the taxicab jarred Sibyl against Jamie's arm, it took a strangely powerful effort of her will to draw herself away. She sat as far from him as she could, but felt weirdly lonely, weirdly pushed and dragged toward him.

There were the oddest impulses in her hands to reach out and touch him, to clutch his sleeve, rest upon his arm. Her fingers wanted to wander through his hair.

There was no lack of recognition in her soul of the idiocy, the disgracefulness, of such thoughts. No purist could have denounced her more brutally than she denounced herself. But the denunciation also warmed her. The self-contempt cried for a refuge in his arms.

Being a girl who usually went right after what she wanted, and was good chiefly because she never really wanted anything vicious, she was in a dangerous frame of mind; for she was coming round to the belief that it was a ridiculous waste of time and opportunity to travel with a past master of love and take no advantage of the association.

If she had ridden much farther—— But the journey came to a sudden conclusion in a dingy street, among a cluster of taxicabs about a doorway beneath a sign that shouted in electric capitals:

ARISTIDE

Jamie and she joined the crowd trooping down a wide stairway into a huge cellar buzzing like a swarm of bees. There was none of the polite sedateness of the Embassy Club. Only a few were in evening clothes and they were generally rumpled. The din of laughter and babble shook the walls and seemed to take its spirit from the highly decorative and highly indecorous mural paintings, primitive figures of nymphs, satyrs, Adams, Eves, Liliths, peasants, engaged in various phases of pagan love.

The jazz band was evoking the same emotions in equally lawless music, and the dancing floor was a choked eddy of revolving couples clinging together.

Sibyl and Darricott paused on the crowded stairs and leaned across the rail to look down into the grotto. Everybody seemed to be having an immensely good time. Inhibitions had been left at home or checked with the hats and coats.

A few people were leaving the place and their tables were in fierce demand. When Jamie had finally rid himself of his burden at the check room, Sibyl joined him in the line besieging Aristide.

There was a sudden different commotion on the steps leading down to the tables and the dance floor. A different laughter, charged with ridicule, shook the crowd and there was much pointing at some couple evidently trying to make their way out.

The stormy laughter of a woman caught the ear of Jamie and Sibyl and they recognized it with a shock.

Out of the hubbub came Rachel, her face flushed, her tone strident. Her inheritance and her lifelong breeding had been swept away and she was as wildly pagan as one of the half-clad primitives in the mural paintings. Though she had her great fur coat about her, she was a bacchante in a ball gown, and one almost expected to find her fingers clenching grapes fresh plucked and her lips smeared with their blood.

But it was only rouge, and her vineyard laughter was pitiably out of place. Even more anachronistic was Weldon, whose liquor did not mellow him. More dignified than before, almost impossibly stately, his overcoat still on and his high hat set straight on his grim skull, he glared at the noisy tenantry, effaced them with his contempt and went on talking to Rachel as if they were alone:

"This is no time for flippancy, my dear. I was smerely remarking that when a man and a woman plan t' enter bonds of holy mat—a decent respect-t for the laws of nature and of human s'iety—you and I are going to be married eventually, why not ann——"

"I'm never going to marry you as long as I live or even longer."

"But you promised me."

"If I did I must have been cold sober and not responsi—responsi-ble."

"I hold you to your plighted word."

"I'm not goin' to marry you, I tell you."

"Wha'll you bet?"

"Wha'll I bet what?"

"I'll bet you anything you like you'll marry me."

"I'd like a million dollars."

"All right. I'll bet you a millllion doll'rs you marry me."

"I'll take 'at bet."

"Done!"

"Who'll hold stakes? Good Lord, if

there isn't Jamie Darricott and Miss—Miss Geisenheimer or something. Jamie, you're just in time to witness a bet. Peytie Wel'n here bets me a million I'll marry him. I bet him a million he won't. Will you be hold-staker?"

"We'll talk it over tomorrow at your home," Jamie said in a renewed hope of whisking her back to obscurity.

"Home nothin'. We're goin' to settle 'is matter right chere and now. Come on, Mr. Wel'n, where's your million? 'Pit it out in Jamie's hand."

"Very likely—oh, *very* likely!" said Weldon, managing to imply that a million would not be safe in such company.

"Put up or shut up. Where's your million?" Rachel shrieked.

"Where's yours?" he answered.

"I don't have to have mine because you lose. You owe it to me already."

"Indeed! How d' you make 'at out?"

"You bet me a million I'll marry you. I'm the one to decide. I decide it now. You don't marry me."

"I'll bet you another million I do."

"All right. I'll take 'at bet, too."

"Where's your money?"

"Pay me the million you owe me on the first bet and I'll put it up for the secon'."

"But I don't owe you——"

"You do. You've los' 'at bet already. Will you pay or won't you?"

"No!"

"Then you are a welsher. A welsher! Do you suppose I'd marry a welsher? Do you?"

"You're goin' to marry me!"

"In a pig's eye I am. Never speak to me again. Hear? Never!"

She broke through the crowd and darted up the steps. Weldon lurched after her. Jamie tried to overtake them but they slipped through a new mob cascading down the stairs.

Jamie ran to the check room. When at last he had his coat and hat, and Sibyl's, they could hardly mount the stairs against the cataract of visitors. When they reached the sidewalk, their quarry had, of course, departed long since.

Jamie asked the door man if he knew Mr. Weldon or Miss Fendley. He shook his head. This was too far south for their social grandeur.

Darricott explained: "Did you see a tall young woman and a still taller young man in evening clothes come up and get into a car?"

The door man had a glimmer: "Was they both kind of—er——"

"They were both stewed," said Jamie. "What other places could they go to here in the Village?"

"Hardly any places. Pra'tically all the jernts down here closed in comp'ment to Mr. Aristide's big openin'."

Jamie handed him half a dollar and led Sibyl to the next cab up. He told the driver: "Up Fifth Avenue as fast as you can till I tell you where next."

As they went round the first turn Sibyl was flung into the corner with Jamie close beside her. When they straightened up, Jamie was still close to her and in accordance with his habit of inertia, he did not move over to his corner. He put his left arm about her and his right hand slipped down to clasp her hand.

She had to wait to hear what he was saying before she made the requisite reminder.

"Darned decent of you to go out with me on this wildcat chase," he said.

"There's hardly anything else to do," she said. "Somebody ought to look after the girl."

"Yes, but why should you?"

"Why should I be here at all?"

"It's only because you're the best sport I ever met, and I'm crazy about you, quite hipped—really."

His arm tightened at her farther shoulder and he drew her two hands up to his lips and kissed them. And this had the most bloodcurdling effect on her. She was profoundly amazed and pleased with praise that she knew to be supreme by his standards, and she had no time to rally her faculties before he had pressed her chin upward and her head backward on his arm and, staring down at her, kissed her on the lips.

Bewildered as she was, she could tell that he meant no more than a brotherly salute. Her first sensation was one of instinctive disappointment that he found her no more than a good fellow.

But he seemed to savor that kiss. In the flash hurled into the car by the headlights of another, she saw his eyes close while his arm lifted her up against his breast, crowding her ribs in upon her heart; his mouth smothered her, stopped her breathing and quenched her outcry.

She thought she would die before she could escape, yet felt that it was too sweet a death to want to escape. She understood for the first time what the kiss has meant to those who have really given and taken it.

She had a lightning-flare of illumination in deep caverns of the soul and of human tragedy. She was proud to be able to know what she now knew. And she was abysmally ashamed and afraid to tears. She thought she ought to be angry, but she could not be.

When he lifted his mouth from hers and gazed down at her, he seemed to be as dazed and as terrified as she was. All she could say was a whimpered, "Please! Please!"

When she had weakly shrugged her shoulders out of his clasp and he had returned to his usual statuary, a silhouette with hands clasped on a walking stick, chin sunk in his white shirt and opera hat a little more to one side than usual, she began to tell herself angrily that he had insulted her by his presumption, that he had merely added her to the long queue of females he had obliged with a smack, and that her lips were somehow stained forever with the pollution of the Mrs. Fendleys and the innumerable other wantons.

But what was there to say now? She was not cad enough to blame him for taking advantage of her trusting innocence or weakness. He said nothing. What could he say? An apology would not be any too tactful.

He looked sad and lonely and far off again. What could he say?

Would she be able to resist this new woman in her heart, this unsuspected Cleopatra wh must have dwelt there unborn until now?

Sibyl felt outnumbered. The Sibyl Page she had always been and supposed that she would always be, the nice, cool, honest, wholesome Sibyl, was here alone with this man and another woman, a wild voluptuary. Perhaps it was Jamie Darricott's power and his curse that he called forth that lurking tenant within her soul.

But he suddenly leaned forward, slid the glass back and said: "Go to the Timbuctoo. Know where it is?"

"Sure! But do they know you there? You won't get in if they don't."

"They know me," said Jamie.

Somewhere in the feverish Fifties the cab stopped before an old brownstone residence once doubtless as cautious to admit only the law-abiding as it was now cautious to keep them out. A pair

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of heavy men stood before the door in the morose attitude of night watchmen.

They studied Jamie so suspiciously as he paid the fare that the driver murmured: "I'll wait and make sure."

Darricott sauntered up to the steps and said, "Good evening, Harold," to a man who looked exceedingly un-Haroldian, but nodded and grinned. Darricott beckoned to Sibyl, and waved to the moon-faced driver, who waved back and drove off.

In the heavy door a large eyelid was lifted and a small eyeball peeked through. When the door opened with a sense of mystery, Darricott stepped in and fell back for Sibyl.

She found herself in an apparently empty hall, but as the door swung shut it disclosed a doleful individual evidently much worn down by the ever-present fear that the persons just admitted would turn out to be a couple of Prohibition agents.

Darricott led Sibyl into a large dance hall where nobody danced. The orchestral instruments were deserted on the band platform and nobody sat at any of the tables, except one where a man and a woman were slumped like discarded wax figures.

"They're not here, certainly," said Sibyl, wondering why anybody should ever visit such a cave of melancholy. She expected Darricott to turn and go, but he guided her to a dark alcove, where a furtive little man popped out as if he would say, "Cuckoo!" and vanish.

But Darricott reassured the poor little sentinel as soon as he came through the dim light, and was recognized. With a deep bow the man opened a door and let out first a wave of drunken noise.

Darricott motioned Sibyl to precede him, but she stopped short on the sill, smitten by the vision of a dazzlingly lighted old-fashioned saloon with gaudy mirrors inscribed in soap-script, with pudgy nudes in chromos that were once held to be naughty, with glossy bar and shining foot rail and gleaming spittoons and everything.

It was a perfect reproduction of a room that might have been enshrined in the Metropolitan Museum among the other examples of domestic masterpieces in American architecture. But far more dazzling than the antique furniture was the modern company: heavy-headed ladies whose pearl necklaces trailed along the tables and foggy-eyed gentlemen whose soft white hands emerged from pearl-buttoned cuffs.

From the door it was impossible to see all the visitors and Darricott mumbled to Sibyl that they would have to sit down and buy something.

They took their places at a table and Darricott said the old watchword, "What'll you have?"

"I hate whisky," said Sibyl. "What else can I have?"

"Anything, Madame," the waiter volunteered, with pride in the uncommon ability to offer a selection. He named old-fashioned things: "An old-fashioned cocktail, a Martini, a Manhattan, champagne, wine, any kind of wine, sherry, any likure you like, benedictine, chartrooze——"

"Order for me," said Sibyl.

"Sherry," said Darricott. "Two—and I don't mean cooking sherry, Mike."

The Italian smiled and bowed. While they waited, Sibyl mourned over the imbecilities and atrocities inflicted on the human race by alcohol and the seemingly futile battles with it waged by individuals and nations.

She did not require stimulants to lift her out of herself. Intoxication with life and a drunken courage before it were normal to her and she did not need to climb out of a native gloom on the tricky ladder of alcohol.

As she sorrowed for her fellow creatures, she was suddenly quickened by a sharp voice cutting through the racket:

"But he's a welsher, I tell you! Would you marry a fel' who makes a bet an' nen renigs? I wou'n' mind s'much if he was a wife-beater or a 'mbezzler or even a chaser of cho—of coarse girls, but a welsher? Now, Kass'rin, I ask you, would you or would you?"

Katherine answered in a high tinny voice: "But who's welshin'? 'At's wha' I wan' know. Peytie says it's shoe and you say 't's Peytie an' what difference 'smake? Go on an' marry the bird and get 't over with. Who cares?"

This treasonable desertion brought a yelp of rage from Rachel and she began to beat on the bar and knock bottles about. Jamie leaped to his feet and slipped through the crowd.

Sibyl stood up to watch, assured that Weldon and Darricott would soon come to blows in this ideal atmosphere. But Weldon was embracing Katherine, his new ally, and expounding the situation to her with such pomposity that he did not heed either Rachel's clamor or the abrupt quenching of it, as Jamie glided close, put his hand over Rachel's mouth, extracted a brandished bottle from her high hand and propelled her through the crowd to the door.

He nodded to Sibyl as he passed and she followed him, noting that he crammed a bill into the hand of the waiter, who had just fetched the sherry.

A few of the throng stared goggle-eyed, but anything was to be expected and nobody came to Rachel's rescue. Outside in the forlorn ballroom, Jamie removed his hand and talked down Rachel's infuriated expostulations with glib rapidity and a hint of conspiracy that delighted her black mood.

"Rachel, darling, listen to me. Miss Page and I want to make a night of it with you. You sneak off and leave old man Weldon's boy to talk Katherine to death. When he comes to, you'll be gone. He'll be furious. He'll go mad! He'll bite himself and die of hydrophobia, the old welsher."

"'At's what he is; he's a welsher. I can't c'lect 'at million he owes me. When I do I want to buy you, Jamie."

"And I want you to, darling. But we've got to scoot or he'll be after us."

"Where'll we go? Must Miss Who's-it go along ever'where?"

Jamie whispered and winked: "We'll drop her in a little while, just as we did Peytie."

This enraptured Rachel. She wanted to conspire a little more, but Jamie hurried her along, promising anything and everything, till they reached the cloakroom.

Weldon had the check for Rachel's coat, but Darricott easily bribed the attendants to hunt it out and pass it over. Afraid to wait for the elevator, Darricott helped Rachel to slip down the stairs without breaking any bones.

They reached the sidewalk and were in a taxicab when Weldon broke from the door in a maniacal frenzy.

The taxicab sprang into the air and rolled away. Sibyl could hear above the burr of the taxicab Weldon's icy cry:

"I'll kill you for this, Darricott!"

Once more Jamie's palm quenched Rachel's uproar and he poured into her ear an appeal so perfectly adapted to her obliterated intelligence that she was soon chuckling with quiet laughter.

By now the driver felt it safe to look back and ask: "If it ain't astin' too

much, boss, just wheah was y'-all allowin' to go f'om heah?"

Darricott gave the dusky exile Rachel's address. It was greeted with opposition from her.

"I won't go home. If Murr sees you she'll grab you. If Dad sees you, he'll mur'r you—an' me, too. He don't like to see me drunk. Nei'r do I, but I got to get drunk or go jump off somethin'."

"Where do you want to go, darling?" said Jamie. "A nice ride around Grant's Tomb would be nice."

"Gran' Stoom!" she shrieked. "He wants to take me to Gran' Stoom and set it on top of me, I s'pose, and leave me there."

She wept so pitifully that he took her in his arms, and said:

"You name the place, honey."

She dazed him by answering: "I want to go to your home and be with you f'rever 'never."

Darricott sighed, and gave the driver his number. Rachel moaned comfortably and apparently dropped off to sleep in bliss.

Sibyl whispered to him: "Just drop me anywhere and I'll take a taxi to my hotel."

Darricott whispered back in horror: "You can't leave me now. You've got to come along. Can't you see that you have?"

Sibyl nodded. It was a glorious climax to her project of seeing New York in the company of the dangerous Darricott. She was seeing a good deal of it, but not of the sort she had expected, and she had not expected to finish the night as nurse to a half-witted young maniac in a strange apartment.

Still, the drunkards rule the world and make all the sobards wait upon them. When the cab stopped, she held Rachel while Darricott paid the driver.

Then he thrust his arm under Rachel's cloak, clasped her round the waist, and with Sibyl in similar position on the other side managed to negotiate the heavy doorway. The door man had long since gone to bed and the night clerk was busy at the telephone. He did not even glance up as Darricott and Sibyl whisked Rachel past him.

The elevator man looked a little startled, but Darricott glared him down, and they sidled in with Rachel, who grew strangely beautiful, strangely innocent and precious, as she hung upon their arms, something as pathetic as the mad Ophelia drowned and dead.

On the sidewalk, Sibyl had gained a faint impression that the building she was entering was distinctly tall, but it seemed the elevator would never stop boring toward the sky. She watched the floor numerals snowing downward one after another until twenty had vanished. The rest of them increased her feeling that she was bewitched and entering a realm of delirium where yet more insane things would happen.

Thirty! Thirty-one!! Thirty-two!!! Thirty-three!! Thirty-four! Thirty-five.

She gave up counting, just as the door slid back and Darricott mumbled:

"We're here!"

But where was here?

Sibyl Page finds that "seeing New York" with Jamie Darricott is a more strenuous business than she had bargained for—in Rupert Hughes' Novel of Fashionable Life Next Month

The Story of Lincoln (*Continued from page 31*)

think he is helping to push the raft off the shore of Knob Creek, which runs into Salt River, as Salt River runs into the great Ohio. His father rolls ten barrels down to the creek and loads them on the raft. They are full of whisky.

Mother is always sighing these days, and at length the children learn why. Father has sold their cabin and the farm. He is going to move to Indiana, where the land is much richer. To work little and earn easily is what he likes. The sale has brought in the ten barrels of whisky and twenty dollars in cash. Who knows what good fortune may be waiting for them over there in the northwest?

At last everything is ready. They stand on the bank, waving farewell. He pushes off, steers with a newly made oar, and is soon lost in the distance.

Ere long, however, he is back again, with much to tell them about his journey. He is in a laughing humor and declares that Indiana is a paradise.

Autumn comes; rainy weather. They pack up their belongings: pots and pans, tools, coverlets, clothing; all is loaded on two horses. Mother and sis climb on top of one load; Father takes the little boy in front of him on the other. Off they go, in the direction they had watched so many others go before them.

The journey takes five days. At night Father keeps watch while Mother and the two children sleep on a bed of branches and leaves. There are still wild beasts in these parts, and wild men to fear.

Their new home in Pigeon Creek is to be larger and better lighted than the cabin in Kentucky was. They have all set to work together to build it, the father and his relatives, camping meanwhile as best they can in a pole shed run up near at hand. The boy is glad when he sees his father cutting fallen trees and making the cabin bigger, and, also, he is happy that it has a loft beneath the roof.

Father is always cheerful now. Luck has turned, and he's going to get rich. There is fine hunting here; the land is full of game. The new farm is on a little hill, surrounded by swampy thickets. The spring is rather far off, too. Nearly a mile for the children to fetch water.

The boy, who is eight now, sleeps in the loft, clambering up by rungs which Father has nailed to the wall. That is easy, and great fun.

More life and movement here than at the old home; Mother's parents, the old Sparrows, have come to Indiana, bringing along their adopted son, Dennis Hanks, a youth of eighteen.

They have to live pretty close together, these relatives. The country is much wilder; there are bears in the woods, and a man was killed by them not long ago. A fire is kept burning day and night in front of the pole shed where they live until the cabins are finished, partly to scare away the beasts and partly to make things warmer and drier.

The region is marshy; horses and cattle sicken, and men are struck down with fever; the children have to take Peruvian bark, to keep off malaria.

Then comes an October, two years after the arrival at the new home, when a malignant fever breaks out, striking down beast and man. Send for the doctor? The nearest doctor lives thirty-five miles away and has his hands full in his own district.

No Mother to guide them

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....Bookkeeper	....High School Graduate

Name.....Age.....

St. and No.....

Town.....State.....

Neighbors die. Grandfather and Grandmother Sparrow die on their leafbeds in the pole shed. Then comes Mother's turn. She has a lean, illnourished frame, inclining to consumption, apparently lacking the will-to-live, and the illness has its way with her. The boy, nearly ten now, stands by the pallid woman's couch and cannot help her, or himself. He watches his father's tears falling.

When his mother has been laid in her coffin and the coffin has been put away under the sod, when he comes back to look at the empty couch, the thoughtful boy is overwhelmed with a great loneliness. His father is no longer dear to him. If, as happens sometimes, Father gives him a rough word he recalls that his mother has always been gentle to him.

In her melancholy moods, she had sometimes looked steadfastly at him, as if thinking that he was growing up to resemble her. The sense that there had been a secret sympathy between them (a sympathy which had perhaps existed only in his imagination) springs up in his mind and becomes intensified by his sorrow. It is to last all his life. The proneness of reflective and serious natures to long for the unattainable and the irrevocable makes him cherish the memory of his mother and increases his spells of melancholy.

LINCOLN'S STEPMOTHER

A year later, the father sets out on a journey; says he is off to town and will not be back for some time. Maybe he tells the children he is going to bring them a new mother, or perhaps his cousin has overheard some discussion. Certainly the thoughtful boy, eleven years old now, spends an uneasy fortnight, for he has heard plenty of stories about stepmothers.

Then comes the evening in December when the father returns. Four horses draw the wagon that brings him back from Kentucky, well-fed horses and a smart wagon. The children's hearts are fluttering with anxiety. What will she be like?

A strong, bright-looking, rather talkative woman gets out; she has curly hair and a friendly countenance; but who are those others? No less troubled than the two children peeping over the fence are the three children peeping from under the cover of the wagon; perhaps the father is the most embarrassed of all.

However, he brings the strange youngsters in, and introduces them as John, Sarah and Matilda. Another Sarah! Abe and his Sarah have little time to think about this at the moment. Their father is unloading boxes and baskets, unwrapping furniture, producing a polished wardrobe, and real beds!

In a few days, those who had made acquaintance so shyly are playing together in friendly fashion. Abe and Sarah learn that their new mother likewise is named Sarah. This third Sarah gets to work promptly, setting matters to rights. The cracks between the logs must be filled up with clay; the table must be planed; and soon Abraham, still sleeping in the loft, does so on a sure-enough bedstead, with John Johnston beside him.

Johnston had been his father's name, says the stepbrother; dead only last autumn. Then Father must have known my new mother a good while back, thinks the youngster, puzzling matters out for himself.

Although there is no evidence that the second Mrs. Lincoln can read, she values book learning and is set upon it that all the children shall go to school. This endears her to the boy, for he has long been eager to win the power of mining the treasures that must lie buried in books. Especially has he felt this desire burn within him when listening to the conversation of the parson, the land surveyor, or the lawyer who sometimes passes by on his circuit.

His father is still determined that Abe shall be a carpenter and nothing more. He has got on famously himself without book learning, he says, and laughs at the new mother when she speaks of its advantages. Tom Lincoln is of sanguine temperament, prone to look upon the world through colored glasses.

They go to church on Sundays. It is a bald, bare-looking place. Often one of the congregation addresses the rest, but the children find it hard to understand. At school, however, Abe makes good progress and soon learns to write as well as to read.

He can swing an ax now, being tall and strong for his age, a boy on whom the father has come to depend. Father and son go out shooting together. Abe must learn how to use a gun. Wild turkeys! A fine fellow, close at hand. Aim and fire!

He does so, and the bird lies on the ground. He steps up to his victim. Suddenly the boy takes fright. He has, for the first time in his life, realized the formidable power which one living creature can arrogate over another. No longer does he think with anticipatory delight, of the flavor of the Sunday roast.

Horror-stricken, he hands the weapon back to his father, who is surprised but keeps his own counsel. Still, he is probably annoyed when his boy, who has the makings of a good shot, refuses henceforward to shoulder a firearm. What! to live in the West, to be big and strong and yet refuse to be a hunter?

Is the youth thinking about the prisoners? Is he comparing one creature's lot with another's? Is he vainly seeking light in the darkness? Never again did Abraham Lincoln fire a shot at a living thing.

The pleasantest thing in the world is to ride off to the mill. Such a lot of folk are there, and all of them with plenty of time on their hands, waiting their turn. The horses take turns too, harnessed to the pole that drives the mill. General conversation goes on, and a boy can learn a lot. They talk of the Presidential election, and what is likely to be the result. The lad has heard about this matter before, in church. Now he asks his father, who declares himself of the same way of thinking as some of the Methodists. They want the slaves to be freed and say that a Christian should not keep another man enslaved.

Abe is glad to hear his father talk like that. He often watches his father unnoticed, takes heed of Tom Lincoln's sayings and doings.

The boy learns that his father's brothers have all got on in the world, are prosperous men with large farms—and have no interest in poor relations. He hears strange things from his cousin Dennis and ponders them deeply.

Dennis tells him that Father has married his employer's niece. And he says that Father had wanted Sarah Bush first of all for his wife, but she had married Johnston because Johnston was better off. Then Father had married Abe's real mother, and Tom Lincoln and Sarah Johnston had only come together when first wife and first husband were dead.

Queer thoughts buzz in the boy's developing brain. His own mother, it

seems, had been the wrong wife for Father. Was that why she had been so sad? Yet Abe loves his new mother, who shows no favor among the children and is equally kind to all. Meditating these things, he at length falls asleep beside "Brother" John, with whom he is not connected by any tie of blood.

Whatever chance brings to him out here in the West opens large fields of knowledge to him like the peep through a half-opened door. "Pilgrim's Progress" gives the impetus to his first thoroughgoing self-examination. "Robinson Crusoe" is but an intensified description of his own frontier life; the Bible ever and again comes back to him, an eternal melody, from earliest childhood.

Other books are brought to the house by passing visitors. Æsop's Fables is one of them, his first introduction to genial satire of human weaknesses; it sharpens his wits, and at the same time quickens his sympathies.

Weems' "Life of Washington" and also his life of Franklin, with their stories of the War of Independence, furnish him with an abundance of anecdotal material such as hitherto he has had only from his father's story-telling. At times a parcel comes from town wrapped in an old newspaper, this wrapper supplying him with information on current topics.

Unceasingly, in the conversations to which he listens, in the scraps of newspaper he glances at, comes up the topic of the slaveholding South; and in the little church that is built not far from his home at Pigeon Creek, when he is fourteen years old, much is said about slavery. He cannot understand it all yet, cannot see his way clear; but he sits for hours, trying to puzzle things out.

In the church, a log house like the others, the minister reads the Scriptures, by firelight in winter; and the congregation sings psalms and hymns. At home, too, there is much saying of prayers. Yet these religious exercises seem to have less influence upon him than do his own chance explorations of the human mind.

A man of wide experience, a man of insight, meeting him at this stage, will be inclined to regard him as a budding poet or an imaginative writer in the making. And that he is. He writes verses and reads them to his friend. He ponders deeply over the things he reads.

Year by year the range of his experience widens, though socially it is so narrow. Still, he sometimes goes down to the Ohio, where there is much traffic. Southward go the traders when they want to sell their produce; there is a brisk demand for produce in the South, and plenty of money, for cotton is king there—cotton grown by slave labor.

Continually his thoughts turn toward the South. He notices how much the river folk talk of the South; some with a sort of dread, it seems, and some with uneasy consciences. He grows aware of these things as he waits on the bank of the river, ready to turn a hand at anything, questioning all and sundry.

Adolescence

At sixteen, he is so strong that he is spoken of as the best axman in the district. At seventeen, he is six feet four inches tall. In a third school, which he now has a chance of attending for a few months, he has some more training of the old-fashioned kind—in the three R's, and yet his total days at school do not amount to a full year.

Though he has learned to write fluently, his hands are calloused, being less used to handling the pen than saw or plane, plow or ax—especially the last. He is a powerful boy, so his father hires him out for a wage of twenty-five cents a day, the father pocketing the money.

He devotes more and more time to meditation as the years go by. Sitting or lying stretched out suits him better than walking or riding. His daily work means tough exertion, and he does not care for it much. Malaria and spare diet have left him lean, a lanky giant with a narrow but well-rounded chest. His shoulders droop forward; and his face is dry and sallow and early wrinkled, and coarse of feature.

The girls, likely enough, don't think much of Abraham's looks. They are not impressed by the heroic structure of his head, by the virile strength of his great nose; nor do they understand the mute earnestness of his narrow lips, the taciturn eloquence of his questioning gray eyes. They see nothing but that he is gawky and odd; and they can appreciate Tom Lincoln's description of Abe, in images drawn from the carpenter's handicraft: "He looked as if he had been rough-hewn with an ax and needed smoothing with a jack plane."

Once when he had seen some of his schoolfellows torturing a mud turtle—they had lighted a fire on its back—he raged against them and later wrote an essay against cruelty to animals. Probably this was his first literary effort; at about the same time, he penned a screed against drunkenness. This strange lad wants to help both man and beast.

Because at seventeen he has suffered many an injustice or has often felt the injustice of a poor boy's lot, he is ready to turn his bodily powers to account when he can ward off injustice from another. Since his mind is thus attuned, he is an attentive member of the audience when a court is held in a neighboring village. On hearing a noted lawyer plead, he even makes up his mind some day to rival this great man's eloquence.

In order to earn a little extra money that may give him a measure of freedom he must use the strength of his arm, not the cunning of the writer's hand. It takes a strong arm to row two travelers with a lot of baggage halfway across the Ohio that they may catch a steamer. Each throws him a piece of silver.

Two half-dollars! Young Lincoln never has dreamed of getting so much pay for so brief a spell of work. It is an experience he will not forget.

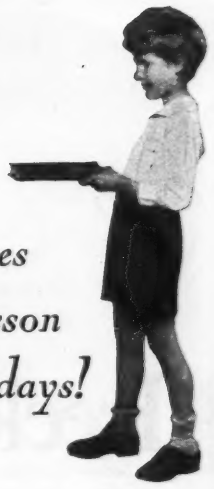
When he is seventeen and Sarah nineteen, his sister is to be married. Perhaps he sees the papers relating to the affair. A point they cannot but bring to his notice has probably arrested his attention earlier. With his passion for inquiries and comparisons, he can hardly have failed, ere this, to discuss with his cousins the history of their family.

He must have lighted on the inexplicable fact that, whereas his maternal grandparents had been called Sparrow, his mother, before marrying Tom Lincoln, had been known by the name of Nancy Hanks. He must have detected Aunt Sparrow's embarrassment when he questioned her about this.

In the end, indubitably, the youth learned what had been hidden from the child. "Granny" had in truth been his mother's aunt. His real grandmother was Aunt Sparrow herself.

Why had there been a mystery made of this? What lay behind? He was now told the amazing truth.

His mother, whose memory he revered, was the natural daughter of Lucy Hanks. Lucy's parents, rigid moralists, had refused to have anything more to do with her after her slip, but had adopted the illegitimate girl.



Bob coaxes for a lesson on Saturdays!

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Lucy's sister, Elizabeth Hanks, married to a man named Thomas Sparrow, had no children and had brought up little Nancy as her own. These had been Abe's ostensible grandparents. In due course Lucy Hanks had married Thomas Sparrow's brother Henry, and had borne him nine children.

Who, then, had his grandfather been? He learned that Lucy Hanks had lived in Virginia as a girl, during the years when the War of Independence was drawing to a close. From his study of the "Life of Washington," Abraham had learned how in those days the South was full of soldiers and adventurers.

That a girl of strong passions should find herself with child was easy enough to understand. He had known of such things before, among his neighbors. A slip of the kind would be covered up by the marriage of the pair, and the scandal speedily would be forgotten.

Who Was His Grandfather?

This was a different matter. When Abe had learned all that he was permitted to know about the change of grandmothers, he naturally came to the conclusion that his maternal grandfather must have been a Southerner. An officer? Likely enough. A gentleman? Probably. Perhaps even a slave owner!

The young man's brain simmers with the problems thus awakened. He will never cease turning them over in his mind; and after many years will confide to a friend that he ascribes his peculiarities and his gifts to inheritance from the unknown grandfather.

For the nonce, however, all he feels is that the ground is rocking beneath his feet. His temperamental melancholy is intensified into depression, and there is an enhancement of the sense of loss and loneliness from which he has long suffered. His stepmother is good to him, but she is not his mother; "granny" had not been his grandmother; his father's first wife had not been the woman Tom Lincoln had coveted.

Now, when his sister weds Aaron Grigsby, and he writes the wedding song, Abe notices that the Grigsby parents, who are well-to-do and think themselves fine folks, look down upon their daughter-in-law.

Next year his sister Sarah dies in childbed. It is current talk that she dies because her strength has been sapped by overwork. Enough, this, to concentrate the young man's ire.

These feelings might have given birth to a longing for vengeance, to an impulse towards revolt. Lincoln, however, is of the reflective type, is more inclined to study men than to lead them, is a teller of tales rather than a reformer, so that the bitter experiences of his youth, though developing his irony, serve but to broaden his sympathies.

He would find it more congenial to help the oppressed than to punish the oppressor; and all that he learns in the world of thought and in the world of action will (thanks to this appreciation of human rights and human worth) make of him one who always compares a neighbor's humiliations and sorrows with his own.

The outside world is booming on its course; soon its call will sound for youth a-waiting. Young Lincoln has proved his strength and skill on the river, and now a rich farmer hires him to take produce to New Orleans. Here is a chance to see the Mississippi, and perhaps even the sea.

Abe is ready and willing. He and the farmer's son make a flatboat: on his broad shoulders he carries pork, flour, bacon and corn down to the river to sell in the South, and in return bring back cotton, tobacco and sugar.

When they reach Cairo, where the Ohio ends, the Father of Rivers, yellow, incredibly wide, opens to their sight.

Wider and wider grows the gigantic stream, hotter the days, steamier the nights, and perhaps the poet's mind of the young steersman ponders: "Is this life?" He certainly for the first time has a picture of life's unceasing movement spread before his gaze when they reach the end of their journey.

He and his companion have landed their freight, and now tread the streets of the great city. Whites, blacks and mulattoes swarm everywhere; Europeans in strange costumes drive past; women, gayly dressed, laugh and fan themselves. They all seem merry, hopeful, enjoying life to the full. But the blacks?

A placarded advertisement catches his eye: "I will at all times pay the highest cash prices for negroes of every description, and will also attend to the sale of negroes on commission, having a jail and yard fitted up expressly for boarding them." At the next corner, another: "One hundred dollars' reward for return of a bright mulatto man slave, named Sam; light sandy hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion—is so white as very easily to pass for a free white man."

So these are the disinherited, thinks the youthful traveler. Hunted like stray dogs, auctioned like horses, prisoned like criminals. The things he has heard his father talking about at home, has had attested by the minister, has read of in the newspapers—these things now take living shape before him.

A few days later he returns upstream. When he gets home after three months' absence, he is richer by an unrivaled experience, and by twenty-four dollars.

At home, things are astir. Relatives who live farther west, in Illinois, have brought news of a real paradise. The soil is fertile; it is a place where a man can soon make his fortune.

Perhaps they have told a flattering tale in order to better their own lot by promoting an influx of neighbors; if so, they gain their end, for many of the disappointed Indiana settlers lend ready ears, and fourteen people migrate, making for new homes near Decatur.

Thomas Lincoln has relatives over there and, restless man that he is, eager for novelty, always hoping for better luck next time, pays no heed to warnings that fever is troublesome in Illinois. He sells his farm for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and his wife, who had inherited a farm in Kentucky when her first husband died, disposes of it for one hundred and twenty-three dollars. And now with all their possessions packed in two wagons, and with fourteen head of farming stock traveling behind, they start on their great journey.

Abraham, on whose strength and skill they all count, is to drive one of the wagons. Abe, now showing a practical turn of mind, invests his savings (over thirty dollars) in "notions" to peddle on the way. He buys pins and needles, buttons, suspenders and so on, the most expensive item being a set of knives and forks.

At length they reach Decatur, and four miles beyond they are hospitably welcomed by their kin. Abraham is in high fettle, having peddled his stock for more than double what it cost him. Folks are livelier here, it seems; there is an atmosphere of hope. As soon as a log house can be built all will go well.

Look at our twenty-one-year-old giant as he stands felling trees for the new home. In the evening he harnesses the oxen to them and drags them off to the cabin site. With mighty strokes he splits some of them into rails for fencing.

Home? How was he, who four times in twenty years had left land and cabin behind, to have a home-sense—he to whom Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois were naught but fleeting pictures? Lincoln's home was America.

He can earn more here than he had in Indiana, soon being in much demand among the settlers on account of his strength. In the first weeks of his stay he has won a victory in wrestling with the local champion, stabilizing his fame.

One day when the Sangamon River is in flood, two men in a canoe are upset and only save themselves from drowning by clinging to a half-submerged tree. Lincoln gets out to them on a log, and rescues both of them. The fame of this and like exploits spreads through the settlement, where everything is still fresh and new, where as yet there are no traditions, where no one is distinguished for wealth or greatness.

Need we be surprised that he, with a leaning toward story-telling, should soon begin to make speeches to his neighbors?

At present, however, he is famous for brawn rather than for brains. A neighboring farmer has had proof of his helpfulness when there is trouble, of his strength and skill, and has doubtless heard of Lincoln's successful trip to New Orleans. Now this man, Offutt by name, sends him South in command of a large flatboat. He is to have sixteen dollars a month.

His father would be glad to keep him at home, as he is the strongest and probably the cheapest hand on the farm, but the youth has made up his mind to go. He sets off with his cousin in a canoe, clad in jeans of blue homespun, jacket, vest and pantaloons, the latter tucked into the tops of his rawhide boots. Thus attired, he waves goodby and slips away from the home he has helped to build, never again to live under his father's roof, never again to dwell in a log cabin.

Spring has come, and he is twenty-two years old. Lincoln has done with life as a farmer.

At the Slave Market

Immediately the two cousins began to build the flatboat which is to carry them down the river with Offutt's goods. It takes some weeks before the loaded boat leaves for the South, but almost at the start it narrowly escapes being wrecked. Abe carefully navigates his rescued vessel southward, to pay his second visit to New Orleans. This time he stays a month.

The first thing he sees, or at least the most impressive experience he has, is the slave market.

In front of him stands the slave dealer, dressed in startling clothes, noisy and swaggering. He holds a small whip, with which he points to the half-naked negroes as they slowly file round the hall. All wear shackles on their legs, and if one of them stops moving, he is berated by the dealer or an assistant, or given a cut with the whip.

Among them is a mulatto girl, slender, delicately built. Her appearance pleases the gentleman mightily. At a sign from the dealer, she, too, shackled and all but naked, steps out of the ranks; he displays this treasure to the customers, makes her move to and fro that she may exhibit her girlish charm. The customers bid briskly against one another.

The tall stranger from Indiana trembles. He is shaken to the core by the spectacle.

Memories of his straitened upbringing, musings as to his father's lot and his mother's, wrestle in his mind with speculations concerning the personality of his unknown grandfather. That progenitor may have been just such a man as these!

His heart is racked. All his sympathy goes out to the fettered, half-naked slaves; possibly wrath against the buyers, richly clad freemen, surges up within him. Sorrowfully he turns to leave the auction mart.

Lincoln's companion Hanks, on one of the New Orleans trips, reports: "His heart bled; he said nothing much; was silent; looked bad . . . It run its iron in him then and there. He said to me, 'I would not be a slave, but neither would I be a slave owner!'"

Lincoln works his way back up the Mississippi as stoker. On the hot June evenings when he mounts the iron ladder from the engine room and sees the passengers drinking and laughing, we may well suppose that he is deeply stirred, that he meditates upon class privileges and slavery.

Offutt, greatly impressed by the talents of his flatboat man, engages him for the new store he intends to open in New Salem, sends him on in advance, and after a short visit, Lincoln quits his paternal house forever. He has neither horse nor boat, so he walks mile after mile through the high prairie grass, towards his new home.

In New Salem he finds no Offutt and no store, so for a while there is nothing for him to do. But he soon makes friends, and as elections are approaching and the election clerk has left, Lincoln writes out the polling list, and so is at once introduced into local politics. When at last Offutt arrives, Lincoln helps as a carpenter with the building, makes the shelves and counters, and does a hundred and one odd jobs.

Finally the stock of goods arrives and is displayed, and at last the painted sign, "Denton Offutt," is nailed over the door. Now the young giant stands behind the counter, measuring cloth, weighing out coffee and nails.

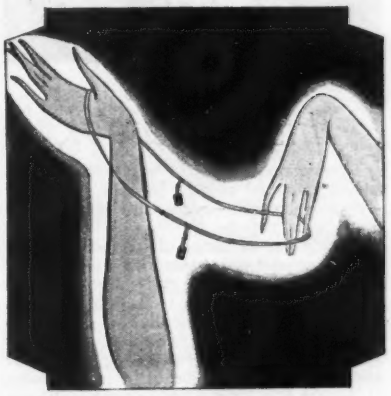
Everyone in the district knows him, for Offutt has been blowing his trumpet about the storekeeper-to-be—much as the slave dealer had vaunted the charms of the mulatto girl. "He can outrun, outlift, outwrestle and outthrow any man, even Jack Armstrong!" Promptly a match is arranged; for, in a new settlement, wrestling bouts and drinking matches are the standard amusements.

Lincoln has seen the famous Armstrong before, a powerful, thickset fellow and an experienced wrestler. Strength and skill are unavailing, however, and the newcomer soon lays the local champion low. There is applause; but there are murmurs as well. Armstrong's friends declare that "Long-shanks" (as they have nicknamed Lincoln) has not fought fair.

Now the vanquished wrestler, getting up from the ground, shakes hands with his adversary and declares himself honestly beaten. Henceforward the two men are fast friends and remain so, and in years to come destiny will bring the two together at a moment when Lincoln's shrewdness and eloquence will save the life of Armstrong's son.

Offutt thinks himself lucky in his store clerk. Does he not attract customers by his willingness to write letters for those unable to wield the pen? He neither smokes, nor chews, nor drinks; is never quarrelsome, despite his overwhelming strength; is happiest

New Personal Belt



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Tower

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when playing with children, letting them scramble over him as he lies on the ground, laughing when they tease him and pull him about. Above all, people prize him for his sterling honesty; he can always be trusted, and soon he becomes known as "Honest Abe."

One day a customer brings him tidings of an English grammar, at a farm six miles away. He at once walks over to borrow the book, and for the first time becomes acquainted with the systematization of his own language. An acquaintance lends him a volume of Gibbon; from the minister he gets another history book; he learns much from talks with the schoolmaster, and from questioning things and people.

It is natural that at the village meetings and at the local literary and debating society the long-limbed student should be expected to hold forth. He proves so successful as a speaker that ere long one of his hearers suggests that he should run for the Illinois legislature, seeing that in this new country there are so few capable men. He is dubious; and while he hesitates, circumstances push him in another direction.

The man who puts the thought of a political career into Abraham Lincoln's mind is James Rutledge; one of the earliest settlers, he helped to found New Salem and is owner of the mill, which he now leases to the enterprising Offutt. Rutledge also keeps a tavern where the young store clerk comes of an evening.

His First Sweetheart

There he finds, bent over her needlework, Rutledge's slim daughter, good-looking, with a delicate complexion and auburn hair. Unfortunately, eighteen-year-old Ann is not free; but it may well be that this barrier, this perilous freedom from risk, is the very thing required to stimulate the imagination of a young man who is shy with girls, of one used to wandering in a dreamland of fancy.

There is no chance for a poor lover against a rich betrothed, to say nothing of the fact that old Rutledge is well-to-do and will never give away his daughter for nothing. Young McNeil is rich. Coming from New York, he has made money in the West, and is worth twelve thousand dollars, it is said.

Maybe the queer lamp-post of a fellow, with a taste for reading and his own company, and a dread of girls, would have been content to go on casting sheep's eyes at the pretty young woman, would never have made any further advances, had not Offutt proved a broken reed, and had not life among these pioneers been so full of vicissitudes.

Next year, less than a twelvemonth after the founding of the store, Offutt goes bankrupt, and Herndon, owner of a rival establishment, buys shop and stock at a low figure. Since Herndon, likewise, is not financially stable, it is just as well that at this time the first steamboat comes up the river, and Lincoln is hired as pilot to steer it through the dangerous rapids. For the up-and-down voyage he gets a fee of forty dollars.

Once more he is at a loose end and can choose between the careers of pilot, store clerk, politician and soldier. For the moment he chooses that of politician.

His humble origin has its advantages and its drawbacks here. Everybody knows him, and many grin with pleasurable anticipation directly they catch sight of him, sure that he will tickle them with one of his whimsical anecdotes. But how can he win general

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respect; how can he acquire a reputation for knowledge and solid ability?

Elections are still a simple matter in these days, and the young man of three-and-twenty must be his own election agent and canvasser. As he goes from farm to farm and lends a hand in the work, he does it so naturally and in so friendly a fashion that no one feels he is merely trying to worm his way into people's good graces. In the evenings at the inn, there are wrestling matches and drinking bouts, and between them the candidate mounts a table to speak.

How can he fail to please? The fact that, despite his immense strength, he never willingly harms man or beast means more to these level-headed farmers than it would to sophisticated townsmen. They think it a strange contradiction, of course, ascribing it to his better education, which will make him fit for the legislature.

They have seen for themselves that he spends much of his time reading; they have heard for themselves how good he is at spinning a yarn: they are confident, therefore, that he will be able to make a speech. Of course, he's a queer-looking figure. His trouser legs are several inches too short; the sleeves of the gray checked coat are only halfway to his wrists, and the swallowtails are too short.

His voice is not altogether pleasing, for it is high-pitched and rather strident, but it improves as he goes on and forgets himself in the rush of oratory. Here we see Lincoln the born story-teller, rather than a man likely to become brilliant as a public speaker. He wants to share his information with others, not to instruct them; to convince his hearers, not to overpersuade them, wielding more influence in this way than the platform orator.

It does not matter much which party he joins. Up to his twentieth year he has called himself a Democrat, following the example of his father and cousins; but the brilliancy of Henry Clay's speeches, Webster's logic and pathos, now make him a Whig.

Lincoln is already what he will remain throughout life, conservative. Always, therefore, he speaks with well-nigh religious veneration of the fathers of his country, of those who established liberty and order, of those who so ably compacted a number of raw and youthful states into an organic whole.

Today, at the age of twenty-three, he ends his first extremely guarded speech with the laconic words: "My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal-improvements system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

The Warrior

Black Hawk, the famous Indian chief, is at war with the whites, because he wishes to reclaim the land he sold to the government thirty years before. He raids the frontier country, and this news alarms people even at New Salem.

The shop has petered out, a new job has not yet been found, no one can tell how the election will turn, and if Lincoln potters about through the summer and is defeated at the polls, he will miss the chance of soldiering. Besides, the campaign is not likely to be a long one, and should it end before election day, his skill as an Indian fighter will help to win votes.

Lincoln, therefore, becomes one of a volunteer force which forms part of an army of sixteen hundred, and his company chooses him as its captain. He never forgets this first popular election. Badly provisioned and poorly equipped, they march westward by marshy tracks, across the rivers and the endless prairie. But he is familiar with hardships in the wilds, and they do not trouble him. Little is seen of the enemy, and after a month his company disbands.

What has Lincoln to do with war? He does not care for hunting or for fighting, does not even like to kill an animal, and when, after the disbanding of his company, he reenlists for another three weeks, it may be more from a sense of duty than from a lust for adventure, or perhaps from lack of anything better to do. Certainly he has no special talent for military command.

Once he is marching in company front across a field, and he comes to a gateway through which they must pass. For the life of him, he cannot recall the proper word of command to get his company "endwise," so at last he shouts: "This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!"

He has not had a chance of proving himself a hero. His most notable deed is the saving of an old Indian who strays into camp one day, whom his men want to butcher, in spite of a safe-conduct. Lincoln does not kill a single enemy but he saves a foe from the clutches of his own friends: such is the only warrior exploit of this friend of humanity.

On the way home, his horse is stolen, and he has to walk to his village, where no triumphal arches or garlands welcome the returning men of war. The other side has been making headway during his absence, and the new Whig party is not popular, so he is unsuccessful in his first attempt to enter political life.

Locally, however, in the New Salem precinct, he has secured a triumph, for of three hundred votes he gets two hundred and seventy-seven, though the sentiment of the region is predominantly Democratic. Lincoln's acquaintances have voted for Lincoln. He can go to bed happy that night, though defeated in the general encounter.

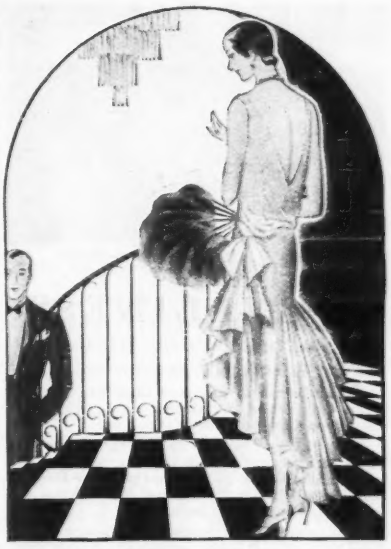
Well, he must gain a livelihood somehow or other, so he takes a partner, borrows money, buys what had been Offutt's store, and also Herndon's (for Herndon, likewise, has failed meanwhile), paints a new sign, and is now partner in the firm "Berry and Lincoln." Neither is an efficient business man, and Berry is a hard drinker, so most of the work falls to Lincoln.

The postmastership seems to have become his main source of income; he holds it four years and finds it advantageous in many ways. He is appointed because people trust him, and because he can write and read so well, and now he can enjoy a first reading of the newspapers brought in by the post coach.

That is an old privilege of western postmasters, and the subscriber is apt to expect, when he receives his journal, that the postmaster will give him an abstract of the contents. The recipient of a letter, too, generally gets the postmaster to read it for him.

Since the stagecoach puts up at his place, he takes out a license to sell whisky, and travelers find his little store a convenient place to wait in and chat for an hour or two. And so during the next few years, in this remote settlement, he gains by direct observation such treasures of human experience as no formal process of education on the grand scale could ever have supplied.

Still, he remains an omnivorous reader. All is grist that comes to his mill: besides the newspapers which pass through his hands as postmaster, he gets



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books from wayfarers, some of them light reading.

One day, by a lucky chance, an immigrant in a covered wagon wants to get rid of a barrelful of rubbish, and Lincoln good-naturedly buys it; later, on emptying his new acquisition, he finds amid the plunder the four volumes of a famous work, Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England," the most notable law book of the day. This supplies him with a hundred important ideas, and teaches him where to look for additions to his knowledge.

He borrows more books from judges and lawyers, and immerses himself in study, withdrawing for a time from his comrades. But soon he gets acquainted with a vagabond of artistic temperament, an inspired loafer, who spends most of his time on the river bank with rod and line, and knows by heart long passages of Shakespeare and Burns. He quotes them feelingly to Lincoln.

However, the reading of books and desultory conversations do not provide a living. The store, naturally, does not flourish, and the day comes when store and contents are seized by creditors. Berry decamps, and Lincoln has to shoulder the whole burden of debt, eleven hundred dollars in all.

A friend of his, a land surveyor in the rising town of Springfield, twenty miles away, has often told Lincoln that at this occupation a man of his intelligence could earn thrice as much with his wits as he can earn with his hands, and so, with the schoolmaster's aid, he picks up the elements of mathematics and learns the use of the necessary instruments.

Six weeks later, he is appointed deputy land surveyor at New Salem. This gives him plenty to do, for land is constantly changing owners; a day's work in planning a road brings him in three dollars, with fifty cents extra for drawing the map. Besides, one hand can serve the other: when he is on a surveying job, he can deliver the mail in the same quarter.

Among those who are continually asking the postmaster for letters is Ann Rutledge. Her betrothed is away, has gone to New York on business, and will return for the marriage. But his letters grow fewer and fewer, and when he does write he is shifty; says that his father's death will delay his return indefinitely.

Local gossips begin to prophesy that rich John McNeil will jilt poor Ann. Then it is noised about that she is likely to console herself by taking up with another man; for there is a second suitor waiting for pretty Ann—Hill, Lincoln's friend.

Lincoln's emotions are deeply stirred; his mind is in a turmoil. At this time his shyness with women has become so great that he has been reluctant to serve them in the store.

Lonely and sad at heart, burdened with anxieties, full of secret yearnings, he becomes utterly distraught when he learns that the girl he loves is at last free. Can he seriously wish her to marry him? Will he not risk reliving his mother's evil fate—that of being a poor substitute for one loved and lost? Will he not be happier if she remains unattainable?

Yet how can he allow himself to be cut out by Hill, whose only advantage is that of being better off? The upshot of these conflicting meditations is that Lincoln goes to board in the Rutledge tavern. Now he is at close quarters with the maiden who has caught his fancy.

Yet he makes no further move to win her. Nay, when the story runs that McNeil has been passing under an alias, is really called McNamar and is a bad lot, Lincoln comes to the defense of his absent rival. Before he left he had bought land under another name, because of some family quarrel. Lincoln has kept the information to himself, but when the story is divulged, and used to cast a slur on McNamar, he explains the true state of affairs to Ann.

Poor Ann does not know what to make of it all. She hesitates to complete the breach with the sometime lover in New York, for her father, James Rutledge, has been losing money, is now McNamar's tenant and naturally would like McNamar to become his son-in-law. Ann, meanwhile, must serve at table in the tavern, and, basket on arm, must carry dinner to the men working at the mill, often attended by her two suitors: the well-to-do Hill, who glibly plies his wooing, and the poor, taciturn Lincoln.

Election time has returned, for the elections to the Illinois legislature are held every two years, and Lincoln runs once more. Puritans say he is an atheist, but whatever may be his creed, he is always charitable and kind, fond of children and animals, and so he is elected and reelected, serving as a member of the State Assembly of Illinois from the age of twenty-five to thirty-two.

In those days he learned a little of the artifices and intrigues of party life but much of the great problems which form the moral and spiritual basis of partisan disputes. His leader is Clay; his exemplar, Jefferson.

At this time the capital of Illinois is Vandalia, and in this little town the State Assembly sits, eighty-one members in all, divided into two Chambers. Lincoln is taciturn in the House, and not until they get back to the inn, and his fellow legislators have laid aside their pretentious airs, does he tell anecdotes.

Thus he soon becomes known as a story-teller. They call him the Sangamon Chief, and a good many of them must regard his observant silence with mixed feelings; but no one can overlook this queer figure. Above all, one man who sits in the same row contemplates him with unostentatious attention.

This man is a great contrast to Lincoln in many respects, being short and thickset, with a barrel chest and broad shoulders, wide-browed, full of life and energy, busily going to and fro to make himself acquainted with everything, an official from the East, a Democrat, almost as poor as Lincoln, but a few years younger: his name is Stephen A. Douglas. Sprung from the class of intellectuals, pliable, approachable and smooth-tongued, he is the very antipodes of that rough-hewn, silent, eccentric, ironical giant.

For the nonce, they do not clash. Lincoln seems scarcely to heed Douglas. But Douglas takes note of everyone with whom he comes in contact, for his ruling passion is ambition; he is fired with a determination to achieve rapid advancement and has his eye fixed on the highest office in the land. Every other politician is a possible rival. He reckons up their strength, one and all, and surely feels quite safe about this lonely fellow: Lincoln will do no harm.

Lincoln's Betrothal

The Easterner with the double name apparently has gone forever. When Lincoln gets back to New Salem from Vandalia, he finds the Rutledges in impoverished circumstances. Rutledge has had to give up the tavern and move to a farm belonging to McNamar.

Pretty Ann is cured of her fondness for the latter. She has drawn comparisons between him and the two local wooers. Moreover, Hill's wooing is now a thing of the past. But here is one

who has loved her faithfully for three years; one who would fain make his way by his own exertions.

For this man of silent dignity and self-denying heart, Ann is now in a position that overrules his hesitations. The two become engaged.

Spring has come; he often rides over to her farm. He is twenty-six; she is four years younger. These months of betrothal seem to have been the happiest in Lincoln's life. For this melancholy man, the idyl is but a brief halt on the shore of happiness, and speedily the river will sweep him along once more on its dark bosom.

For that summer malaria is prevalent in the neighborhood of New Salem, and, just as fever had struck down his relatives and finally his mother, in Indiana, so now it grips him, one of his friends and his affianced. His strong constitution wrestles successfully with the disease. The friend dies; and at last he sees his loved one die. Lincoln's sanity trembles in the balance.

After a toilsome and joyless youth, he has ventured to set his heart upon a dream of happiness; he has hoped that to him, likewise, will come the delights by which so many of his more cheerful companions have been enthralled. From the treasure of fantasy he has conjured up an entrancing melody. But suddenly the melody stops, and all his expectations of a lonely existence, full of unsatisfied yearnings, are confirmed.

Can we be surprised that a week after the burial he is found rambling in the woods beside the Sangamon River, murmuring incoherencies? Or that another time he speeds seven miles afoot, to throw himself down upon her grave?

On the advice of a physician who is much attached to him, he is sent to the home of friends, where he takes part in the harvesting and at night holds the carded wool for the women's spinning. But once, in a thunderstorm, they hear him call out: "I can't bear to think of her lying out there alone. The rain and the storm shan't beat on her grave!"

The man whose melancholy makes him fear to carry a pocketknife is for a time reduced to utter despair . . .

And yet, life pursues its course; and one who refrains from suicide has to go on living somehow or other. The special laws which develop character become fixed in early youth, and even one of so restless a disposition, devoid of ambition, without any fixed aim in life, lacking the spur of necessity, will tend to continue in the customary orbit until what seem to be chance happenings expose the inner logic of events.

Besides, Lincoln's nature is too fundamentally healthy to remain long dominated by a paralyzing gloom. The nervous crisis is severe but fleeting, and a man of imaginative temperament, accustomed to renounce concrete joys and to take refuge in the land of dreams, for that very reason more speedily finds his way back to chill reality.

For him, now that he is twenty-seven, the years of desultory reading are over; he has to study along specific lines. A sound knowledge of law and history has become indispensable, and a generous teacher has also explained the laws of grammar to the youth. The basis of his casual education is now growing solid.

With his reelection, the Whigs for the first time enter as victors with a group called the Long Nine (they average six feet in height and more than two hundred pounds in weight), who advocate bold financial schemes. Lincoln in his turn is working to collect votes for the transfer of the capital to Springfield.

Trade, communications, convenience of legal procedure, the whole course of development in Illinois, point to the step. Lincoln has a personal interest, too; he feels that for him the days of village life are over; and he looks forward to activities on a larger stage, activities that can be combined with his political career.

Others have private reasons for wishing Vandalia to remain the state capital. A third group, upon whose support the chance of inaugurating the Springfield scheme seems to depend, is willing to vote for it—on terms. Eventually, by clever trading, these terms are met and the state capital is transferred to Springfield.

It is a great victory for Lincoln.

He Begins a New Life

In intervals between sessions of the legislature, Lincoln visits New Salem, spending some of his time at the house of a young married woman of his acquaintance, who often speaks of her sister. He had met this sister three years before, and half in jest, half in earnest, he agrees to wed her if she returns to New Salem.

"I, of course, accepted the proposal, for you know I could not have done otherwise, had I really been averse to it. I had seen the said sister some three years before, thought her intelligent and agreeable, and saw no good objection to plodding through life hand in hand with her."

Such is the beginning of the affair: two women putting their heads together to arrange the marriage of a man who is remaining a bachelor too long. For this woman is older than he, better educated and better off in worldly possessions. As for him, he has "no good objection."

Mary Owens arrives in due course—and Lincoln grows uneasy.

At length comes a fresh stir in the current of his life. After five years of stagnation, the legislature moves to Springfield; Lincoln has put it through, and now he ventures on a step he has long been preparing for. He will set up as a lawyer in Springfield.

No examination is required, nothing but a formal license to practice; and from his borrowed law books Lincoln has learned more than many a local celebrity knows. Besides, he is convinced that acquaintance with men and things, the experiences of practical life, will stand him in better stead than dry-as-dust learning.

Practice will fill up the gaps in his theoretical knowledge, and a partner will help him out when necessary. Is he not already well known far and near? As postmaster and land surveyor, as store clerk and rail-splitter, as candidate for the legislature, he has come in contact with half the population of the county.

His experience in public speaking, the knowledge of the locality he has gained in his professional life, and above all his growing self-confidence, drive him to this venture. Should it fail, the failure will only be one more in a long series!

He is as poor as ever; yet he is in no mood to win fortune by marrying money. Thus, at twenty-eight, Lincoln rides forth to begin a new life, mounted on a borrowed nag, with seven dollars in his pocket and debts totaling more than a thousand, engaged (more or less) to a woman for whom he does not care.

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What a Man!

(Continued from page 70)

leather, nor yet white paneling with a wood fire burning. As a matter of fact, the reception room—it had cheap grained yellow wainscoting and glass semi-partitions and badly assorted chairs—resembled an office in an old-fashioned building back home in Wichita or Topeka.

And there was such a general air of *fussiness*. Any business institution has as much personality as a human being, I've noticed, and generally the quality of that personality is determined by the ultimate boss.

Now in Dauber's office, there was this feeling of fussiness. The information clerk was a worried old maid who acted as though no one had ever come in to see Ellery Dauber before. While I waited, various—and objectionable—cub lawyers slunk into the reception room, fretting over papers, and looked at their clients suspiciously.

The place made me nervous, and on all counts I was glad when the information clerk quavered at me, "Mr. Dauber will see you now. Will you please go right in? Room Three, on the right."

So I walked into a small office that had calendars and diplomas and class photographs on the wall, and for the first time I saw the Lover Supreme.

Ellery Dauber looked like a middle-aged and rather discouraged traveling salesman for a grocery house. He was medium-sized—oh, everything about him was medium! He was medium-bald, his medium-plump shoulders were rather stooped, and he wore a neat suit of medium-gray, with a medium tie, and a medium-sized mustache that was a little gray. He did have nice eyes, of a deep brown, but they were mild and slightly anxious.

He held his plumpish hands in front of him. With a noticeable hesitation he opened his mouth and——

I was about to hear the melody of the silver faun who from the brakes summoned all the nymphs in the neighborhood! I was about to hear the Lord of Love sounding his mighty melody!

And so Mr. Ellery Dauber opened his mouth and said in a thin little voice, "Yes, and what can I do for you?"

I was so dazed that in three seconds he could have collected all my client owed his client, if Dauber had been a three-seconder. He wasn't. I had plenty of time to review my ideas about the Lover Supreme while he read through my client's letter, and then re-read it.

The whole business could have been compromised, there and then. I knew exactly what my man was prepared to offer; Dauber could have called up his patient and finished the affair. But not old Dauber, not he!

He shook his head. "This is a very complicated affair," he sighed. "I'll think it over and try to communicate with you in a week or so."

I was irritated, and then I was irritated with myself for being irritated. Why, here was my chance to study the Lover Supreme! If that fellow there could get away with it, I could—that is, providing my wife didn't catch me—have Helen of Troy, Clara Bow, Madame Curie and Queen Marie waiting in line for me! So I agreed with him; I fussed along with him; I went thoroughly with him into details that just didn't exist.

He talked in a whining, hitching, hesitating way that got on my nerves, but I tried to key myself down to him, and I agreed with him that clients are all a pack of ingrates who spend their time

thinking up ways of worrying kind, careful advocates like ourselves. I made love to him. I complimented him on what he thought he had said. I told him that I had just come to New York and that I needed metropolitan guidance like his.

He brightened till he almost smiled. (Those lower teeth of his were certainly false!) And I got him to accept an invitation to luncheon for next day.

I don't think he got many invitations to luncheon—at least from men.

Then for two months, I courted Ellery Dauber. Object—none—just curiosity.

I found there was one thing about which he could, and would, talk almost brightly—Persian rugs. I spent hours on books about Persian rugs in the public library; I burst into rug shops and looked around.

So I was able to discourse with Ellery and at last got what I wanted—an invitation to his home for dinner, with Madame there, for by now I was insanely wishful to know what mystic sea-change came over this duffer when he was in the presence of women; what the glorious Mary La Coste, the first pretty little dumb-bell whom he had divorced, and now the rich and worldly Mrs. Harrison Naymler DeViny-Dauber, could ever have found in him.

And I wanted my wife to investigate and when I got her home I was going to pump her as to what she had found in Ellery.

Naturally, with the DeViny millions handy in the household, Dauber had a gorgeous home. Apartment on Park Avenue. Downstairs hall like a chapel and, on my word, elevator man in knee pants. And two maids upstairs to take your things, coat and so on.

I guess their living room was fifty feet long, a duplex, with high Spanish chairs and millions of little silver boxes and silver-framed photographs of tenors, and Dauber's confounded Persian rugs all over the shop—hanging over the rail of the balcony, and kind of carelessly plastered on red velvet couches. My wife says I'm wrong; there wasn't a red velvet couch in the place, she says; but anyway, the place gave an effect of having quantities of red velvet couches, smeared with gold cords and dangles.

Well, Mrs. Deviny-Dauber was a handsome woman. The tall, well-trussed kind, very glossy. You couldn't have told her from her portrait, by a fashionable Italian artist, that had one of these private spotlights over it so you'd be sure not to miss it.

The other guests seemed to be in pretty high finance. Probably belonged to smart Long Island country clubs. But that didn't matter, because it was Mrs. Dauber—DeViny that was—that did all the talking. She had a gift that way.

She told us about the princes and counts and dukes, the yachts and castles and motor cars, that she'd met, and she'd apparently met a lot of them. And as far as I was able to check up afterward, it was all pretty straight. She was rich, good-looking, and not slow about coming forward.

Which made it the funnier that, with a lot of nice handy dukes around, she had taken Ellery Dauber! I began to see that in this mystery of how the Lover Supreme got away with it, I had a question too complicated for me. For Ellery wasn't any showier with her, or the other pretty plush women present, than he was in the office!

His dress suit—I suppose I should say "evening clothes"—looked somewhere between rented and ready-made. In the candlelight, the slick bald areas beneath the grass of his faded hair were all the more noticeable. And he had mighty little to say. But I did notice that he was nice to his missus.

He asked her what she thought about American Prohibition gin vs. the kind of fancy wines she always got at these castles in France, and he gave her a chance with, "Agatha, tell them that story about the Prince of Perdu and the Italian polo team." She did, too. She told it.

And once he shook his finger at her, like a funny little fat boy trying to kid the girl next door, and he said, "I don't think I ought to let you entertain people the way you do, dearie—you tire yourself so." And she seemed to like it.

Oh, yes, he gave Service. I could see that might explain Mrs. DeViny-Dauber's appreciating him. But by thunder, it did not explain Mary La Coste . . . If only I could have talked to Mary once, for five minutes, before the gods took her!

On the way home, I asked my wife, "How'd you like our host?"

She brightened up. I guess she'd been a little dazzled by Mrs. DeViny-Dauber's arc-light chatter about princes and imported gowns and the royal enclosure at Ascot—like me, she remained pretty much Kansas City in New York.

But she brightened up, and says she, "Mr. Dauber? Oh, he's such a nice man."

"Huh?"

"Yes, such a nice man. He's so *kind!* He came over and asked me about our coming here to New York and how I liked it, and just think! I found myself telling him all about our house in Kansas City and how hard it's been for us to sell it. He was so kind. Folks here in New York mostly don't take any interest in you."

Well, I guess I got it in the eye that time! I felt that maybe my wife, never being bothered with thinking, got people a lot better than I, who tried to measure them up to all the books I read. Was that the whole explanation—his kindness? It had me examining my own character with no very favorable eye.

I had to admit that it was true. I'm not as kind as I might be.

But, I concluded, when I'd lain awake an hour or so, this quality of kindness might explain my wife's falling for this dub, but not his own three wives'—that first little dumb-bell, who wanted dancing more than kindness, or Mary, who wanted truth and flame, or Mrs. DeViny-Dauber, who wanted to read about herself trailing along with princes. They were all independent, up-and-coming females. Didn't need kindness.

I got tired of it. I dismissed Dauber from my mind—and when I woke next morning, there he was back, all bright and beaming and a confounded bother.

And a confounded bother he became in person, within a month.

Maybe I had captivated him with my kindness! That's one for the missus!

As I said, men didn't cotton much to Ellery; they found him pretty dull; they didn't invite him by himself, without one of his wives. He really believed that it was for his own sweet self that I had courted him, and the way he kept after me—telephoning me for luncheon and so on—was kind of touching, considering that I'm nobody and that he had nothing to gain from me in rug lore, business, or wives, which seemed to be his only interests.

He began to bore me but somehow—I may be as "lacking in consideration" as my wife often says I am, but I couldn't be such a rotter as to show Dauber how bored I was, when I'd picked on him first. Then he became kind of a habit with me.

Here is Edwin McTeer (address on request) and some of his work. The crude pen drawing was made before he had any training and the striking story illustration (worth $100) was made after he took the Federal Home Study Course.

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So there we were—without Mrs. DeViny-Dauber being at all wild about the idea, I guess!—intimates of the Dauber household. We dined there; lunched on Sunday; gave them as expensive dinners as we could afford at the restaurants.

So I was in on it when Ellery began to chase after Gladys Moraine, the actress.

With a rich wife to lose, with a whole gossipy town to talk about it, he began to be seen everywhere with Gladys, that slinksy, sexy little cross between a parrot and a peacock. People talked about it at clubs, at dinners, even in court. Everywhere you heard the whisper, "So this fellow Dauber is Moraine's boy friend now, is he? Wonder how his wife is taking it."

I judged that she wasn't taking it at all—that in her sublime deaf self-confidence of a rich woman, she hadn't heard anything about it. For when I went there for dinner, it was the same old two-and-sixpence—Ellery urging, "Tell them about the time you met the King of Spain at St. Moritz," and Agatha obliging—with encores.

Then Ellery phoned to me (spring was just coming in) and begged me to spend a week-end with him, without our wives, at his fishing camp in Connecticut. I was a little sick of the city—I do like a tree, in spring—and I consented.

He drove me out in his roadster, and when he picked me up at our apartment house, he surprised me by patting my shoulder and whining, "It's mighty nice to have you along." That, for him, was almost hysterical.

Our drive ended in the twilight—Lord, how good the fresh earth smelled, and the maples and elms and grass, after the perpetual dry smell of cement and steel—and we came to the lighted windows of his shack, on a lake that in the dusk was like a mirror covered with folds of gauze.

Well, he didn't have much of a shack. It was the kind of summer place where the mattresses on the cots resemble maps of the Mississippi valley, and always smell damp; and where you eat on an oilcloth worn through to the threads in spots, and all the while boast, "This is real living," because you're already beginning, fifteen minutes after you get there, to think about what a feed you'll have at some hotel when you get back.

Dauber had a neighboring farm wife for cook—she had opened up the shack by sweeping the dust under the beds and getting the Franklin stove smoking—and she had a supper with eggs fried black and bacon fried white. But I was so glad to get out where it was quiet that I didn't mind, and I had a nip of Scotch and was quite the town wit.

Dauber surprised me again by muttering suddenly, "Like my shack here?"

"Oh, yes—yes—sure."

"Yes, it's pretty bad, isn't it? Still, I do own five acres of land. Good for potatoes. And a nice lake-frontage. Suppose a fellow could make a living on it growing potatoes and maybe renting out rowboats for fishing?"

"What's the idea?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking. You know, even a successful lawyer might—oh, he might go broke, or get tired of the city or something, and want to settle down in the country."

I'd never supposed Dauber had enough git-up-and-git to agonize over anything—to do anything more than fuss and fret. But he was agonizing, all right. And as I studied him a little, I had the biggest surprise of all.

Dauber had always been, as far as I'd seen, a complete city man; not an especially decorative one, maybe, but sort of helpless without bathrooms and taxis and theaters to go to when he couldn't stand his own lack of thinking. But here, in this pine-ceiled shack, wearing a chamois jacket and spotty old khaki pants, he seemed the rustic, and I the finicky city gent.

I never have quite known whether it's been a pose or reality, my feeling, even in a damask and ebony office in New York, that I am unchangeably a provincial. I've wondered the same thing about men like Jay House, William Allen White and Ed Howe.

They pretend that no matter where they are, they're still Kansas Main Streeters, and proud of it, and that Al Chisholm's new cow critter is more important than the Russian Art Theater. But I notice that Jay stays right on in Philadelphia, Bill White sees as much of New York as he does of Emporia, and Ed Howe gets along all right with polo players and California oilmen and other fancy social circles at Miami.

Same with me. I'd do anything for Kansas and Missouri except live in 'em!

But Ellery Dauber—born in Tarrytown, New York, educated at Columbia, lawyer in New York for twenty-five years—looked as if he was just coming to life, showing there was some real Ellery behind the dumb Dauber, once he was stretched out in one of these plank chairs they have in fishing camps, once he had lighted a corncob pipe and settled his shoulders and rubbed them against the back of the chair and taken a good pastoral spit! And then, just to be really independent, he got drunk.

He got drunk! He had six quarts of Scotch there, pretty good, and he started right in on 'em in a serious, high-minded way—he that had always been as medium in his drinking as in his looks.

And so——

Thunder, it's probably only the way I see it. It's probably only the vanity of a fellow who has lived a prosaic life and would like to be associated with something high and romantic. I suppose that when Casanova stretched his legs out in a tavern there was some serious village advocate who sat and listened to the fellow's boastings and went home to his good wife feeling, sort of, that he had shared Casanova's adventures!

But whether or not I was like that old seedy ancestor of mine, the fact is that this night I got such a kick as I have never had out of real living. For at last I heard the Lover Supreme tell his secret, and I present it for all the generations to come in which there will be lads who would like to be Lovers Supreme.

As I say, Dauber got quite reasonably drunk. So drunk that he talked—he that had always specialized intelligently on letting other people talk! And I, who have always been a little bit gabby (or anyway, so the missus says), sat back and listened to him.

"I asked you how you like this place," he maundered, "because pretty soon it may be the only place I have. Fact is, my wife is about ready to throw me out, and I haven't got so much money of my own, not so much!"

"To throw you out?" As if I hadn't heard the gossip.

"Yes, I guess so. She's a fine woman, but unreasonable. Just because I'm interested in Gladys Moraine. Though, at that, I may marry Gladys. I'm pretty fond of her. A fellow has to follow his heart, don't you think? What in this world is greater than love?"

He said it as solemnly as a parson, and had another hooker of Scotch. Then I plunged:

"Look here, Ellery. I don't suppose there's a greater Don Juan living—I mean that in a complimentary way, you know—great art to be able to make so many lovely women fall for you—wish I could. What's the secret?"

He looked pleased. "It's not so hard. It's a trick. Now I'm not good-looking—not especially. But here's the recipe. First, to be a success with women, a man has got to *like* 'em—like to be with 'em. Not many men really do—Americans, at least—they think they like women, but honestly, they'd rather be with men, playing poker or shooting golf.

"The second rule in winning a woman is that you've got to take *time*. Most men want to rush in and spend one evening taking a girl to dinner and the theater, and then expect her to fall right away. Got to take time—remember to send her flowers, to phone her at unexpected hours, to go to her house for tea, to write her notes.

"The third rule is that you've got to ask 'em! Most men are afraid to. Got to ask 'em. Surprising how many will fall for you if you just ask. And then the fourth rule is that you've got to be willing to listen to 'em.

"Most men want to do all the talking. They give a girl an elegant evening telling her how they've come up from poverty, and she never gets a word in. And the smarter and handsomer and brighter a woman is, the more she appreciates having some male listen to her, letting *her* do the talking! And there's the whole secret, those four rules."

"I see," says I. "But isn't there one other thing—being kind to 'em?"

"That's just part of liking 'em. You know, I think most men really hate women!—hate being dependent on 'em for certain things. The sweet little things, how they do appreciate having a man like 'em! You don't have to be handsome, you don't even have to be an especially flowery love-maker, if you just like 'em, and say, after you marry 'em, you can get away with murder—that is, up to the point when you stop liking 'em, and then, look out!"

The last two words came like gunshots for, as he said them, into the shack walked his wife!

She was dressed in a tweed suit; she had apparently just motored up.

"Oh, you here!" she snarled at me—it reduced me to a height of about an inch and a half. Then at Ellery: "Where's that woman?"

He had jumped up, he had placed a chair for her, he had beamed at her—and not said a word. He was like a physician with a hysterical patient, and it so weakened her rage that she could only sob, "I can't stand it, I can't stand the humiliation any more! Where have you hid her?"

"I don't know whom you mean, upon my word!" he said, and placidly.

"You're the worst liar that any woman ever had to put up with! That Gladys Moraine woman, and you know it."

He murmured, like a cooing dove, "My dear, you may not realize it, but Gladys Moraine happens to be married already! She was secretly married five years ago, to Carl Betzler. He has not been very nice to her. I have been sorry for her.

"And I am sorry that you chose to discuss this in the presence of our friend, James, here. But I quite understand your worry. In a way, I am glad that James hears all of it. Perhaps he will give us the benefit of his splendid, clear, legal mind. Because, dearest, I so long to have everything straight and honest."

And then she raved for two hours straight, and he simply kept pouring oil on the heated bearings.

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Yes, as he'd claimed, that man did know how to listen to women! She said he was a dub, she said he was a grafter, she said he was disloyal (though she said all these things in the elegant language of Palm Beach and Europe, which I don't pretend to be able to reproduce); and in a grave, interested way, he agreed with her on every count.

It was interesting for me; you know, after the first embarrassment of it, there's few adventures in life more revelatory than sitting in on a row in a strange family. Among other things, it shows you how surprisingly your own family squabbles are like those of other folks! I got quite a thrill out of it all.

I don't want to be put down as entirely heartless. In my own meachin' way, I'm kind of a scientist in human affairs, a scientist whose microbes are people—that's why I'm a lawyer instead of a banker or something important! But to get back: from time to time I wanted to slap her for her idiotic agonizing over a man who was obviously a rotter, and to slap him for about all the reasons there are for slapping.

And then I realized that this question of slapping, however excellent in itself, was something to be forgotten, in view of the fact that I was witnessing one of the greatest professionals in the world, i.e., Mr. Ellery Dauber, at work. He listened. No matter what she said, he gave it his judicial attention.

When Agatha had pulled the stars down from the heavens and uprooted the eternal rocks and waved her hands and, in general, stated that he had certainly gone wrong with Gladys Moraine, and that she, who was rich and highborn, was certainly not going to stand for it, he droned:

"Look here, honey, I want to put this on the grounds of reasonableness. Reasonableness. Does it seem reasonable that a man who is married to a very beautiful woman, belonging to the smartest of international circles, a woman who is equally at home at Bailey's Beach and St. James's and Biarritz, would ever run around with a rather shady actress? Does it seem reasonable?"

She allowed that it certainly didn't seem reasonable, and they kissed—that was the part of the show that made me the sickest!—and he invited her to stay the night.

Obviously, the only sleeping accommodations in his shack were two single cots, and so she drove back to New York—she had had her Magniloquo-Grandese car with a patient chauffeur waiting outside all through this idiotic drama—and at the door, as she left, she wept over him, and laid her head on his chest, and told the world (which meant me) that Ellery was the most generous and understanding man alive.

Ellery went out to see her off, then came back, helped himself to quite a generous slug of liquor, and observed, "Well, there, James, is the answer to your question about how to keep 'em going! By the way, if you won't repeat it, Gladys and I are going to be married as soon as she divorces Carl—and, of course, after I chase Agatha out to Reno—but I'm in no hurry about that. Agatha makes me pretty comfortable. No sense, is there, in being poor and uncomfortable till I have to be!"

The impulse toward slapping returned with much liveliness, but I contented myself with resolving never to see him after this week-end, and I listened to his droning till one o'clock. Once I had hinted to him that I considered him the Lover Supreme, it was astonishing how he relished it, how ready he was to pose as the master instructing me, the dub,

and how confoundedly smug he was about his success with women.

But I almost went to sleep, and Ellery became a little tired even of his own wisdom. We were just yawning, "Wellllll, guess it's 'bout time to turn in," when there was the honk of another car outside—but this time no discreet mooing of Mrs. DeViny-Dauber's limousine, but a yawping, yammering tootling which ended in a scream of tortured brakes.

Then from outside, a woman's voice, a shrill yelping that had a sort of sweetness in it—a voice for which the formula was alcohol plus music—clamoring, "Oh, baby! Little Ellery! Look who's here!"

Dauber had only awakened enough to grunt, "It's Gladys Moraine!" when that lady slammed into the shack, followed by two apparent chorus men with lacquered hair and a smell of gin. She was pretty, too, and impish—a thin brat, with a wide mouth full of grins and wild hair like a floor mop.

"Well, it's old Pop Dauber," she screamed, "and one of his little boy friends! Meet Reggie Daubernon and Morg Vincent—and the Morg is spelled 'M-o-r-g-u-e.' Daddy, we've decided to honor you for the week-end, eats free and catch all your fish, if any. Come on, decant the old scrambled eggs, boo'-ful. Poo' lil Gladys, see's so wungry."

"But good Lord, dear," wailed Dauber, "I can't put you up here! Just got two beds—this cot and the one in there."

"Slick! I'll sleep on the one in there—see's so modest, poo' lil Gladys—and you four boys can play for this one—losers sleep on cunnin' old floor. Shake a leg now with the eggs. Oh, naughty, naughty, what do I see? Lil bo'l Scotch? Come to Mother!"

She had a man-sized swig from the bottle mouth, and Dauber did shake a leg to prepare the eggs. She invited Reggie and Morgue and myself to drink with her, and two of us did.

While we ate the eggs—she had such a pretty trick of spearing forkfuls from our plates—it was Gladys who led the merry conversation. Someone must have told her that the way for a woman to impress a man of standing was to be rude, not obsequious—so refreshing and novel, you know. At every single statement, she sneered, "Oh, is that *so!*"

And when Dauber meekly suggested that it was time for bed, she turned on the phonograph, and started dancing.

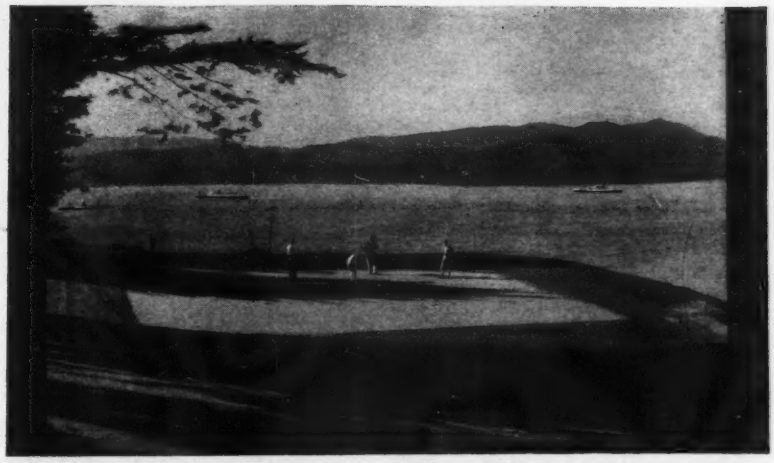
She stopped it, to shriek at me, "You with the funny face! Know what your old classmate Ellery thinks? He thinks I'm going to divorce Carl and marry him. Fat chance! Wouldn't I look swell with grandpa here waiting for me at the stage door! Well, nemmine, Pop, I'll let you hit the downy. The boys and I'll drive on to the Grape Vine Inn."

And said the Lord of Ladies, feebly, "Aw now, honestly, Gladys, you oughtn't to talk that way about our relations. You don't mean it. You're just making fun. If these gentlemen and you would like to stay here, James and I can drive to the inn. I'm so afraid you won't come back! Oh, please stay, Glad!"

The Great Lover, who had been so conqueringly stupid that he had not known, had not let them know, that he was inferior to his first dancing dumbbell of a wife, to the rich Mrs. DeViny, to Mary the glorious, stood looking like a sick cat at Gladys, while she put on her hat, jeering, "'Toodle-oo, Pappy!"

So I perceived that he had not learned the fifth and greatest rule for the conquest of women: "Never let 'em see they're superior to you." So my education was complete—and I fled back to my missus and safety.

I wonder what the sixth rule is?



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THE Cosmopolitan advertiser comes to Cosmopolitan with a record of success. He has built his business by serving well the families of America. He is a manufacturer who has put hundreds of thousands of dollars—sometimes millions—into producing a product worthy of national acceptance.

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1. *By the manufacturer himself who invests money to make his product satisfactory before he advertises.*
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